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THE VANDERPOEL FAMILY ANNALS
AND HOUSEHOLD MEMORIES





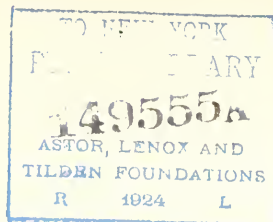
JACOB VANDERPOEL, JUNIOR, 1854

The
Vanderpoel Family Annals
⁴⁷⁰⁰ *and*
Household Memories

By George B. Vanderpoel

VOL. II

Charles Francis Press
1916



"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

WORDSWORTH.

THE VANDERPOEL FAMILY ANNALS
AND HOUSEHOLD MEMORIES

PREFACE

"Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before,—
He gathers round him."

SAMUEL ROGERS.

WE have in the previous volume traced the family history from the middle of the fourteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth.

The latter was a most interesting period in our national life, one of which much has been written, and one which will always be prominent in American history, but in the present volume our thoughts center more about the family annals than the National history, our theme is more especially the family life of that epoch, and though the Civil War will in some measure enter into our narrative, it is not our primary interest in these pages.

We find in "David Copperfield" that Mr. Dick was unable to write much upon his Memorial before Charles the First began to be mentioned. It seems much the same with the author of these annals in regard to Jacob Vanderpoel. Our first volume was leading up to him, where it did not deal directly with him. Our second volume is largely his own composition as it contains so many of his letters.

It has been a pleasure to me to arrange these old letters, and I hope some measure of this gratification may pass on to my readers, and that I can win for my hero some of that love and admiration I personally feel for him.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

VOLUME II

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIX. War-time visit to the Camp of the 59th Regiment, N. Y. S. Vols., near Washington, D. C.	386
XXX. Boyhood days — 105 Madison Avenue . . .	399
XXXI. Travels of John Vanderpoel, and Benjamin W. Vanderpoel	416
XXXII. Home life at 105 Madison Avenue . . .	428
XXXIII. Marriage of Mary Elizabeth Vanderpoel .	439
XXXIV. Julia Augusta Vanderpoel — First visit to Europe	452
XXXV. Memories of Benjamin W. Vanderpoel . .	460
XXXVI. Draft Riots of 1863	467
XXXVII. Draft Riots continued	476
XXXVIII. Reminiscences of a distinguished chevalier .	482
XXXIX. Marriage of Julia Augusta Vanderpoel . .	487
XL. Marriage of George B. Vanderpoel . . .	494
XLI. Letters written to George B. Vanderpoel while on the wedding trip	497

END OF VOLUME II

CHAPTER XXIX

"Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part."

—DYER.

VISIT TO WASHINGTON, D. C.,

AND TO THE CAMP OF THE 59TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. VOL.

WHEN Mr. Vanderpoel and George went South in the spring of 1862 Mrs. Vanderpoel enjoined upon them to find the location of the 59th Regiment, N. Y. S. Vol., near Alexandria, to visit the camp and to bring her full reports as to how it fared with her eldest son.

Washington seemed like a vast army encampment at this time. The streets were full of soldiers, not to be the wearer of a uniform was to render oneself conspicuous. Nearly every one was, or pretended to be, connected with the Army, and no subject of conversation was able to hold the attention but such as related to the conduct of the War, or the condition of the Army.

We remember that Mr. Vanderpoel made himself very unpopular by expressing sentiments somewhat favorable to the South, which he had to retract and explain or it would have been very unpleasant for him.

Mr. Vanderpoel had many warm friends at the South, and he felt a certain sympathy with them in the present crisis. He thought that the policy of the North had been such as to estrange and irritate the South, but he in no way justified the South in seceding from the Union.

Happening to mention during his visit to Washington, that he felt a sympathy for the South the expression gave great umbrage to the bystanders who loudly denounced all "Southern sympathizers" and assured Mr. Vanderpoel that if he sympathized with the South he might better go down there and live with them.



LIEUT. BENJ. W. VANDERPOEL
59th Regt. N. Y. S. Vol., 1861.

Mr. Vanderpoel found that some explanation and a change of base were in order, and was much more prudent thereafter in discussing the political situation.

Without any shadow of disloyalty to the Union and the Federal Government, it had seemed to Mr. Vanderpoel that since we at the North had countenanced and continued negro slavery until it was found to be unprofitable we should not have been too prompt to condemn the South for holding their fellow men in bondage. But the truth cannot be at all times told, and Mr. Vanderpoel found it would be more prudent to preserve silence as to matters reflecting upon the wisdom and the charity of the policy of the North towards the South.

The 59th Regiment, N. Y. State Vols., was encamped at this time at Fort Sedgwick, which as our memory serves us was the name bestowed upon one of a series of earthworks, more or less important, which had been constructed for the defense of the City of Washington. Mr. Vanderpoel hired a conveyance in Washington, and one fine spring day drove out to the encampment of the 59th Regiment accompanied by his son George.

The camp was at a distance of about ten miles from Washington. We crossed the Long Bridge over the Potomac, drove through Alexandria, passing the house where Ellsworth was shot, and were soon out in the open country. For a few miles our route was along the turnpike and we had a fairly good road, but after a time, in order to reach the camp, we were directed to leave the highway and take a track through the fields which led to the camp.

All went very well at first, as the track, although cut into deep ruts by the passage of heavy army wagons, was level and in a fairly good condition.

There were no fences to trouble us, as everything of that description had been utilized by the army for cooking and heating purposes. We met no one of whom we could inquire our route, and possibly we soon lost the proper trail, for the track seemed to disappear, and we were riding over rough and barren fields with no semblance of a road. Keeping as nearly as possible the same general direction we at last found ourselves driving along the side of a steep hill which was so uneven that in a short time

the light wheels of our carriage, unfitted for such rough voyaging, began to show signs of disintegration. The front wheels, particularly on Mr. Vanderpoel's side of the carriage, he being much the heavier passenger, buckled over in a most alarming way, so that it was evident a few miles more of this sort of travel would witness the wreck of our conveyance. With no buildings in sight and no one to render aid in case of disaster, the prospect was not encouraging.

So deserted was all about that George had secret misgivings that we had passed the Federal lines and were in the enemy's country. He carefully scrutinized every distant clump of trees for signs of an advancing, or a concealed foe. Visions of rebel sharp-shooters and of Southern prisons flashed through his perturbed brain, but Mr. Vanderpoel seemed only anxious about the state of the vehicle and apprehensive of delay.

At last when the wheel which had exhibited so much weakness seemed about to yield to the roughness and steepness of the route we had the good fortune to debouch from the fields upon an open space in which we saw before us the camp of the 59th Regiment, with the flag of the Union flying, and the sentinels pacing before the regular lines of tents. It was an impressive and inspiring sight.

As we approached the camp we were halted by a sentinel who demanded the countersign, and as we did not have it we were obliged to remain where we were until some one could be found to vouch for our intention in penetrating to the camp, and be responsible for our conduct while within its precincts.

The camp was arranged on straight lines and covered a couple of acres of ground, or more, the various divisions between the tents were honored with patriot names, as Lincoln Street, Washington Street, Union Street, etc., so that the camp was quite like a village except that the houses were represented by tents instead of the more permanent structures we are accustomed to see in towns.

Now regiments are only aggregations of men with the same needs as others, and require the services of bakers, barbers and cooks, and similar conveniences and necessities of modern life outside of camps, and the regimental barber is of necessity a busy

person. He begins his day's duties with the Colonel, and having attended to the needs of that august functionary works his way slowly down the line until at noon time he finishes with the higher officers and after dinner is ready to fulfill the requirements of the less important ones.

Ben being Second Lieutenant, did not have the pleasure and privilege of the barber's services until during the afternoon. When Mr. Vanderpoel and his younger son stood at the entering in of the Camp and desired to speak with Lieutenant Vanderpoel, that favored individual was enjoying the luxury of a shave in the privacy of his tent. The visitors were escorted thither under the care of a private with all the air and dignity of a Major General. The whole North was under the influence of the military fever at this time. Those who had entered the service of the Federal Union seemed to feel themselves thereby lifted to a position of the greatest importance. The whole conduct of the War apparently depended upon them, all the civic virtues were represented in their persons, and from this lofty eminence of patriotic superiority they looked down in complaisant tolerance upon all who did not display the insignia of connection with the military service.

Ben was delighted to welcome visitors from home, all the novelties and attractions of the Camp were explained to them. They heard all about the hardships and the joys of camp life, and discussed the past and future movements of the Army.

Ben appeared happy and contented with his position and with the service, and seemed to be in excellent health. So far at least we could take to his mother most encouraging reports.

Ben had experienced no active service as yet against the enemy, but had to perform a duty equally dangerous in the vicinity of the Camp.

A private had in some way obtained liquor, and had imbibed enough to make him want more, and had decided to desert for that purpose. His absence was soon detected and he was traced to a hut in which he had taken refuge, and had barricaded, threatening death to any who should molest him. Ben was ordered to take three or four soldiers with him and place the man under arrest. It was easy to give the order, but its execution was not so

simple, for the deserter was half crazed with rum. However, Ben and his detachment rushed the hut, and got in without serious injury but Ben was then attacked furiously by the deserter, who used his bayonet so vigorously that Ben's uniform was soon in rags although he escaped being wounded. The man was speedily disarmed, however, and led back to camp. We were shown the coat which Ben had worn at the time and it was difficult to realize how its wearer could have escaped very serious injury.

Time passed very pleasantly in this visit to Camp Sedgwick, but at last the hour for our departure arrived. Ben accompanied us to the outpost where our faithful steed, and rather sorry vehicle, had been left. He explained to us how we could very readily reach the direct road to Alexandria, which was in a fairly good condition, and avoid the perilous pathway across the hills by which we came.

Mr. Vanderpoel took an affectionate leave of his son. It was no doubt in the mind of each that the fortunes of war might prevent another meeting.

Mr. Vanderpoel was very quiet for some time after leaving the Camp. We do not know what he was thinking about, but George had very serious doubts as to the stability of the wheel which had buckled so badly, and he watched it with no little apprehension. To his great surprise the driving over the smoother road to which our travelers had been directed seemed to have the effect of jarring the spokes back into their proper place in the hub so that long ere Alexandria was reached the wheel recovered from its ruinous aspect and presented a normal appearance.

This was one of the first experiences to impress upon the youthful mind of George the thought that it is the unexpected that happens and is to be dreaded, the danger we apprehend often fails to present itself.

Mr. Vanderpoel did not go South again until in 1864 when he went alone, for George had at the time entered Dartmouth College and was absent from home.

In the autumn of 1864 Mr. Vanderpoel, who had been exerting all his influence to obtain the exchange of his son, Captain Vanderpoel, confined as prisoner of war in Andersonville, re-

ceived word that a detachment of exchanged prisoners, with Captain Vanderpoel among them, was expected shortly to arrive at Annapolis. Mr. Vanderpoel hastened thither to greet his son, and to take him home for the care and restorative treatment he would so sorely need.

The last time Mr. Vanderpoel had seen his son he was in the best of health and overflowing with animation, and brilliant anticipations. Mr. Vanderpoel knew it would be very different with one who had passed nine months amid the suffering and privation of the Southern prisons, yet he was staggered when he saw his son's condition, his graphic statement was "He looked like one who had risen out of the grave," "he could scarcely move about." We never heard Mr. Vanderpoel express sympathy with the South after this meeting with Ben at Annapolis after his exchange.

The young man, then only twenty-eight, was in a precarious condition for months; with care and nursing he recovered sufficiently to rejoin the Army, but his health was permanently affected, he was never a well man afterwards, and he died at the age of forty from the effects of the hardships and exposure of his life in the Southern prisons.

* * * * *

It is interesting to notice the different way in which different human destinies are directed. Some pass their lives in vain longings after certain cherished ambitions for which they plan, toil, labor and hope on, but never attain the goal of their ambitions. These find happiness in working toward an end, but never are permitted to reach it. Others, seemingly more fortunate, are permitted to attain the full fruition of their hopes, to completely realize the ambitions of their youth, to enter fully upon the enjoyment of the plans they had long cherished, to end their days, it may be, in sweet possession of all that they had planned to attain.

Others again realize all their plans, satisfy the ambitions which had led them on, and enter into the full enjoyment of all their hopes, only to find that the attainment of the desired end has not brought the hoped-for happiness, that the joys they had so

longed for have proved unsatisfying and disappointing and that their seeming success is after all but vanity and vexation of spirit. There are some who have long desired certain things so much as to have been ready to do wrong to obtain them. The object desired has seemed worth any sacrifice; it has been dreamed of at night and planned for by day, and still when in the changes of time the means of obtaining the longed for object has come into one's possession and one has only to stretch forth the hand and grasp the coveted article, then the desire for it begins to weaken. That which was so long and ardently hoped for seems less desirable. One begins to see all the disadvantages attending its possession, one hesitates and reflects, and finally, not unusually, decides that one does not really want or care to have the very thing which for years it seemed the height of human happiness to possess.

Some of these elements enter into nearly every human experience. We are not all successful in all things, nearly all are successful in some. Humanly speaking they are happiest whose successes have the most outweighed their defeats.

It had been Mr. Vanderpoel's ambition to set up an elegant and complete home. He had worked and planned and longed for it. His wife had shared his ambition and devoted herself to its attainment. After only sixteen years of married life these ambitions were realized. Mr. Vanderpoel purchased an elegant residence on Madison Avenue near 30th Street, had acquired the entire block front on the avenue between 30th and 31st Streets, had completed and decorated the house at a fabulous cost, had furnished it in the most approved taste, had selected a library of rare books, had stored his wine cellar with fine liquors, had erected a stable and filled it with valuable horses, beautiful vehicles and exquisite harnesses, and had arranged his own private riding school on the premises. Apparently all the ambitions of the master, and mistress, of the household in this direction were attained.

While Mr. Vanderpoel and his wife had bestowed much care, thought and money on establishing their Madison Avenue home and in furnishing and decorating it so that in all its appointments nothing was lacking that the most refined taste could sug-

gest, it was upon the grounds surrounding the mansion that their most lavish care was expended.

Mr. Vanderpoel was one who went heart and soul into everything he undertook. He was no friend of half measures. It had been his ambition to lay out gardens which might be the pride and admiration of the city, and he went about it with no thought of stint, and an immense outlay of time and pains.

The grounds were about an acre in extent, comprising sixteen city lots, eight on Madison Avenue and four on each adjoining street, 30th and 31st Streets. Here was ample room for the development of the beautiful and the useful.

No flower that could be grown in this climate was omitted from this collection, and even some new varieties were produced by careful and scientific propagation. A system of drives and paths were laid out, covered with seashore pebbles, and edged with box and suitable edging plants. Great trellises of ornamental shapes were erected for climbing roses and vines, lofty arbors for grape vines of every variety, and for fruits which could be trained to mount upon them. One of the chief charms of the premises was a fountain which threw a stream of water high in air and held in suspension silver and gilded balls which rose and fell with the current. The basin of the fountain was stocked with gold and silver fish which the children took much pleasure in feeding and which became quite tame and were very amusing.

There were three summer houses on the premises; one of elaborate construction was a sort of Chinese pagoda, and was a complete little house with glass doors and with windows which were hung in the usual way and could be raised or lowered at need. This building was about twenty feet square. There were seats about the walls and a table in the centre.

It was a delightful little house and made a pleasant play room for the children.

There were two other summer houses of less complete construction. They were of lattice and were covered with creeping vines. Their interior arrangement was the same as the pagoda, with seats at the sides and a table in the centre.

Every week Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel drove to Flushing,

or to some other suburb, where florists had large establishments, for the purpose of selecting new plants or trees, and so increasing the beauty of their gardens and the completeness of their collection.

No amount of time and care on the part of the owners would have of itself sufficed to produce the very satisfactory results in fruit and flower culture which were attained had not such care been supplemented by the intelligent and skillful services of John Cruise, the head gardener; the head without the hands would not have accomplished much.

Mr. Vanderpoel was generally fortunate in his choice of assistance, but in no instance possibly more so than in the case of John Cruise, who was a man of more than usual ability and skill in the cultivation and propagation of plants. Had it not been that John was a victim of the drink habit he would never have remained in the position of a subordinate. He had ability to have successfully carried on the business of fruit or flower culture for himself but for his unfortunate habits. As it was, he was quite content to work on faithfully for Mr. Vanderpoel, with occasional lapses from sobriety which while deeply to be regretted on John's account did not very greatly impair his usefulness to his employer.

John was an amiable character and many attempts were made to lead him into a better way of life, but, though some were more successful for a time than others, no one was ever able to completely cure his habit of occasional inebriety.

In regard to his failings and those of the servants in general who formed part of the household, it has always seemed to the writer that there was a sort of silent freemasonry which the consciousness of mutual guilt engendered and which seemed to spring up tacitly between the servants and the writer—whether it extended to the other children this deponent knoweth not—so that it seemed to be quite well understood without any spoken treaty to that effect, that the servants would preserve silence and affect complete ignorance as to the writer's peccadilloes just so far and so long as the writer made no disclosures to his parents of any shortcomings on the part of the help.

It was a strict household, with many rules and regulations which nearly everyone at one time or another infringed upon, so that the comfort and convenience of the aforesaid understanding was too manifest to be ignored. It was not altogether honest so far as the relator is concerned, but he soothed his conscience by reflecting that it spared his parents much needless worry and anxiety.

It is not impossible that the heads of the establishment realized that some such understanding existed, and to save friction affected to be ignorant of it. It gave one a little the sensation of living over a mine which a moment's carelessness might cause to explode; and from time to time catastrophes of the sort did arrive, resulting in the punishment of the deponent and the discharge of the guilty servitor. It proves how binding was the tacit agreement between the children of the family, and the servants, that in the hour of their dismissal we remember to have found the latter faithful to its terms—if there can be said to be any terms to an agreement which was entered into without form, words or express conditions.

George was a witness to the discharge of more than one servant who might have exculpated himself, or herself, by communicating to Mr. or Mrs. Vanderpoel some delinquency of their son. It was with no small feeling of trepidation that George stood by at such times, regretting his presence, yet fearing what might take place in his absence if he went away, and momentarily expecting to be denounced for some infraction of the family discipline by the departing servitor in revenge for his, or her, discharge.

But we do not remember that the dreaded disclosures were often made. The servants were, as a rule, loyal to their treaty, and seldom betrayed any knowledge of shortcomings on the part of the children. In one or two instances when some domestic, especially indignant at being discharged, turned traitor to the agreement to which we have alluded and publicly denounced some misdeed or other of the writer, it was discredited by the hearers: Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel, and characterized as a malicious attempt to annoy them, inspired by the spite of one who was vexed at losing a profitable employment. Possibly the servants realized

that this might be the case and were as much influenced by this knowledge as by any loyalty to the writer.

There can be no doubt that the household was under a rather strict government. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel had themselves been strictly brought up and intended to give their offspring the full benefit of the same puritanical training. Everything had to be done according to certain rules and at appointed times. In the main these rules were observed by all parties, sometimes they were not. With little George there were frequent lapses; occasionally these were discovered, and condign punishment followed, and sometimes the offender managed to discreetly cover up his tracks and was not found out.

Mrs. Vanderpoel used to say with some pride that George never told her a lie, but we fear it was no innate love of truth which produced this very desirable result. George did not lie to his mother because he did not have to. Mrs. Vanderpoel meant to be strict, her ideas on that subject were the biblical ones as to sparing the rod and spoiling the child. She had a strap kept for purposes of discipline in a certain bureau drawer, and when George had been especially bad that strap was procured and Mother and George retired together to some quiet room where the punishment was to be administered. First there was some serious talk and then George received two or three blows of the strap, which did not hurt that stout young gentleman in the least, and then Mother would burst into tears, and ask how George could be so naughty and trouble his mother so. Then George would shed a few tears as well. He knew how to turn on the water works when it served his purpose. Then Mother would kiss George, and George would embrace Mother, and promise never to do so any more. We think he meant it, too, at the time. And then Mother and George would reappear to the family view, smiling through tears, and bringing with them an atmosphere of holy calm which seemed to pervade the household for several hours.

George did not dread these experiences at all, and so he probably did not vary from the truth very much with his mother when interrogated as to his guilt or innocence in any matter which came under her notice.

Now with Mr. Vanderpoel matters were different. He had also strict ideas as to discipline, and he was decidedly conscientious in carrying them out—especially this applied to his boys. Mr. Vanderpoel, like the rest of us, grew more mellow with age, so that as he became older he became less rigid in family discipline and less energetic in punishing family delinquencies; but when he was young and vigorous he discharged his duty as a parent with more energy than discretion. Ben, his oldest boy, had a hard time of it, the discipline was too strict and it never did Ben any good. When George came upon the scene Mr. Vanderpoel had too many other affairs to occupy his time to bestow very much attention upon him. Experience had softened him somewhat as well, and so George got along very nicely.

There were some difficulties, however. George and his father had some disagreements, and George found very soon that to fall into Father's hands was a very different thing from having to do with Mother. We remember some seances in which a hair-brush, or a slipper, figured and one in which a horse whip was applied; and George decided that with his father punishment was much too real to be enjoyable. We do not think Father could have said that George never lied to him. We fancy that George felt it a duty to protect himself in this way if he could.

In fact, it has seemed questionable whether the punishment meted out by Mr. Vanderpoel did not entirely fail in attaining the true and proper end and aim of discipline. It had the appearance of being vindictive rather than corrective and the child was left, not with the impression of a justly punished culprit, but with that of the victim of personal irritation. Viewed through the softening vista of many years we are constrained to condemn Mr. Vanderpoel's ideas of parental control. Mrs. Vanderpoel's system may not have accomplished much, but we think its tendency and its influence were more elevating and effective in reality. On the surface Mr. Vanderpoel's discipline seemed to accomplish more. In his presence there was more instant obedience, but in the main we believe Mrs. Vanderpoel's wishes were more respected than his.

He was a kind-hearted, loving father, meaning to do right, and if he ever erred on the side of too great severity it was be-

cause he so disliked to punish that the necessity of doing so irritated him. Provoked at being obliged to punish, and in hopes that if made severe it might not soon need to be repeated, may have led Mr. Vanderpoel a little further than his affectionate nature in calmer moments approved, and then he tried to atone for it by additional kindness to the offender. So his dealing with his children was not unlike April weather, a succession of sunshine and rain, of clouds and pleasant weather.

CHAPTER XXX

"Ah! happy years! once more
Who would not be a boy?"

—BYRON.

BOYHOOD DAYS AND YOUTHFUL EXPERIENCES

JOHN CRUISE was eminently successful in flower culture, for which he seemed to have a real gift. He had that love for flowers and appreciation of them and of their beauty and their needs which indicate the successful gardener. He had a talent for making up very tasteful bouquets, exhibiting a rare taste in the arrangement of colors and varieties to produce most charming floral effects. He was also extremely skillful in the care and cultivation of all kinds of fruits. Mr. Vanderpoel's fruit trees and small fruit bushes of every sort were marvels of healthful beauty, and most prolific in fruits which we have never seen equalled for beauty, perfectness and lusciousness.

Every old person has tales to tell of the marvels of their early home, and so to be certain that we were not victims of our own lively imaginings we have had recourse to the testimony of others who were familiar with the facts, and have had the satisfaction of their confirmation of our own recollections.

Fruits such as Mr. Vanderpoel had in greatest profusion are not obtainable even to-day with all our modern appliances and improvements, except in one or two of our highest class of metropolitan fruit stores, such as cater only to the wealthy few who care not for price but must have the best in quality.

The peaches, pears, apricots, and plums, grown on Mr. Vanderpoel's property were such in size, flavor and beauty as the writer has never seen since; so also were the grapes, of which there were a dozen different varieties, and the gooseberries, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, and currants. It is rather remarkable that with all this wealth of beautiful fruit growing in the midst

of a large city we never knew of any of it being stolen. It speaks well for the honesty of New Yorkers of fifty years ago that Mr. Vanderpoel's gardens were never the scene of nocturnal depredations.

Mr. Vanderpoel was most generous by nature and it really seemed as if he maintained all this garden simply to have fruits and flowers to give away. The neighbors were freely furnished with the best that we had. Such a profusion of wonderful flowers and luscious fruit naturally caused remark. It was a subject of wonder how such results were obtained.

Envy loves a shining mark and there were not wanting those who pretended to know that Mr. Vanderpoel had stimulated his trees and bushes to abnormal productiveness by having obtained the bodies of dead dogs from the dog pound and buried them in his garden. Whether this was true or not we know not, but it is undeniable that such a rumor had a certain hold upon the public mind in that vicinity.

Whether as the result of education, family training or of his own innate qualities we do not know; but young George was one who, if possible, desired to take account of some probable causes for the phenomena which presented themselves in his daily life. He had heard comment as to the marvelous perfection of the flowers and fruits of his father's garden, and in conversation with John Cruise he sought some explanation of the fact.

John was inclined to monopolize the credit of it all. He said, "It's all in the man, Master George. You have to have a gardener who understands his business." And then followed the usual prolix account of how John had served some wealthy noblemen in the old country and learned all the mysteries of his art on a vast estate where many men were employed and money very lavishly expended.

"But, John," said George, "if so many men were employed on that property, and so much remarkable fruit was cultivated, it must be that quite a number of men besides yourself were able to acquire skill in flower and fruit culture. You were only one among many, all had the same opportunity to learn and some may have been even more proficient than you."

"Not at all," insisted John, "I was the only one whom the

head gardener was ever able to teach, all the others were too careless or too indifferent"—and then various anecdotes followed, proving conclusively how painstaking and alert John was and how careless his associates on the estate.

"What has become of the head gardener?" asked George. "He could instruct a number of other persons."

"Oh, he is dead long ago," was the reply.

Here was matter for thought indeed. There was only one competent gardener in the world and we had the good luck to have secured him. No wonder Mr. Vanderpoel's fruit trees and flowers were such marvels. Of course no one could expect to compete with the only living scientific gardener.

So far George had made very satisfactory progress with his inquiry and had obtained valuable information which he intended to impart without delay to his family. One point was still undecided in his mind. He had heard the rumor about the interment of dogs in the garden and felt he should know the truth of that report. His father was not one to whom it was always prudent to broach such matters, but with John Cruise it was different and so George mentioned the subject to him.

"But, John," said he, "I hear that many think that there were dead dogs buried under the trees and bushes, and that gives them their great vigor and productiveness."

"Is that so?" said John. "I never heard that."

"Well, I have," said George. "Is it true?"

"Don't believe all you hear," said John, "or you will have enough to do."

"But, John, were there any dogs buried here?" queried George.

"I never buried any," said John.

"Well," said George, "Dick said he believed it." Dick was John's assistant.

"We hear ducks," remarked John—whatever he meant by that—and could not be gotten to discuss the subject further. So George was obliged to rest content with the information he had obtained and to leave the mooted question of the buried dogs among the unsettled questions of the day. He hinted about it once or twice to his father, but the matter was received so coldly that George felt it was an unprofitable question and allowed it

to remain in abeyance. If any dogs were buried in the gardens their spirits never returned to walk the earth and disturb the Vanderpoel family. We heard cats prowling about very often, but dogs in the body or out of the body never troubled us.

George probably derived more benefit from the beautiful gardens, elegant grounds and luscious fruits of the Madison Avenue property than any others of the family. Benny was much away, finding his amusements elsewhere. Sister Mary was engrossed with her studies and her music. Julia, like most girls, was more fond of house amusements than of outdoor plays; and so George had the premises very often to himself. There can be no doubt the fine air, healthful surroundings and outdoor occupations did much to establish and strengthen his health, but it was a costly playground to maintain for one boy.

On warm summer evenings Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel would walk in the garden with Mary Elizabeth, Julia and George, to admire and enjoy the beauty and fragrance of the flowers.

Mr. Vanderpoel, always dignified and a little severe in aspect, stalked along like an emperor looking over his dominions. Very little escaped his keen eye, and if anything was observed out of place, and neglected, some one was sure to hear about it and in no uncertain terms.

Mrs. Vanderpoel, with her gentle air, seemed to exert a sweet influence and to radiate an atmosphere of peace and love, looking upon the bright side of everything and trying to bring those about her to do the same.

Mary Elizabeth, and Julia, walked together behind their elders, two beautiful and interesting young girls as one could wish to see. Mary Elizabeth all goodness and gentleness. Julia a little more enterprising spirit, and not unapt to slyly incite George, who accompanied the party, to some boyish mischief, which was almost certain to involve that young gentleman in difficulty with his watchful parents.

Very pleasant were those evening strolls about the beautiful Madison Avenue gardens. Each one of the family would pluck a favorite bud or flower, or make up a charming bouquet of freshly gathered roses—Mr. Vanderpoel always selecting some

flower of peculiar attractiveness for Mary Elizabeth, who was his especial favorite.

All unknown to George, it seemed that flowers had a language of their own, not one with which they communicated with each other, but one which they represented and conveyed. Mary Elizabeth and Julia were familiar with this language of flowers, and discussed it with each other and with their parents, making little collections of flowers which should represent certain ideas. George did not quite comprehend it all, but he grasped the principal thought, and made a mental resolve to bring this whole subject to the attention of John Cruise, the gardener, at the first opportunity and to thresh it out thoroughly with that gentleman.

After some time pleasantly passed in making the tour of the garden, the family were disposed to rest in one of the pretty summer houses which adorned it, and we well remember with how much pleasure the youngest member of the party heard the order given to a domestic to procure some ice cream and serve it in the summer house. The master of the feast ordered a dollar's worth of ice cream and the servitor disappeared to obtain it. To one accustomed, as was George at that time, to purchase his ice cream for individual consumption of the neighboring confectioner in penny lots the idea of a dollar's worth of cream seemed so enormous as to indicate that his father's mind had become affected. George was very sorry to observe the signs of mental decay in his parent, it was a sore trial to him indeed; but it was no small consolation that this mental aberration took the very pleasant turn of ordering absurd amounts of table delicacies. George registered a mental vow to help relieve his father from any embarrassment in this situation by consuming an inordinate quantity of cream when the same should arrive. Thus was he always eager to sacrifice himself upon the altar of filial duty.

The cream came at length—a veritable mountain of frozen sweetness served in a lordly dish—and Mr. Vanderpoel served out generous portions to each of the party. In strict observance of his virtuous determination George bolted his portion with the speed of lightning. His mother, observing his haste, said, "Georgie, do not eat so fast." "Oh, no, Mother, not at all," replied that worthy. Not eat so fast! That was a good one. What

did Mother suppose cream was made for, certainly not to look at.

Mr. Vanderpoel had heard the remark of his good wife, and he gazed upon George with some severity. He had been offered himself small portions of cream with much ceremony, accepting the same graciously and consuming his refreshment with dignity. He eyed George somewhat unfavorably and George thought the time unpropitious for calling for another portion of cream.

George loved his father very much, and generally desired his companionship; but had some unexpected business called Mr. Vanderpoel away at this time it would have occasioned no grief in his son's bosom. In such case we are inclined to think that the masculine element in George's make up would have impelled him to rise in his might, seize upon the ice cream with piratical hand and help himself in defiance of his mother and sisters. We feel sure that he had little fear of his mother and elder sister before his eyes; they would have protested and possibly scolded, but probably would not have proceeded to open violence. George had a wholesome respect for his sister Julia. He had had differences with her and in some of their disputes had scored a victory more or less decisive, although in others he had experienced crushing defeat; but in a crisis like the present he would have ventured to brave her displeasure had that been all he had to fear.

As violence was not to be thought of, George assumed an air of such virtuous expectancy that his father could not do less than press another portion upon him. This did not disappear as rapidly. George began to regret his hasty determination to justify his father's wisdom as to the quantity ordered by consuming an immense portion of the order. He felt he had done his duty and no more should be expected of him.

However, no more was expected of him, for the lordly dish, still well supplied with ice cream, was given to the domestics for their refreshment, and George was highly pleased to see it disappear from the summer house table, for rather than have his father's generosity condemned he would have consumed the entire contents of the dish, let the consequences have been what they might.

We have described the events of this summer evening at

length because there was much of uniformity in the ordering of the Madison Avenue household and the events of one evening were apt to be in the main those of many successive evenings.

The family circle was a very happy and harmonious one, the hours and the days passed all too quickly, and one pleasure after another were enjoyed yet regretted almost in the moment of enjoyment because they seemed to pass so quickly from our grasp.

In the autumn of 1853 Mr. Vanderpoel decided to enter his sons, Benjamin Waldron Vanderpoel and George Burritt Vanderpoel, in the school maintained by William J. Nevius at No. 7 West 15th Street, New York. Doctor Nevius had the reputation of being a successful teacher, and the sons of some of Mr. Vanderpoel's friends were his pupils, among others we recall Henry, and Christopher, Heiser, whose father was a valued friend of Mr. Vanderpoel.

Doctor Nevius resided in the house in which his school was carried on. The schoolrooms occupied the entire first or parlor floor. The front parlor was reserved for the class of larger boys, among whom Ben Vanderpoel soon became a leader; the rear parlor was given up to the younger pupils, and George Vanderpoel in right of his tender years was placed with these. Thus the brothers were in separate departments of the school, but, fortunately for the mental poise of the younger of the boys, were so seated that they could see each other which, to George, who entertained an exalted idea of Ben's power and importance, was no small comfort during the tedious hours of the school day.

When Mr. Vanderpoel arranged to place his sons with Doctor Nevius he visited the school, inspected its accommodation and being of an economical turn he prevailed upon the principal to take his sons under his instruction upon somewhat reduced terms in consequence of there being two, and one so young as to be fitted only for the most elementary teaching. Doctor Nevius consented to the proposal, and a bargain was made by which the two sons of Mr. Vanderpoel were accepted as his pupils for a sum less than his ordinary charge.

A few weeks later Mr. Vanderpoel received a letter from Doctor Nevius stating that when he consented to receive the

Vanderpoel boys into his school upon reduced terms he had no idea that Mr. Vanderpoel was a man of such affluence and that he was living upon so grand a scale as he had since ascertained. In view of this fact the Doctor wrote that he thought he should be entitled to recede from the conditions he had accepted.

We do not know that Mr. Vanderpoel made any reply to this proposition, and the tacit refusal to correct what Doctor Nevius evidently regarded as injustice may have had its effect upon subsequent happenings.

The school was located in what was then entirely a select private residential district. No thought of trade or business was at this time associated with it. So that while during recess the pupils of Doctor Nevius sometimes played in 15th Street or in Fifth Avenue they were generally encouraged to betake themselves and their noisy plays to Union Square.

At this period Union Square was much larger than at present, the portion which has been taken from it to enlarge the roadway of the adjacent streets of Broadway, Fourth Avenue, 14th Street and 17th Street was then a part of the square which presented much the appearance that Gramercy Park now does as it was inclosed by a high iron fence resting on a massive granite base. The gates to Union Square, however, were never closed as are those of Gramercy Park.

The tradition prevailed among the scholars of Doctor Nevius that to run twice around Union Square was to cover exactly one mile. Many races were run on this track, for the square was a quiet neighborhood in those days, and the boys had it almost to themselves.

We recall that on one occasion Ben broke the record for speed and distance in circling the Square many times, and that George was in agony lest his brother would do himself a mischief by his great exertions, and would run beside him for a short distance beseeching him, almost with tears, to stop, but without avail.

The Vanderpoel boys had been at Doctor Nevius' school for possibly six weeks when one eventful day on entering the recitation rooms after recess some disorder seemed to arise in the room occupied by the larger boys. We do not know exactly what form

it took, but there was some noise and pushing among the pupils, and Doctor Nevius became angry. His fault was that of a too hasty temper which he was not always able to control. For some reason the Doctor appeared to consider Ben Vanderpoel the culprit in chief in this disturbance.

Ben was not an unruly boy nor disposed to be disobedient, but he was a leader in the school, and he was always one apt to insist upon his rights.

On this occasion, after others had seated themselves at Doctor Nevius' request, Ben remained standing, and endeavored to explain to the Doctor that the disorder complained of was not occasioned by him. George could see him from where he was sitting and he observed that Ben was standing very straight and cool as Doctor Nevius continued to charge the disorder upon him.

One word led to another, and finally Doctor Nevius losing all control of himself ordered Ben to stop talking, and to take his seat at once, and as the young man hesitated for a moment, smarting under a sense of injustice, the Doctor seized a heavy book and hurled it at the head of the offending pupil. By this time the scholars were all excited, but Ben remained less disturbed than some of the others. He had partially warded off with his hand the thrown book, but still had received a blow from it which broke one of his front teeth.

A new war of words broke out between Doctor Nevius and Ben, and either Ben announced his intention of leaving the school, or the Principal ordered him to do so, as to this point our recollection is not clear. But we remember Ben's saying, "and in going I will take my brother with me." George had been trembling in his seat like a frightened mouse, not daring to move or speak amid all the excitement, and Ben came to the door of that room and told George to take his books, and, cap, and come home with him. George accepted the mandate as from a superior being, and without a glance toward Doctor Nevius gathered up his belongings and trotted off after his big brother.

Great was the indignation in the Vanderpoel home at the account of the affair given by the boys. It was fortunate that a little time elapsed before Doctor Nevius called with his version, for Mr. Vanderpoel was a violent man in those days, and it is to

be feared that he would have evidenced his displeasure forcibly.

George was hiding near by when Doctor Nevius made his call of explanation. Mr. Vanderpoel had time to have cooled off enough to listen with some degree of self-control to the Doctor, and then he gave that gentleman the strongest denunciation of which language is capable.

Mr. Vanderpoel was never profane, but he possessed an eloquence of denunciation seldom excelled. Doctor Nevius received the full benefit of it, for having assaulted Ben and broken his tooth. Then, having had his say, Mr. Vanderpoel sharply ordered Doctor Nevius from the house, and it is not certain that his exit was entirely voluntary, certainly it was not dignified. George from his place of retirement,—it was best to be in retirement when father was enraged,—was much impressed.

A law proceeding followed, as Doctor Nevius sued Mr. Vanderpoel, and was ignominiously defeated and was rebuked by the Court.

Time, which soothes so many wounds, applied its healing touch here also, and many years afterwards George met Doctor Nevius, and he appeared to be animated by the most kindly feelings, particularly we remember he inquired after Ben, expressed an interest in his career, and regret for his untimely death.

The family moved into the Madison Avenue home in 1850, and all the members enjoyed the home exceedingly, but our residence there was limited to fourteen years. In 1864 Mr. Vanderpoel had become tired of the care and cost of the gardens, stables and greenhouses, and finding a residence at 607 Fifth Avenue, next to the corner of 49th Street, which suited his purpose and pleased his family, he sold his Madison Avenue property to Mr. Allan Hay, an old resident of New York, who had long admired the Vanderpoel home.

* * * * *

Mr. Vanderpoel's dignity of manner contrasted strongly with his wife's quiet mien. She used to call him at times in a spirit of pleasantry Mr. Lion, and very lionlike he was in some of his moods. We remember to have heard others apply the same term in speaking of him. His brother Doctor Edward Vanderpoel, at

one time talking to the writer of Mr. Vanderpoel's habits of early rising and general activity, characterized him as "strong as a lion." When angry he had a decidedly lionlike way of pacing back and forth while denouncing someone or something.

We remember that old Doctor Macready of 23rd Street had an unpleasant experience of this sort with Mr. Vanderpoel.

The latter had been south with his wife, leaving his home 607 Fifth Avenue in the care of his beloved daughter Mary Elizabeth. Mrs. Burritt was living at 607 Fifth Avenue at the time, and Mary Elizabeth apparently in fully her usual health took charge of the establishment, as Mrs. Burritt's advanced age and infirmities prevented her from active domestic responsibilities. Probably Mary was not as well as we supposed, but at any rate she became ill during her parents' absence, and Doctor Macready was called in.

We do not know whether his remedies were lacking in efficiency, or his treatment wanting in sound judgment, but the fair patient did not thrive under his care and became so much reduced that when her parents returned she was unable to leave her couch.

The interview we have alluded to was the first meeting of Doctor Macready and Mr. Vanderpoel after the latter's return from the south. The old Doctor told Mary Elizabeth later that her father raged up and down the room like a lion while seeking from the physician some explanation for the poor success of his treatment in her case.

The Doctor had peculiar views as to nutrition which especially annoyed Mr. Vanderpoel. Finding his favorite child so suddenly weakened it was exasperating to be told that milk was the only diet a human being needed and was sufficient alone to maintain health and strength, especially as in this instance the patient's rapid loss of strength seemed to prove the fallacy of the contention, and as actual experience in the case of Mary Elizabeth appeared to refute the theory, Mr. Vanderpoel was not very patient in discussing it.

* * * * *

Benj. W. Vanderpoel writes from Lisbon to his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel, at 105 Madison Ave., New York.

Lisbon, Portugal, Dec. 22nd, 1858.

Dear Father & Mother:—

Hotel Briganza.

We arrived here today having been detained by causes that I will hasten to explain. We made the passage in 20 days—which is considered an extraordinary voyage. We left N. Y. at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 o'clock & were soon out of the bay and on the Atlantic. We experienced a succession of gales, shipped several seas and our room at one time had about one barrel of water in it, but these are incidents that one must expect at sea. I was not seasick at all, but John had quite a siege. We sighted the coast of Portugal on the 20th day of December early in the morning—and an iron bound, rocky coast it is, a dangerous place—with the rocks rising to the height of 7 or 800 feet nearly perpendicular. At 12 o'clock the Pilot came on board—and we went about two miles towards the River Tagus, and then anchored till 12 o'clock next day—then we proceeded about two miles further & anchored till the next morning—when the Custom House, Quarantine, and other officers came on board—and we were permitted to go up to Lisbon—where we arrived about 3 o'clock. (I am writing this about 9 o'clock P.M. but it is only 15 minutes after 4 N. Y. time, John has N. Y. time.) Everything is so strange here that I hardly know what to tell you, and you will have to wait till we reach Madeira (where we shall go in about 8 days) for further particulars. Tell Mary E. that (No!! Don't, for she will read this loud at the dining table) to continue her spanish lessons—a little spanish is worth \$2 a day, if you do not understand the language they charge you enormously for trifles.

For the first two or three days out we were quite homesick. But now we are homesick for the brig. We are in a city where they build the roofs of brick, and the castles, convents & dwelling houses are all of very singular design, and even the men, wagons, boats & in fact everything appears strange to us. Not a single thing is the same as at home, but you must wait, as I said before, for a further description. John has improved wonderfully, his cough has disappeared altogether, he has fattened up, and looks more to me now like his Brother Jesse than himself, his appetite is "TREMENDOUS." We have a half Bbl. of apples on board and enjoy them very much.

If ever you want to cross the Atlantic—don't take a sailing vessel for they pitch you about like a cat in a bag—& then just imagine the Cook with meat, &c, &c, rolling over the deck 4 or 5 times before it is cooked,—& when one is confined to such a small space, the monotony is very great. Captain Nickerson & his wife paid us every attention—although Mrs. N. was sea sick nearly the whole voyage.

Dec. 23rd, 1858.

Steamer leaves today for Liverpool. Give my regards to all enquiring friends. I remain, &c.,

Your aff'e Son,

B. W. VANDERPOEL.

N. B. got a circular note cashed today. our money was of so little value that we were obliged to give 20 per cent dis't on American or French coin.

Letter from Benj. W. Vanderpoel from Funchal, Madeira, to his mother, Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel at No. 105 Madison Ave., New York.

Funchal, Madeira, Jany. 11, 1859.

Dear Mother :—

Received your letter dated the 7th Dec. on my arrival here.

We left Lisbon Saturday 8th at 4 o'clock, with some regret. John has introduced himself to Mr. & Mrs. O'Sullivan and was present at a party given by the British Minister. John attended in full dress, black coat, white necktie, &c. the king was present as was all the elite of this vicinity, & John said that he had a very nice time. We called Friday last upon General Morgan, the American Minister and found him to be very agreeable. He seemed very glad to see us and wanted us to stay our departure till the 12th when the Prussian Minister gives the Grand Party of the season, at which time he would specially introduce us—but we declined. He pressed us very urgently to stay to dinner—but we also declined, wishing to go aboard of the Brig Nickerson to bid the Captain adieu. After we left the minister's house we found that we were too late to call upon the Captain, so we went aboard the next day and took a farewell dinner with him. We reminded him to call upon you when he got to the city—which

he promised to do. He felt bad at our going (we had become as one family almost).

We arrived here after 55 hours sail—as you have an excellent description of the appearance of the Island & City from the water in Commodore Perry's work it is hardly worth while for me to give it. To-morrow I shall look around a little & shall describe any incident that may occur. We are stopping at a Hotel kept by an Italian and is as reasonable as any in this place, we pay only \$1 per day by the month, \$1.20 by the week. More to-morrow.

January 12th, 1859.

Went early this morning to the market, bought some beautiful fresh oranges, pears, bananas &c. fresh from the fields, they were fine. After breakfast rode with the American Consul to his place which is situated about $\frac{1}{2}$ way up the mountain, the view from there was certainly the finest I ever saw—the mountains reaching nearly 1400 feet in height and are terraced all around, the deep ravine and mountain streams falling over small precipices to the sea far below, extending as far as eye could reach, with the town on our right—some 3 or 4000 feet below us and then the air—I cannot give you any idea of it. If Mary E. was in this spot, I am sure it would do her more good than the thousand and one prescriptions which the faculty prescribe, and then the horse-back riding & other modes of exercise are so enjoyable; tell Father that this is the spot to bring her to, he would not like it here for more than a month, himself. The thermometer in some places here does not vary more than 8 or 10 degrees the whole year through. If we can get a little good Madeira Wine to send home we will do it, but it is very scarce & very dear. You would scarcely know John he has altered so; his chest has expanded and he certainly weighs 10 or 15 pounds more than he did when he left New York.

Stop writing here, on receipt of this write to Rome, care of Pakenham, Hooker & Co. till further notice.

6. P.M. John and myself have just returned from a horse-back ride, we met about 100 Ladies on the road (called Queen Anne Road), some with Gentlemen, and some without. The ride was beautiful. John has hired a horse for a month, giving \$32

per month, which is considered reasonable. Board such as you would like can not be had for less than \$60 per month and it is decidedly better to take a house furnished & live to suit oneself.

It is very amusing to see them land a boat here, as it approaches the landing two men jump out and hitch a yoke of oxen to it, watch the sea and when a large wave comes along they put the whip on the oxen and the boat is landed high and dry although sometimes the passengers get a wet skin. John or "the Judge" as I call him, has got rid of his cough entirely and everybody who sees him are surprised when he tells them that he was obliged to leave home on account of weakness of his lungs, he is very anxious however to return home, being satisfied that after all there is no place like home. We purpose leaving here about the first of March for Cadiz in Spain and from thence to Gibraltar and from thence to Italy. During our sojourn in Lisbon we visited Cuitra & I refer you to Lord Byron's Childe Harold for a description of it, it will repay the reader, it so admirably describes the spot.

Of all modes in the world for travelling I think a Steamer is the worst, the coal dust turns one into an Ethiopian in a very little while—and then the motion, the jar and smell of the machinery are certainly very trying. Our captain got drunk his first night out and was making confidential disclosures of his abilities, ideas, and ingenuity, to all the passengers—"but *sich is Life.*" there is only one American here & such a consumptive specimen I don't think could be scared up north of Mason & Dixon's line. Poor fellow I am afraid Madeira wont save him, he comes from N. Y., we met him in a Palanquin at the "Consuls," who by the way is one of the wealthiest men on the Island, we dine with him tomorrow.

January 13th.

Went early this morning to market, got some fruit, very fine I can assure you, oranges here and in U. S. are entirely different, I can never feel as if I wanted to eat any more when I get home, they are not large but very fine flavored. Read Kent for 2½ hours and then went to dinner with the American Consul. We had a beautiful dinner and then such wine; it was very old, the finest on the Island, money cannot buy it. After dinner took a

horseback ride. When we returned we found that John's friend Mr. Horton had just arrived from England where he had been very sick. We went immediately to the Hotel where he was stopping, went into the sitting room and in a few minutes he came down, he coughed without stopping for 15 minutes & then produced his box and commenced expectorating, to tell you that the sight was sickening would convey very little of the real idea. I was obliged to leave. I could not stand it. I will keep John away from him as much as I can, fortunately he stays at a Hotel some little distance from us. If I find that John, and he, associate too much I will advise John to leave for the continent for the association would do him more harm than the air would good. To look at him made me hope that I would never be troubled with consumption & I certainly think that it must have more or less effect upon John. I would give \$50 if he had not got here, not that I wish him any harm.

Give my love to all enquiring friends & accept some yourself. special love to Wallie.

While we were at Lisbon John formed the acquaintance of an English Gentleman who had travelled all over the world for some twenty years, and had seen a good deal, he advised him to try Malaga in preference to Madeira as we would have the same air and would save \$100 by the operation. John asked me what I thought of it, I told him it was immaterial to me, to take the lead and I would follow. We started out, got our Passport fixed for Malaga, and then called on Captain Nickerson, but he would not hear to our going anywhere but to Madeira. "Said he" I brought you in my vessel to go to Madeira, all your friends expect you to go there and to oblige me you must go if you don't stay 3 weeks, but go, for if anything should happen to you (John) all your friends would say, if you had gone to Madeira you would now be enjoying good health. so we changed back to the original plan. I got one of my circular notes cashed on Jan'y 7th.

Nothing more to say. Excuse the disconnected manner in which I write. I try to give everything that will be of any interest to you. The latest N. Y. paper we have seen is Dec. 14th.

from your affectionate son

B. W. VANDERPOEL.

Steamer leaves for Lisbon tomorrow & this goes by her.
More anon.

Benj. W. Vanderpoel sends letter from Funchal, Madeira, to his father at No. 105 Madison Ave., New York, by Capt. Smith of the Steamer "Margaret Mortimer."

Funchal, Jan'y 28, '59.

Dear Father:

By the kindness of Capt. Smith we are enabled to send a few things such as we have been able to pick up in a hurry—the "*Boxes*" one contains Flowers made in the Nunnery of Sainte Clara and are considered very fine. Mary E. is to take first choice &c, in the second Box are two figures in the costume of the island—they are intended for the *Etagère*.

from your affectionate son

B. W. VANDERPOEL.

The flowers are made of Feathers, so valuable are they considered in the cities of London and Paris that every vessel which leaves takes as many as they can get—the demand more than equals the supply.

I understand that Captain Smith has about \$30 or \$40 worth on which he expects to realize 50 per cent.

B. W. V.

CHAPTER XXXI

"I cannot pay my debt
For all the love that she has given;
But There, love's Lord, will not forget
Her due reward—bless her in earth and heaven."

HENRY VAN DYKE.

TRAVELS OF JOHN VANDERPOEL AND BENJ. W. VANDERPOEL—*Continued*

Benj. W. Vanderpoel writes from Funchal, Madeira, to his mother.
Funchal, Feby. 17th, 1859.

Dear Mother:

Your letters of Dec. 20th & Jany. 4th and two from Mary E. of same dates are received, and most acceptable they were. I must not forget to mention the receipt of Julia's. I was sorry to hear of the illness of Father, and the rest of the family, & was extremely glad to know that father was better. I see by the expressions in your letters that you have had some fears of our safety, with the news of the sad accidents which have occurred, ships lost in gales, &c. the accident to the Steamer "Ariel," which vessel when she met with her unfortunate accident, was near our course. We could not have been more than 500 miles apart in that time as we were 225 miles north of N. Y. For 10 days Captain Nickerson did not sleep more than 3 hours a day, he took his meals on deck and every night he and the first mate alternated at the wheel, at one time we had no sail on the vessel but a small jib and yet we made our 10 miles an hour, but thanks be to God, all the gales were in our favour. One day we passed a large ship "hove to," and it was impossible to see anything but her wheel house, the sea completely covered her. Our passage, across in 20 days has been extensively noticed, and is considered wonderful, the usual passage at that time of year was 35 to 50 days, think of that! We send some things by the "Margaret Mortimer," Captain Smith, which sails in a few days. Be on the lookout for them and when they arrive have Father go down and make ar-

rangements about getting them. (As for "Hibbards Pills" I have not taken 20 in all my life. I took 3 before I left and that is enough for me.) We took dinner again yesterday with the American Consul, and tried again some of that wine I wrote you about. As I wrote you before, Commodore Perry's work gives us a good description of the appearance, town and climate of Funchal as can be written. But I will attempt a description of a ride to the church of "*Nossa Senhora del Monte*" which is the most conspicuous object to be seen from the deck of a vessel in the Harbour, or from the town, perched upon the mountain like a wren House.

Last Sunday afternoon being extremely fine, some 4 or 5 of us started under the direction of the *Burroqueros* who attended the Horses, and whenever one rides fast they hang onto the tail of the quadruped. It is a very common sight to see a party of Ladies riding on a gallop, each with one of these fellows hanging on behind like the Boys in N. Y. to the Omnibus, the road runs through narrow streets with walls on each side which are low enough to give one glimpse now and then of the beautiful gardens and scenery below. About 15 minutes before arriving at the church we rested upon a small peak of the mountain from which one can look down into the deep vales, with the mountain streams running swiftly towards the sea, behind the mountains, extending towards the Heavens, whose tops are ever hidden by the clouds. The church is a failure in an artistic point of view, though if romance were a point of excellence I have no doubt it would take a decided stand; for the people here ascribe wonderful things to the Lady Saint. The building is approached by a series of steps, the view from the towers is extremely fine, the descent is so steep that numerous accidents happen both to man and beast. On our way down we stopped at the garden of a gentleman residing here & walked through the garden, which if it could be transferred in all its beauty to America, would be thought to be a part of the Garden of Eden. I shall never forget the Bananas growing to the Height of 25 or 30 feet, with the Bunches of fruit 3 or 4 feet long, having the appearance of a bunch of Grapes on a vine. They have Groves of the *Camelia Japonica* which here attain the height of 25 feet, and the *Geraniums* would certainly

astonish you. When I tell you I have seen one *Geranium* which was 10 or 12 feet high and occupied a space of say quite 20 feet square it may appear almost incredible.

We have every day for Dinner green peas, squash, Tchou Tchou, a delicious vegetable brought from *China*, besides all the tropical fruits which are very fine. The meat here however is not good; the beef is flabby & the mutton is strong.

There is one thing that is very necessary to a person travelling either here or on the continent, and that is knowledge of some of the continental languages. French, Spanish or Italian, for English is not spoken as much as you would suppose. I find that I have French enough for all practical purposes, am able to hold quite a conversation. Our landlord speaks French, we have staying at our House a Frenchman, & he and I are continually gabbling French. One singular thing I must tell you about John. Ever since he has been on this side of the Atlantic his cough has left him. But after talking for any length of time he complains of a sore throat, that is all the trouble he has, he thinks it very singular that it should change from his lungs to his throat.

The people on the island are different from the portuguese; they are excessively polite. Every man you meet in the street doffs his hat, and if a party of ladies go by they stand on one side with the hat raised until they have passed. I think we will leave here about the 1st of March for the Canary Islands, the Island of Teneriffe, the peak of Teneriffe is noted for its elevation, from there to Mogador in Africa, from thence to Cadiz and so to Rome.

We had two steamers in for coal some 2 or 3 days since, en route to lay the cable through the Red Sea and from thence to Bombay, connecting England with her possessions in India. I went aboard and made many pleasant acquaintances. The manner of burial here is very barbarous. When a person dies they hire a coffin the same as we hire a hearse, dress the deceased in his best clothes, and put the body into the ground without any coffin, the grave digger shovels in some earth, just sufficient to cover the Body and then pounds it well around the Corpse and this finishes the operation. While writing the above paragraph my attention was attracted to a noise in the street and on look-

ing out of the window saw one man with a knife drawn stabbing another, it appears that they were brothers, the murderer having been disappointed in the distribution of some property, took this way of enlarging his share.

Feb'y 19th. I hardly know what to write to fill up this intervening space. I have been fairly sick seeing this murder, the thoughts of it, and the beholding a man suddenly struck from perfect health to Death, and his dying expression I shall never forget.

As to F. S. V. affairs; he certainly has not lost money this last year in business. I am very glad that he has made an assignment for it only made bad worse, by keeping on, when he could not do so successfully. The varnish business has money in it but not for F. S. V., and the only thing that surprises me is that Father did not find this out long ago.

There is little or nothing else at present to write & so I close with my love to all.

From your affectionate son,

BENJAMIN W. VANDERPOEL,

Tell Mary E. and Julia & the rest that in our next I shall send them some specimens of Penmanship.

More anon,

B. W. V.

Paris, June 16th, 1859.

I wrote you last week, and as I have nearly exhausted the news I have very little more to add now. Why don't some of you write to me? John and myself have not received a letter in two weeks. The "Vanderbilt" came in yesterday and nothing came from anyone but John's brother, Jesse.

The weather in Paris remains about the same. It rains almost every day. The Empress rides as usual every fine afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne. But the most interesting subject at present is the war. The Austrians everywhere are meeting with defeat, and if they continue to lose as many men in a few more battles as they have lost already, their army will not amount to much. But as Kreller of the factory used to say "We shall see dis."

In my last I directed you to address your letters hereafter to

London. A great many Americans continue to arrive and I suppose that Paris contains about as many at present as ever were collected together at any one time over here. John's health continues about the same. Remember me to all. I have not time or I would write more—I delayed writing, expecting letters by this steamer. Off for Holland in a week or so.

Your affectionate son,

BENJ. W. VANDERPOEL.

Don't forget to write. Two weeks is a long time to wait, especially in Europe. Among the strangers here is Loring Andrews from N. Y. who intends spending some time abroad.

Paris, June 20th, 1859.

We leave Paris tomorrow for Holland by the way of Brussels, where we shall stop long enough to visit the Battlefield of Waterloo. We have now been in this city about one month and have visited all the Palaces and Gardens and have seen every thing that is to be seen, and were it not for the number of Americans here our time would hang very heavy on our hands. It has done nothing but rain, almost every day. John's health remains about the same, his chest is getting stronger every day, and he thinks that he is as well as ever; he very seldom complains of soreness.

I suppose that the European news at present interests you very much, and that the victories of the French give great satisfaction. The Emperor has just made a call for 100,000 more men, showing that he evidently is going to hurry up matters. The Empress makes her appearance daily in the Public Streets without any escort, showing what confidence she puts in the People. We have fireworks and illuminations somewhere every night in honor of the victories. It seems to be the general impression that Germany will join in this little Game of War shortly and if she does then there is no telling where it will end.

I met yesterday an American who had been down to Alexandria to see the Emperor on some private business, and in course of the conversation the Emperor enquired very particularly about the American opinion of this war, and was very much gratified when he found that we were on the side of Italy, and

he also remarked that he supposed we would take Cuba now, and said that he always thought that we ought to have that.

Another Gentleman, the Secretary to the U. S. Legation, says that the Emperor is a great Fatalist. He believes that he is to die by a bullet in some foreign Capital. But, however, he has proved himself a great General, and it is supposed to be owing to his tactics that the victories have been won.

There is a gentleman here by the name of Sikes who is interested in the speculation of clearing the Harbor of Sebastopol, who is very well acquainted with father. He wished me to give him his respects when I saw him.

Direct all letters to London. We shall receive the letters, if there are any, by the "Asia" tomorrow, and if any letters come after they will be forwarded to us. Do not forget to send me some money—I am most out.

As the mail closes in half an hour and I have to mail this at another Bankers, I hope you will excuse haste. Love to all,

From your affectionate son

BENJ. W. VANDERPOEL.

P.S. You will hear from me next in Holland.

P.S. John sends his love to all.

We left Paris on the evening of the 21st of June for the City of Brussels, which is about 90 miles ride by Rail, and as we left the station from the East and proceeded in a Westerly direction, we caught our last glimpse of the beautiful cathedral of Notre Dame, and saw the magnificent Palaces of the Tuileries disappear in the distance. The evening was all that could be desired, and the sun setting in the horizon threw the golden rays of light which very much added to its beauty. We left at 8 o'clock P. M., were upon the road all night and reached Brussels about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 o'clock A. M. and after breakfast we proceeded to see the different objects and attractions of that city. We visited first the beautiful cathedral of Saint Gudule, and were particularly impressed with the beautiful painted glass in the windows, particularly that of Saint Sacrament Chapel, which is deemed the most exquisitely painted window in Europe. The carved Pulpit representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden

is also an object worthy of attention. In this church are kept the Miraculous Wafers which were stolen from the church in the 14th Century, and the story which is told about them is very amusing. When the Jews who had purloined them stuck their knives into them, blood burst forth from the wounds, and by a second miracle they were struck dumb. And one of the party turned Christian and denounced the rest, and they were burned at the stake. Such are the stories that are told in nearly every church in Europe, and they are fully believed by the people.

The city in its streets, Public Buildings and Palaces greatly resembles Paris on a small scale. There is a very fine statue of one of the celebrated crusaders, Godfrey of Bouillon, who was the leader of the army which took Jerusalem. It is about the same size as our statue to Washington in Union Square, and is considered a very fine piece of work. Brussels is peculiarly attractive to the ladies, for any quantity of gloves, head dresses and above all the genuine lace of Mechlin, and Brussels, manufacture are to be had at all prices, and I have been very much interested to see the packages of goods of every kind come to the Hotel, the purchases of the ladies who are visiting here.

Goods of every kind are much cheaper here than in Paris. Living at Hotels is about the same—the average price is about \$4. a day, without any extras.

The Battlefield of Waterloo is only about 12 miles from the city, and of course it would not do for us to omit seeing that, and so we took the English Coach, starting in the morning at 10 o'clock from our Hotel, accompanied by a bugler, who gave us on our journey plenty of music to the great delight of the juvenile Population. "Susannah" formed a part and I can assure you it was quite a treat. About 5 miles before reaching the Battlefield we took up our guide, the celebrated Sergeant Munday who was in the Battle under the Duke of Wellington. His narrative was very interesting, and was explained in a very graphic manner. We visited the huge mound beneath which the bones of friend, and foe, lie buried. It is over 200 feet in height and is surmounted with a Belgian Lion on a Pedestal. It seems to be the opinion of the old Sergeant that the Emperor's Brother Jerome was the cause of the French losing the battle,

and he sustained his opinion with very good illustrations. The British loss was 8000 killed, but the loss of the French was never known. The moment one reaches the Battlefield he is set upon by relic venders, walking cane speculators and historical traders. If you buy the British version of the battle, you are told you ought to have the Belgian which is more impartial. There is a museum upon the field in which are contained any quantity of Guns, Caps, Buttons, Skulls and tokens of all description. We were shown the House where Napoleon refreshed himself previous to the Battle and also the one in which the Duke of Wellington wrote his dispatches. About 3 miles from the field we were shown the house where the Duke of Brunswick had his headquarters and who, upon hearing the guns, hastened with his men to the scene of action, but scarcely had he come in sight, when he was struck with a musket ball, and was carried back to the same house which he had left, a corpse. We returned from the Battlefield and arrived at Brussels at 15 minutes after 4 P. M. I ought to mention that Brussels has a very fine Gallery of Paintings and a Zoological Garden. But after visiting the same on a much grander scale at Paris, one sees not much attractions in these although they are very good.

Having seen everything worth seeing and time being limited we left Brussels the same evening, the 23rd of June at 8 o'clock and in $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours were in the ancient City of Antwerp, which was once the most wealthy and finest city in Europe, but is only a shadow of what it was. A person is particularly struck with the vastness and solidity of its fortifications. It was this city which the Great Napoleon intended should eclipse London both in trade and size, and it is from the remains of his works that the city is so noteworthy at present. The Floating, or Dry Docks, of Antwerp are not excelled. It is the great commercial capital of Belgium and is situated on the river Scheldt. The streets are very clean, but also very crooked. They wind and turn, turn and wind to such an extent that it is impossible to go many blocks without a guide. If this be a fault, however, it is amply repaid by the curious architectural designs presented by the endless turnings of the streets. Some of the houses are

6 or 7 stories high, running to a point, and covered with gingerbread work, giving them a very singular look and yet they have such a picturesque appearance that one forgets the crooked streets. The costumes of the country and market women are quite in keeping with the houses. The peculiar shape of the straw bonnets of the old women forms a great contrast to the white lace caps, trimmed with ribbons of every colour, of the girls. It has something of the shape of the helmet of the Knight. Probably there is no place in Europe except Rome which is so rich in churches, embellished by beautiful masterpieces of art, as the town of Antwerp. Here are the finest productions of Reubens, and Van Dyck, and others, natives of this place. We visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which is one of the finest specimens of gothic architecture in Europe and the spire of which Napoleon said looked more as if it were knit with a needle and thread than made of stone. It is 466 feet high and runs tapering to the clouds and it is said in point of beauty to be unequalled in the world. On entering the Cathedral the first object of attraction is the celebrated painting by Reubens—the “Descent from the Cross” and with which most everybody is familiar from the numerous engravings. It is considered the masterpiece of Reubens. In front of the West entrance of the Cathedral is a remarkable work in iron, covering a well, executed by the celebrated Blacksmith, Quentin Matsys of Antwerp, whose story is a very remarkable one. He fell in love with the daughter of a celebrated painter who promised to give her to the best painter in Antwerp. The Blacksmith changed his profession, and upon one of the fine pictures of the old gentleman he painted a fly. One day the old gentleman saw the fly on the painting and took out his handkerchief to brush it off, and finding he was deceived he gave his daughter to the artist Blacksmith, who afterwards became a great painter. A number of his works are to be found in Paris and in other cities on the Continent.

In the Public Square, or I should say in one of the squares, is a beautiful bronze statue to the celebrated painter, Peter Paul Reubens, showing that Antwerp takes pride in her sons of Genius. In the church of St. Jacques is the tomb of Reubens, which is the

principal attraction, although the church is an imposing edifice and contains many rare works of art.

There are numerous other churches here, but to describe all would make a long letter, which I am afraid it will be now. Among the objects really worth visiting are the Zoological Gardens—the collections of beautiful birds and animals are sufficient both to instruct and amuse; and the Public Gallery of Paintings contains some of the finest gems of the Middle Ages. But I must say that these old paintings are in some cases so much faded that it is almost impossible to tell what were the original colors, and it certainly takes away from the effect.

The country of Belgium is very finely cultivated and the people are very industrious and there is more activity and life than among the French. It surprises one to see what changes 200 miles will make in the character, habits, &c. in a people. Flemish is the common language, although French is understood by nearly all. Most of the shopkeepers both in Brussels, and Antwerp, speak 2 or 3 languages. The people are poor although they work hard. And have always had the misfortune just as they were beginning to thrive, to have their country ruined by an invading army. Belgium has obtained the byname of being the Cock-Pit of Europe, and many bloody battles both in Ancient and Modern times have taken place upon her soil. Every acre supports 5 men and it is probably, with the exception of Holland, the most thickly settled Country in Europe. But the same misfortune extends here that exists in all European Nations—every man is obliged to serve in the army, and the consequence is that all the labor falls upon the woman. I have frequently seen women loading and unloading large wagons, and it is a common sight to see them driving a team with a load of wood to market. When you stop at a country Hotel your horses are taken care of by a woman. But one soon gets accustomed to these sights.

When we arrived in Antwerp we found the Annual Fair in full operation. It was greatly after the style of our Country Fairs—goods of every kind exposed in booths, music, from a jews harp, to a penny whistle, and some going by steam; and the usual quantity and quality of amusements, from Punch and Judy to Macbeth—harmony and discord. Imagine everything and

everybody making as much noise as they can and you will have a very good idea of a Belgian Fair.

Antwerp is also noted for its fine Black Silk and Black Lace.

One thing that impresses an American is the manner of constructing the Rail Roads which are completely fenced in to prevent cattle and persons from getting on the track, and the Depots are so arranged that no one can enter or leave except by one small door or gate. For any one to walk upon a Rail Road is a penal offence.

Rotterdam, June 26th, 1859.

We arrived here yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock. We left Antwerp at 12 o'clock by Rail Road. We found quite a change in the appearance of the country. Although Belgium cannot be called a mountainous country still there is enough elevation to distinguish it from the low, marshy, flat land of Holland and nothing relieves the dreariness of the scene but the numerous Canals, and Dikes, which are everywhere intersected. The water was about on the level of the land. At "Moredyck" about $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours from Rotterdam we changed from the Rail Road to a Steam Boat which conveyed us up one of the numerous branches of the sea, and the scenery had not anything worth mentioning except that the windmill was everlastingly presented to view, these windmills constitute the principal object in a Dutch landscape. On arriving at Rotterdam and securing apartments at the Hotel—no difficult thing I can assure you—we essayed to see the different sights of the place.

The first thing that drew our attention was the Church of Aunt Deborah—the Dutch Reformed. It contains a monument to the celebrated Admiral De Witt, who is considered one of the greatest men of the Country. He was one of the great men of his age and is duly appreciated by the people of Holland. None of the buildings of Rotterdam are remarkable for their architecture and the lover of Architectural Designs would be very much disappointed with the specimens here presented. Houses are the same old style with the low stoop and two leaning Gable ends that are to be found in all our old cities, and I cannot help thinking (were it not for the numerous canals in which ships of every kind

are found) that I was traversing either Cherry Street or East Broadway of New York.

The only difference as far as my judgment goes, which as a matter of course cannot be much, between our city as it used to be twenty years ago, and Rotterdam, is that here the cities are a great deal cleaner than with us.

In my next letter, which may be some time coming, I shall endeavor to give you a little fuller account of people and things than at present.

Monday, June 27th, 1859.

Dear Mother:

Please find enclosed some little sketches in Pen & Ink that I have taken. Look upon them with a favorable eye—and recollect that the writer has had neither time nor opportunity to correct any error that may have occurred in writing. Give my love particularly to Grandmamas Donaldson, and Burritt, and also to Grandpapa and remember me kindly to the 24th St. folks and let them know that though far away they are not forgotten. Give my love to Father, Mary E., Julia, George, Wallie, and accept a large portion for yourself and Believe me

Your most affectionate son,

BENJ. W. VANDERPOEL.

P. S. We are all well and enjoying good health, we have a new travelling companion as far as Utrecht, a Mr. King who met Mary E. at John's sister's wedding. John has written to you, or some of you. Adieu, Bon soir.

Don't forget to send me some money for I have only just enough to carry me through Holland and land me in London.

Monday 3 o'clock June 27.

B. W. VANDERPOEL.

The date is so blotted that I am afraid you cannot make out the date I wrote you last at. 3 o'clock P. M. Monday June 27th, 1859.

B. W. V.

CHAPTER XXXII

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain."

—GRAY

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DOMESTIC LIFE AT 105 MADISON AVENUE

IN our opinion there was always something interesting in the employees with whom Mr. Vanderpoel surrounded himself. He was a judge of character and these persons were apt to be meritorious and engaging, or to possess some attractive qualities. The mahogany business was, as has been said, closed up when Mr. Vanderpoel moved to 105 Madison Avenue in 1851.

Soon after he engaged in the manufacture of varnish, oils, etc., at First Avenue, 30th to 31st Streets and East River, where he owned and occupied the entire block with his factory, yards and outbuildings.

John Welsh was one of the important foremen about the factory, a worthy, modest, quiet and very reliable native of the Emerald Isle, and a devoted servitor of Mr. Vanderpoel, who dubbed him "Roger" to distinguish him from another "John," also in his service at this time. The name of Roger, or Rogers, soon became identified with John Welsh, until it almost seemed as though he had been so christened. Many who knew him intimately, never knew he had any other name. He was a faithful friend and ally of the narrator.

There was also Francis Carraher, who seemed to be Mr. Vanderpoel's *alter ego* about the factory. He was a more intelligent man than "Rogers," brighter, quicker, more witty,—a rollicking, jolly young Irishman—and very industrious. Frank always had a cheery word or funny story for every occasion. We never saw him out of spirits. He made money for Mr. Vanderpoel, and he

did well for himself. He was a valuable man and quite an intimate of Bennie's.

There was also a certain Jacob Beers, a large, fine-looking fellow, a carpenter by trade, whom Mr. Vanderpoel employed constantly for years, and whom he afterwards had appointed to the police force. Beers was a very intelligent, well-mannered man of German descent.

Mr. Malone did nearly all of the painting for Mr. Vanderpoel, and it was enough to keep him busy whenever he would work. He was a very skilful painter, but too fond of liquor to work regularly. His work was most satisfactory, but his habits were quite the reverse, and the wonder was that he did not meet death by falling from a scaffold, as he was so often half seas over.

John Cruise, the gardener, must not be forgotten. For many years he was Mr. Vanderpoel's main stay in the garden and rendered very efficient aid with roses, flowers of all description, fruits and the like. He was a second father to the children, never tired of amusing them with stories and homely teachings. He instructed our dogs, petted our cats and mended our toys. He had only one failing—indulgence in intoxicating liquor. It was never observable, however, except on very rare occasions, but this was his failing, and it kept him from success in life and finally caused his death. He fell from a ladder which he had mounted one day to trim some vines, and broke his leg. Had his habits been temperate, the doctors said he would have recovered, but liquor had so poisoned his system that the bone would not knit, inflammation set in, and he died after a short illness, deeply regretted by many friends, for he was a kind-hearted, genial man.

Of good height, with good features, and weighing over two hundred pounds, John was a very fine-looking man. Successive well-meaning cooks and not a few other domestics at various epochs undertook John's reformation, but to small George, who was much with John, their efforts never seemed to be very successful or satisfactory, except possibly as contributing to their own amusement.

George was, at one time, inclined to believe that all men were wine-bibbers, and said to John Cruise one day :

"John, do you think that my father drinks intoxicating liquor?"

"Of course he does," replied John, "only he is so strong that it don't show on him."

George had become quite an expert in detecting the signs of undue indulgence in those who were under the necessity of presenting an appearance of the greatest sobriety before others. He had repeatedly seen the gardener approaching the house on some business with an air of such preternatural solemnity that one instantly suspected the presence of an inward hilarity, or he had observed the coachman coming to receive orders with so rigid an attempt to walk perfectly straight as was itself the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual influence not in keeping with strict sobriety. These actions and the lusterless, wandering gaze, the unmeaning smiles, the transparent attempt to appear abnormally busy over nothing had all come under the observation of small George in his experience with the men employed about the place, and so, being advised that his father was also a tippler, though so skilful that the fact was not suspected, he instituted a series of very careful tests, which soon convinced him that his information had been entirely erroneous. He could not be deceived about that.

The position of assistant gardener was held by a shiftless sort of fellow called Dick. We never knew his other name. Dick had nothing to recommend him except his quiet and assiduous attention to work. He was not attractive to the eye, nor of abstemious habits—in fact, he always smelled of rum. When little George first saw him, he was displeased with his unkempt appearance, and remarked to him in terms of reproach, "I know you are an Irishman,"—and so he was—but, to confuse the youngster, Dick replied, "No, I'm not, I'm a Dutchman." "Worse and worse," was the comment of the young native son, which much amused John Cruise.

In the position of coachman we had all varieties of color and almost all nationalities. A very respectable Englishman, who delighted us all for a few days, after a week's engagement was found so hopelessly drunk that he had to be discharged. A colored man, who seemed very efficient, stole most of the harness

and left rather suddenly. The harness was afterwards found at his residence and he was arrested. His successor, Michael, was a good coachman, but a very poor driver. He ran over a boy in Madison Avenue near 25th Street, and locked wheels with a Broadway stage on turning north out of Bleecker Street into Broadway, but he was with us longer than any of the others, and afforded some satisfaction and much excitement. One never knew what was going to happen when one went out for a drive. It was certainly the unexpected that happened when Michael drove.

Another coachman, James, pleased Mr. Vanderpoel very much in all respects, except that he failed to keep the stable, stableyard and surroundings in good order. Everything was constantly littered about, and nothing was ever kept in its place. One morning Mr. Vanderpoel remarked that he was sorry to let him go, but he had decided that he could not get along with James about the stable. He was too careless and untidy in his management of affairs. After Mr. Vanderpoel had gone to his office, Mrs. Vanderpoel, ever anxious to spare her husband trouble, suggested to little George that they go together to the stable and persuade James to put everything in good order, urge him to keep all so, and perhaps spare Mr. Vanderpoel the annoyance of changing help at the present. No sooner said than done. Out went the reformers to the stable, and found everything in discouraging disorder. Very pleasantly Mrs. Vanderpoel explained to James that Mr. Vanderpoel did not like to have such confusion about the place, and said "Now, George will help you to put things away. He knows where they are kept." So the morning passed in an effort to bring order out of confusion. Mrs. Vanderpoel was very pleasant and patient with James, for, as she said to him, she knew there were many calls on his time, and it was hard to stop always at the moment to put away tools no longer in use, but that in the end it saved time and trouble to do so. George thought that wonders were being accomplished and that his father would be so pleased on his return home to find the premises in such nice order. When all was about completed Mrs. Vanderpoel prepared to go into the house, remarking to James, in what was intended to be a most encouraging manner, that she was sure

Mr. Vanderpoel would be much pleased on his return to find that he had accomplished so much that morning; that the stable and surroundings looked much neater and more attractive, and that George would go out every day or two to help tidy up things.

"Oh, yes," said James. "You can now look out for another coachman. I will not stay where I am going to be ordered about by a woman," and he put on his coat and went out of the yard, slamming the gate after him.

George looked at Mother and Mother looked at George. George looked away again, for Mother was almost ready to cry. She had been so hopeful of persuading the man who was satisfactory in other regards to rid himself of his careless and disorderly ways and to save her husband the annoyance of having to change coachmen. She had so hoped to be able to say to him when he came home that James had put the place in order and was going to keep it so, and now, instead, she had unwittingly precipitated the very difficulty she was trying to avoid, and would have to tell her husband when he came home that they were without help in the stable. There surely was trouble over the help question fifty years ago very much as there is to-day.

Among other helpers about the Madison Avenue place we must not omit to mention Bob Tucker. He was employed for a time in some minor capacity and was an extremely obliging, good-tempered fellow, who, by his good conduct and general worth, secured Mr. Vanderpoel's good graces, and, eventually, obtained a position on the Police force. Tucker affected to entertain a warm regard for Mr. Vanderpoel, and evinced it by being ready at all times to partake of that gentleman's hospitality, and by making himself very agreeable to the female servants, and to the children. We remember he presented George with a small club and belt, similar to those worn by the police, by which gift he completely won the youngster's heart and much pleased his parents.

In 1859 Jacob Vanderpoel attained the zenith of his success—his prosperity was then at its height. He had been permitted to realize all his ambitions and the year 1859 found him, at the age of forty-seven, after twenty-five years of remarkable business

success, in the enjoyment of perfect physical powers, with an elegant and perfectly appointed home, a loving and faithful wife, the companion of his youth, a family of happy children, to whom he was devoted and in whose future he was deeply interested, and a large circle of attached and influential friends.

Mr. Vanderpoel had begun life with the determination to acquire riches, not that he was avaricious enough to value money as an end. In itself considered he did not value money, save only as a means to an object. He was ambitious to attain the power, influence and distinction that wealth gives, and which it gave more, perhaps, in certain ways fifty years ago than in these days, when wealth has been less uncommon. Fifty years ago a millionaire was a noted figure in the municipal life of New York. Wealth, as then attained, generally indicated business thrift, ability, and integrity. There were probably not over a dozen millionaires in the City, and each one was an observed and envied person—one whose word carried weight. His wealth had not been acquired without the possession of some ability above the average. We have been permitted to see the private balance sheet of Jacob Vanderpoel, made out for his own information about the year 1859. His assets were all inventoried at low figures, much below the price which, to our knowledge, they afterwards realized and below the actual market value of that day. On the other hand his liabilities were entered at their fullest value. The balance showed that Mr. Vanderpoel's fortune considerably exceeded the net sum of a million dollars—an enormous return for the twenty-five years of Mr. Vanderpoel's business career, especially when it is considered that little of this great fortune was the result of speculation, but was the outcome of active and legitimate business transactions, combined with careful economy, husband and wife acting as one to build up the household and augment its resources. In this connection it may be stated that a fortune of one million dollars before the Civil War represented the equivalent of an accumulation of three or four millions today. The purchasing power of money was much greater and its earning power was twice or thrice what it is in these days of low interest and superabundant capital.

The bulk of Mr. Vanderpoel's fortune was acquired in the

mahogany trade. He originated another business about 1851 and carried it on for thirteen years; the making of varnish, dealing in essential oils, etc., but while this was a lucrative business, it never would have enabled him to amass any very large sum as its resultant profits. It was a good twenty per cent. business, and nothing more, whereas, judging from results, the mahogany business must have been a veritable bonanza.

So wealth, fame and happiness, the best of earth's triumphs, had come to Jacob Vanderpoel. There were in store for him twenty-five years more of earth's activities, but he had attained the pinnacle of his career at this time and henceforth his star was in the decline. He never made any bad losses, or particularly unfortunate investments—on the contrary, he made many excellent turns in real estate, sometimes startling his friends by large and fortunate ventures in real property, of which he was a large holder and an excellent judge, but the general tendency of the succeeding twenty-five years of his life was in the direction of shrinkage.

We would not represent the last quarter century of Mr. Vanderpoel's life as less happy than the years which preceded. He had much of happiness during this period, very much of good fortune came to him, he received honors, and was still a noted figure in the social and business world, but the financial successes of his early life were not repeated, and he was conscious that such was the case.

It is not purposed here to anticipate the action of our story by enlarging upon the incidents and causes of the decline in Mr. Vanderpoel's affairs to which we have alluded, but that it was a reality is known by all his friends, and is proved by the fact that at his decease, twenty-five years later, his fortune was much diminished.

The existence of this highwater mark in the tide of Mr. Vanderpoel's fortunes is mentioned for the purpose of drawing a comparison between his fortunes and those of Mr. William J. Burritt about the year 1859.

These men had been closely associated in business matters for nearly twenty years; part of that time they had occupied the same home, and for some years they had an office together at No. 13

John Street. They were never in partnership, although they made many investments together. Each knew the other's failings, but respected the other's abilities. They were men of very different temperament, yet still had much in common. Both were ambitious of attaining wealth and both had been successful, though not in the same degree. Mr. Burritt had observed with interest, with pride, possibly with a little touch of envy, the meteoric rise of the star of Mr. Vanderpoel's financial success. To be a millionaire was the height of a young business man's ambition sixty years ago. It was not then foreseen that, within the span of a single life, a millionaire would come to be regarded as among the genteel poor, and that twenty, fifty or a hundred millions would be required to give position, prominence or power in the financial world. Mr. Burritt had laid broad and deep the foundations of a large fortune. He had invested wisely in unimproved property in prominent localities where a large increase was inevitable, arranged by means of building loans to have his lots improved, leased them when improved to excellent advantage, and thus obtained a considerable income, from which he was able easily to pay the taxes and interest, and put aside a sinking fund to extinguish the mortgage debt. In this way Mr. Burritt had possession of whole rows of houses in prominent parts of the City. We recall that on 34th Street, north side, he owned the entire block between First and Second Avenues, and possibly between Second and Third Avenues. All were well rented, and the income was most satisfactory. This was, of course, but one of his many holdings. How large his equity in these properties was we now have no means of knowing, but the income was sufficient to enable the owner to annually provide an ample sum for the final extinguishment of the liens.

While Mr. Burritt's affairs were in this prosperous condition, suddenly he was bereaved of his only child, his hope, his pride, his all. At one blow all his aims were shattered, and he had no longer any reason to desire to accumulate wealth. Hope is life, and his hope was dead. Maria Louisa Burritt, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jerome Burritt, died at the family home, No. 157 East 15th Street, New York City, May 20, 1856, aged 18 years and 4 days.

Miss Burritt was born on May 16, 1838, at 56 Mulberry Street, New York.

To his wife Mr. Burritt had given the sum of five thousand dollars prior to their marriage, and had executed an antenuptial settlement securing to her all her former husband's property. He had also purchased and conveyed to her the elegant dwelling, No. 157 East 15th Street, with all its furniture and fittings, so that Mrs. Burritt was amply provided for in any contingency and consequently Mr. Burritt had no longer the stimulus to plan for an increase of fortune. His health was failing, and while he saw, no doubt, that by following the plan he had laid down an immense fortune might be accumulated, he also saw that its probable disposition would be the enrichment of the children of Mr. Vanderpoel, whose needs appeared to have been fully provided for by their father's success. This is mentioned because some have blamed Mr. Burritt for the management of his finances during the closing years of his life.

After his daughter's death he became much interested in the charitable work of the Second Avenue Presbyterian Church, and increased very materially his donations to all objects of Church benevolence. Instead of paying his interest charges and taxes and continuing to increase the sinking fund that would free his property from debt, he used his income in its entirety to relieve the sick, the sorrowing, the distressed, and to spread the Gospel. He accomplished very much good in the world in this way, was in a way his own executor, and built his own monument, but sacrificed the future of his property to do it.

In 1859 Mr. Burritt was taken seriously ill. He had been in delicate health for some time, and medicine did not seem to relieve his distress. Near the close of 1859 he took to his bed and the physician, Dr. Lindsey, was in almost constant attendance. Mr. Burritt's malady was diagnosed as cancer of the stomach, which the medical science of that day could do little to cure. Mr. Burritt died Dec. 29, 1859. His widow and his relatives, all of whom loved him devotedly, mourned him sincerely, though few fully realized his worth.

OFFICE OF
THE GREEN-WOOD CEMETERY
DAVID G. LEGGET SAMUEL CAREY T. HOOD MUIR
President Comptroller Secretary
No. 170 Broadway

New York, Feb. 14th, 1908.

J. H. Slipper, Esq.,

No. 259 W. 153rd St., N. Y., City.

Dear Sir:—

We find the name of William J. Burritt on our records as having been buried on December 31st, 1859, in lot No. 2811. He was born in New York; aged 60 years; died December 29th, 1859; married, and the late residence was No. 157 E. 15th St., New York.

Yours truly,

JAS. W. HENDERSON.
for Comptroller.

* * * * *

Mr. Burritt's benefactions have been condemned by those who did not possibly understand the workings of his mind and peculiar position, and thought he should have more carefully husbanded his income that more might have come to them, but we are inclined to think Mr. Burritt did wisely and well in exchanging the ambition for riches for the ambition of philanthropy.

And so we have presented the sharp contrast between these two lives, for so many years closely associated, both animated by the same ambitions, undergoing the same stress and strain, with results so diametrically opposite at the time written of. One attained the summit of success, the other fell into discouragement, difficulty and despair. One had before it apparently a roseate future of promise, the other, humanly speaking, could see no ray of light or hope in the encircling gloom. Life often presents such contrasts, but not generally in the same family circle. To the student and observer they possess no small degree of interest. Mr. Burritt had borne success wisely. He bore affliction manfully. We do not know that he

was heard to repine, but his own need of comfort and help doubtless made his heart very tender towards those who were in need of help.

“Le coeur est comme ces sortes d'arbres qui ne donnent leur baume pour les blessures des hommes que lorsque le fer les a blessés eux-mêmes.”

CHAPTER XXXIII

"True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven."

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

(NINTH GENERATION)

MARRIAGE AND MARRIED LIFE of MARY ELIZABETH VANDERPOEL

TO have any one come into the family circle and carry off its principal attraction seemed to Mary's younger brother a most unjustifiable invasion of private and personal rights. Brothers have rights which all men are bound to respect, and the engagement of Sister Mary was especially trying, as it was the first break in our household. Yet, while entertaining no very kindly feeling towards the intruder upon his peace, he felt that the weight of his displeasure should rather fall upon the treacherous sister who was willing to relegate him to a secondary place in her affections, finding greater attractions in a mere outsider than in this gifted brother.

It is true that the proposed brother-in-law was very conciliatory, and was a person whom any one could esteem if jealousy did not inspire a different feeling, but if a man wants to take away one's coat, we may admire his taste without approving his conduct, or feeling drawn toward him in a friendly spirit. However, younger brothers do not generally control their sister's matrimonial arrangements, and the objector was compelled to nurse his wrath in secret.

John Vanderpoel was the youngest son of Doctor John Vanderpoel of Kinderhook, and his wife; Sarah Wendell Oakley. He entered Williams College, Class of 1854, but being ambitious to establish himself in business in New York City, did not remain in

college to finish the course and graduate with the class, but left College in the Junior year, came to New York City and continued in the office of his brother, Aaron J. Vanderpoel, the study of law, with which he had already made much progress while in College.

In 1855, John was admitted to practice as Attorney and Counsellor at Law of the State of New York, left the office of Messrs. Brown, Hall and Vanderpoel, and formed a partnership with his college classmate, John Adriance, the only son of Isaac Adriance, to whose extensive and lucrative legal business the young firm succeeded on the retirement of Mr. Isaac Adriance.

The business carried on by the new firm of Adriance and Vanderpoel, of Nassau Street, was almost entirely connected with real estate, searches, deeds, transfers, leases, mortgages, wills, etc., and was a great success from its inception.

John Vanderpoel was a man of fine presence and attractive personality, was of an excellent family, a person of unexceptionable habits, possessed of a competency and in the enjoyment of a successful practice, so that parents could hardly have desired a more suitable "parti."

Mr. Vanderpoel had always enjoyed apparently the best of health, and had the appearance of stalwart vigor, but during the autumn of 1858 had developed a pulmonary weakness for which he was advised to try a change of climate.

Accordingly, accompanied by Benjamin Waldron Vanderpoel, the eldest brother of Mary Elizabeth, he sailed for Lisbon in a bark laden with staves, taking a sailing vessel because the long sea voyage was considered desirable in his state of health.

From Lisbon the Messrs. Vanderpoel proceeded to Madeira, where they passed the winter of 1858-9 very agreeably, and John's health was so much improved that Bennie wrote to his mother, March 14, 1859, that John then weighed over 180 lbs. and was the picture of health.

The purpose of the visit to the Island of Madeira being thus happily, and wholly, accomplished, the Messrs. Vanderpoel arranged to return to America, but before doing so desired to pass a few months in travel.

Accordingly, on the 3d of March, 1859, at half past two



JOHN VANDERPOEL, OF THE LAW FIRM OF ADRIANCE & VANDERPOEL
MARRIED MARY E. VANDERPOEL, APRIL 6, 1860



MRS. JOHN VANDERPOEL, NÉE MARY E. VANDERPOEL.

o'clock, they embarked on board the African steamer "Armenian" for Teneriffe, where they arrived about four o'clock the following day, passed a few days, and then went to Palmas on the Grand Canary Island, whence they took steamer to Mogador in Africa, and from there proceeded to Spain, and made an extensive tour of that most interesting country.

The trip in Italy, where they arrived in April, 1859, was somewhat interfered with by the war between the Austrians and the allied armies of the French and Sardinians—a war which ended in the establishment of Victor Emanuel as King of Italy.

In June, 1859, the Vanderpoels were in Paris when the news of the great victory of the French at Magenta was announced, and witnessed the scenes of enthusiasm and excitement which followed.

After an extended and enjoyable trip through France, Holland, Belgium, Germany and England, the Messrs. Vanderpoel returned to New York in August, 1859.

The Vanderpoel family passed the summer seasons of 1858 and 1859 at Stamford, Connecticut, where they engaged board at the establishment of Mr. Dibble. The air was fine, the surroundings agreeable, the table excellent, and the company very congenial, although Bennie, who went there to pass a few weeks in 1859 after his return from Europe, decided that Stamford was "worse than Rotterdam." Evidently he had not particularly enjoyed his visit to Rotterdam.

Upon his arrival at Dibble's he was in high spirits, and on entering his room the first evening, exclaimed: "Here's the way to turn a summersault," suiting the action to the word by turning one over the footboard of his bed, which immediately, to his great chagrin, collapsed with a prodigious noise. Bennie was ingenious as well as active, however, and soon managed to repair the bedstead; but thenceforth, it is safe to say, no more such feats were practiced in that apartment.

The Misses Vanderpoel had their saddle horses at Stamford, and rode down to Portchester once or twice to visit their brother George, who was then at boarding-school at the institution known as Thompson's Portchester Military Academy. George had been regarded as quite a large boy at home, and the young ladies were

surprised, on seeing him among his school-mates, to note what a little fellow he was.

Soon after Bennie's arrival at Stamford two young gentlemen guests of the house made themselves very disagreeable by bestowing too much attention on certain of the young ladies passing the summer at Mr. Dibble's. In some cases they were deemed to have proceeded almost to the point of rudeness.

Bennie had a revolver which he had purchased as a travelling companion when he was arranging to go to Europe, and kept it in the bureau drawer in his room at 105 Madison Avenue after his return. When the talk about the aforesaid insolent young men came to his ears, he returned to New York, obtained his revolver, cleaned, and oiled it, and took it back to Stamford with him. It is not known whether he intended to inflict the death penalty upon any one, but it may have been his idea that peace is best preserved by readiness for war. Whether these martial preparations became generally known cannot be ascertained, but Bennie's sisters were not among the number of those annoyed by the obnoxious guests.

The marriage of John Vanderpoel and Mary Elizabeth was solemnized at the bride's residence, No. 105 Madison Avenue, at 2 P. M. April 5, 1860. The Rev. Dr. Edward Lathrop, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Second Avenue and 10th Street, officiated.

The sister of the bride was bridesmaid, and the groom's brother, Jesse Oakley Vanderpoel, was best man. The ushers were the bride's brother, Benjamin Waldron Vanderpoel, the Messrs. Francis, and Sherman, Sage, and Benjamin Oakley.

About six hundred invitations were sent out and a distinguished company attended the brilliant reception which followed the wedding. The house and grounds were beautifully decorated for the occasion. The bridal presents were numerous, in exquisite taste, and made a display which excited general comment.

Jacob Day, of 13th Street, was the caterer and the refreshments served were sumptuous in the extreme. The table was beautifully decorated with suitable designs.

At four o'clock the bridal couple left on their wedding tour

to Washington, Norfolk, Fortress Monroe and the Virginia Springs.

On returning to New York, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel took a suite of rooms at the Everett House for a time, and passed part of the summer months at Fort Lee, at the house of Mr. Carlock.

In August, 1860, the young couple went to housekeeping at No. 67 East 35th Street. Four very happy years were passed in the 35th Street house, Mrs. Burritt making her home with Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel.

* * * * * *

The Christmas gatherings at Mrs. Donaldson's house, No. 62 Seventh Street, were continued, as previously described, during that worthy lady's life, and Dec. 25th, 1860, Mr. Vanderpoel, with his son George, John Vanderpoel, and his bride; Mary Elizabeth, were taken there in a coach about 8 o'clock, intending to pass a few hours in social converse with the assembled relatives.

The evening passed off delightfully. Every one welcomed John Vanderpoel, whom some met socially for the first time on this occasion, and the reunion proved one of the most pleasant ever enjoyed at Mrs. Donaldson's house. All too quickly the hour of ten and the coach to take us home arrived almost simultaneously.

We took an affectionate farewell of our kind relatives, and as the night was cold, ran rapidly down the stoop to enter the coach. Father opened the door for Sister to enter, when to her astonishment, she discerned a man sitting on the rear seat, with long limbs stretched across the door-way. The stranger did not arouse himself, but glanced at the faces looking in at him and prepared to resume his interrupted slumbers.

As the night was cold, Father desired Mary Elizabeth to return to the shelter of the Donaldson house, while the unexpected difficulty was adjusted, and then demanded of the coachman the reason of the person's presence in the coach. The coachman replied that he had no idea that anyone was inside, and did not see how anyone could have entered, as he had come directly from the stable, and there the coach had seemed to be empty.

The question then was, who was to dislodge the intruder?

Evidently he had no idea of vacating voluntarily or even peaceably. A struggle before the Donaldson home, in which the neighborhood would be aroused, was hardly practicable, so John Vanderpoel volunteered to go to find a policeman—not a very easy task in New York at half-past ten o'clock on a cold wintry night.

Meantime Father and George remained on the sidewalk, awaiting the coming of the guardian of the night, and watching the movements, when there were any, of the occupant of the coach. Father, it is remembered, was under this unexpected provocation inclined to be ill-tempered, and surely he had some cause to be so, but could not reasonably be cross with George, who certainly was not to blame for the unfavorable turn of affairs, although Father seemed to think he had in some way failed in his duty. The intruder once or twice changed his position, as if seeking to make himself more comfortable, and once a long arm emerged from the open coach door and groped about as though to discover why the door was open and admitting so much cold air; apparently the owner was too fatigued or too indifferent to pursue the inquiry further, and the arm disappeared within and he was quiet.

George suggested the grasping of this arm in its exploration, and by vigorous and united effort withdrawing its owner from the vehicle summarily, but having sought an officer, Mr. Vanderpoel thought it best to await his arrival. Shortly afterward John Vanderpoel returned with the officer, who went to the coach door and summoned its occupant to come forth.

At first there was some demur and apparent desire to argue the matter. The occupant said it was his coach and it was wrong to thus disturb a gentleman on Christmas Night without warrant or reason. Observing that his interlocutor was an officer in uniform, however, our gentleman finally condescended to alight and pursue the discussion on the sidewalk. Emerging from the coach he proved to be a tall, fine-looking man in black, dressed like an artist, in a cloak, and wearing a large black felt hat. He was doubtless somewhat intoxicated, but not perceptibly so. He refused to answer any questions as to his presence in the coach, or as to his identity, and assumed the position of the aggrieved party.

Father wanted the officer to arrest the man and lock him up, saying he would go to the station and make the complaint.

"You make a complaint against *me*?" demanded the stranger, brushing up against Father and glaring down upon him with disdain.

"Yes," replied Father, with an even fiercer glare. "I'll make a complaint against you and have you sent to prison."

The stranger, finding his bold front availed nothing, lounged in the background while the officer explained that he did not know upon what charge to hold him, as he had done no violence, committed no crime, and was not perceptibly intoxicated, so it was deemed best, as the hour was growing late, to compromise by having the officer remove the obnoxious individual. He did so, we summoned Mary Elizabeth from the house, entered our vehicle, from which the mysterious stranger had been so recently evicted, and returned to our home.

During the autumn of 1862 Mary Elizabeth's health began to cause anxiety. The attacks of illness which she had always seemed somewhat unaccountable, in the sense that there was nothing leading up to them. Apparently her vital force failed at certain times, or some constitutional weakness cropped out, and she would be for a time confined to her couch. When she was scarcely more than fifteen years of age she had some difficulty of the knee-joint, which compelled her to use crutches for a time, and was very obstinate and slow to yield to treatment.

While the malady of 1862 was not of that nature, it affected her so that for many weeks she could not walk at all, or merely a few steps. All her meals were brought to her sleeping-room, and a young physician, Dr. Donigan, of No. 58 East 31st Street, was called in to take charge of the case, but did not have much success in its treatment.

John Vanderpoel was keeping a horse and buggy in the city at the time, and had been taking Mary out driving every pleasant afternoon. The Doctor desired this exercise resumed, thinking the air and motion the best tonics for Mary, and it proves the depth of John's attachment, and the extent of his physical power, that he used to carry Mary down stairs and out to the buggy to enable her to have her drive, and on returning would

carry her in again and up to the sleeping rooms on the third floor, for the house in which they then lived was an English basement, and the sleeping apartments were on the third floor.

John's brothers did not approve of his exerting himself in this way, fearing it might cause too great a strain upon his lungs, and it was indeed a severe strain, although he never would admit it. Mary Elizabeth, with her street wraps on, must have weighed nearly one hundred and twenty pounds, and to carry such a weight up the front steps and then up two steep flights of stairs would have taxed the powers of an athlete.

John, however, did it daily when the weather was fit for driving, and did it uncomplainingly until he noticed that the act of carrying a lady out to the carriage in his arms and bringing her in again on returning was beginning to attract attention, and had come to be regarded as an amusing little sideshow for the entertainment of the idle and curious among the neighbors. Some young ladies opposite took an especial interest in the spectacle, and made it a point to be daily at their window while it was in progress, and to watch what transpired with evident amusement.

Mrs. Burritt told the writer that John urged Sister Mary to try to walk down the stoop with the aid of his arm, but she was unwilling to attempt it, and cared not at all for comment or observation. John was very uncomfortable over it, however, and finally a compromise was effected, and it was arranged that John, and Ann, (Mrs. Burritt's old and faithful maid) would carry Sister Mary down the stoop and across the sidewalk to the carriage in an armchair. This would be less spectacular and was quite as satisfactory to the invalid, and was continued for a long time.

As Mary Elizabeth did not recover strength, she was advised to try the Swedish movement cure, with which Dr. Taylor was having signal success in his Orthopaedic Institute at 171-173 Fifth Avenue, where the Flat Iron Building now stands. After taking treatment at her home until she had so far recovered as to walk up and down stairs, an appointment was made for daily treatment at the Sanitarium, and it became by mutual consent, or otherwise, the duty of the writer to drive to Dr. Taylor's estab-

lishment every day in the buggy with Sister Mary and wait for her to receive treatment, and then to convey her back to her home in 35th Street.

The horse, which was the property of John Vanderpoel, was a gray mare named Dolly, if memory rightly serves the writer, and Dolly was, as judged by his mature judgment, quite a remarkable animal. She was good sized, good looking, good tempered, a good traveller, quiet and docile. If the writer is not entirely clear in his recollection of Dolly, she has ample reason, if memory holds her seat in the equine paradise—for Dolly has long since crossed the Great Divide—to have a clearly distinct remembrance of *him*. He was the means of introducing Dolly to several distinctly new and startling experiences.

Dr. Taylor's establishment on Fifth Avenue was situated where the "Seeing New York" coaching office now is, and the place where the writer used to wait with the horse and buggy for Sister is now daily occupied by the automobile tourist coach, with its attendant conductor, and guide. It was then, as now, a busy, bustling neighborhood.

Sister Mary was always very kind and considerate toward her younger brother, and thinking it must be tedious for him to wait in the carriage while she was taking the treatment—which occupied generally about an hour—she sometimes urged him to tie Dolly to the lamp-post and sit in Dr. Taylor's office, or go through the establishment, to pass away the time. The younger brother was sixteen years old, at the time, and deemed himself quite a man, having discarded jackets and put on a long-tailed coat, and, on great occasions, a silk hat, and he felt very important when he tied Dolly to the lamp-post, swaggered into the Sanitarium, and bored Dr. Taylor or his friends with attempts at what he supposed was conversation.

One day he went upstairs to see what great progress Sister Mary had made in being able to use freely a machine which a few days before had been too heavy for her strength, and when the seance was over, went down to untie Dolly, when, to his horror, no Dolly was to be seen. The post was there, all familiar objects about were as usual, but Dolly was gone. All his dignity forgotten, the younger brother bounded back to the Sanitarium,

and in breathless excitement told Sister Mary that Dolly was stolen. Information of the theft was at once communicated to the police, and detectives were sent to the various ferries, hoping to arrest the thief in the act of leaving the city; but there seemed small hope of the recovery of Dolly, and Mary's younger brother was considerably lessened in importance, even in his own estimation, when he had to explain to John that the horse was lost.

It seemed a very easy way of getting rid of five or six hundred dollars' worth of property to leave a horse, harness and carriage unguarded in the street, and to have them appropriated by some stranger.

While the party of the first part was endeavoring in the quiet of the evening home circle to put the matter in the best light for himself before his admiring hearers, and at no little expense of veracity making it appear he was in no way to blame, there came a ring at the door-bell and word was brought by a detective that the missing animal had been found.

Dolly had been appropriated by some idle fellows and pressed into the service of "Seeing New York." After the persons who had taken the equipage had taken a good drive about the city, had thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and had become tired of riding, they had turned Dolly adrift in Eighth Avenue, near 42d Street, where the police found her wandering aimlessly along the street with no one in the carriage.

Dolly, tired but unharmed, was returned to her stable, and though she never spoke of it, there is reason to suppose she never forgot her experience in "Seeing New York." I do not know whether she bore the writer any ill will for having been the cause of it, but it would be natural if she had. And he was to introduce her to other startling experiences.

Mary's younger brother had sometimes to take Mother about the city with Dolly and the buggy, especially to and fro between 105 Madison Avenue, where the family lived until the spring of 1862, and 607 Fifth Avenue.

Mother spoke to him once or twice about reckless driving, going too near other vehicles and turning corners at too high a rate of speed, but the driver ridiculed womanly fears, and as-

sured Mother he could drive much nearer than he did to passing vehicles.

This bright young fellow was a man of his word; the next stage that came by he attempted to pass much nearer, and did, for he drove against it, and tore off both the wheels of the buggy on that side and mother, and son, were thrown out upon the pavement.

This disaster occurred in Madison Avenue, between 36th and 37th Streets, as we were returning from 607 Fifth Avenue to 105 Madison Avenue.

Mother did not scream, nor exhibit any sign of excitement, but arose from the pavement, glanced at her hopeful son to see that he was uninjured, and limped to a stage which was going down town, entered it and went home.

The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance remained for a time struggling with Dolly, and the debris of the buggy, a sadder and for the time, a wiser youth.

With the aid of some bystanders, the ruins of the carriage were gently lifted over to the gutter, out of the way of travel and the driver who was so sure he could drive close to passing vehicles without danger started home, leading Dolly, and carrying the whip, blankets and cushions, leaving the remains of the buggy, which could not very well be stolen by street gamins, to its fate. It was a sad procession down Madison Avenue, and the young driver could read in Dolly's expressive eye that she held him in lessening esteem, if not in absolute detestation, and it added to his cup of bitterness to know that he deserved it.

At home there were more explanations from the young man, whose ingenuity it is impossible not to admire, even while we deplore his duplicity. He showed clearly to the family circle—John included—that this was undoubtedly a case of the grossest carelessness, and surely so it was, on the part of—the driver of the stage.

It could hardly have been more absurd if he had asserted that the accident had been caused by a collision with Elijah's chariot of fire. Mother was amazed at the pretension, but thought the excitement had caused her son to misjudge the matter. Father

saw the practical advantage of having a scapegoat other than one of his own family, and he advised, if the writer was so positive that the stage-driver was at fault, that he should take the bill for damages to the buggy to the office of the Stage Company.

The vehicle was thoroughly repaired by its builder, Flandrau, of Broome Street, at an expense of fifty dollars, and the young man took the bill to the office of Murphy & Smith, the proprietors of the Madison Avenue line of stages. That young man certainly deserved credit for his assurance, for he handed in the bill with all the confidence of one who is seeking merely his just due. He was really not a little surprised when he found that the officers of the Stage Company, instead of falling upon him in wrath as an impostor, consulted for a time, reasoned with him as to the absurdity of presenting a bill to them for damage to a carriage caused entirely by the fault of its driver, and at last after some demur actually paid the bill.

It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and it can only be accounted for by the fact that in the days of stages on the thoroughfares of New York, if an accident happened to a vehicle when a stage was in sight, the blame was put upon the Stage Company, and, as a jury would generally be opposed to the corporation, the company compromised most of such claims rather than litigate.

But Dolly could not be cajoled; she never forgave her young driver, and if he ever was tempted, when speaking of the accident in her vicinity, to throw the blame upon the stage-driver, he always took care to keep away from her heels, for gentle as she was, it was surely enough to make her kick.

But if disagreeable adventures sometimes came to this unlucky youth, he was at this time very happy in the companionship of his younger sister, Julia, who had now grown to be a beautiful, talented, and attractive, young lady. He was very proud to walk with her each morning to the Ferris Female Institute, corner of Madison Avenue and 32d Street, where Julia attended school, and very much was he envied by his associates who saw him in such charming company. He liked that part of it all very well, but Julia was fond of society, and was calculated

to adorn it. Her brother was not, but much against his will he was compelled to join the Murray Hill Sociables, and was kept going about, as it seemed to him, every evening with his sister to entertainments which did not in the least entertain him.

CHAPTER XXXIV

“‘Outward bound!’ The blue waves sparkle,—
Wind-swept waves, with morning bright;
Speeds the good ship onward, onward
Like a dream,—beyond our sight.”

MARTHA E. PETTUS.

JULIA AUGUSTA VANDERPOEL

MAKES HER FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE

IN November, 1860, in assembled family council, it was decided that a young lady of Miss Julia Vanderpoel's beauty and talent should have the advantage of completing her education in Europe. She had graduated from the Ferris Female Institute, and her parents had heard very often of the superior advantages of Mlle. Demmler's Pension des Demoiselles, Bourg-de-la-Reine, Paris. The daughters of many of New York's oldest and most select families had attended Mlle. Demmler's School, and it was arranged that Julia should enter that establishment. Accordingly she sailed for Europe in October, 1860, under the care of her brother Bennie, and, after a stormy passage across the Atlantic, reached France in safety. Bennie conducted his sister to Mlle. Demmler's establishment at Bourg-de-la-Reine about November 1st. She entered and began her studies there very contentedly, and was, as Bennie wrote, in "excellent spirits," although a little homesick when he left her.

Her brother made a little tour of the Continent and returned to New York in December. * * *

The summer of 1862 was passed by the Vanderpoel family at the Lake House at Lake Oscawanna, near Lake Mahopac, New York. It was a very delightful part of the country, and the sojourn there was enjoyed by all the party, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel, Mr. and Mrs. John Vanderpoel, Mr. Jesse Oakley Vanderpoel, Master George B. Vanderpoel, Master Waldron B. Vanderpoel; one domestic accompanied

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel, a maid, called German Mary, to distinguish her from a domestic of Hibernian extraction whose name was also Mary.

The gentlemen of the party generally spent the week end only at the Lake, being occupied actively in the city at other times.

The absence of Julia from our home was a loss felt by all, but by none more than her younger brother. The sunshine seemed to have gone from our home. She remained at school in Mlle. Demmler's Pension for a year and then, in order to acquire German, went to Düsseldorf and passed nearly a year under the tuition of Herr Grashof, to whose care she had been recommended. After becoming conversant with French and German she returned to her home in New York in 1862.

Miss Mary Fore, a daughter of Dr. Fore of Cincinnati, had been with Julia at Mlle. Demmler's School, and the Vanderpoel family had a very pleasant visit from her in the spring of 1863.

Julia was fond of music, which she had studied abroad, and as a result of her influence her younger brother was obliged to join the Philharmonic Society and go to rehearsals and concerts until he came to positively detest music. He had also to attend her to the opera, generally the German opera, and the brother did not care for opera and did not understand German. He could not have stood it all if it had not been that he dearly loved his sister and always found pleasure in being with her.

Julia had many admirers besides her brother. At Fort Lee, where she passed the summer months in 1862 and 1863 a certain Mr. Bloom was very attentive, but was not encouraged, because, although a pleasant, handsome fellow, he was of the Jewish persuasion and not acceptable to her family.

There was also anxiety on the part of Julia's parents about Mr. Charles Milbank, son of Jeremiah Milbank, a very eligible parti in every way, but it appeared Julia's parents were opposed to him, possibly because he was undersized. Father probably gave him some hint that his attentions were not desired, for he stopped coming to the house and used to wander aimlessly and sadly in the vicinity like one whose interest in life has been extinguished.

Mr. Webb, an old but ardent admirer of Julia's, was very

assiduous in his attentions, but he never got a pleasant word from her that the writer can remember. He certainly could never claim that he had been unduly encouraged. How many more suitors there were the writer never knew because he began to have matters of his own to attend to.

* * * * *

During the summer of 1863 Julia had a painful misadventure at Mr. Carlock's at Fort Lee. She had intended to take a dose of soda, and by mistake took a heavy dose of tartar emetic, but the result was fortunately not very serious, though at the time most distressing. Her sister, Mary, was much frightened when she found what Julia had done, but managed to administer some corrective which in time afforded relief.

* * * * *

Yorktown, April 4th, 1863.

Esteemed Cousin:

Thy note of the 31st March was rec'd some day after date. Please inform Mrs. Burritt that I had looked upon that loan as likely to be allowed to stand until the parties wished to take up the Mortgage and consequently suffered it to remain at times when money was worth much more than 7 per cent. and almost impossible to loan money on such property at 7 per cent. even on very long terms of years. There have been many occasions when I could have called in that money and made hundreds of dollars but I refrained from doing so from the idea of its being a long loan and from a disinclination to trouble the borrower at such a time of financial embarrassment, under these circumstances I think it not exactly fair to try to reduce the interest just now when the money market is rather plethoric. Still if she insists on a change of the interest she can pay off the Mortgage. I would be glad to know her determination as soon as possible and if she pays it would like to have it before the first of next month. It is very cold this morning, like winter. I go to Croton to-day. I shall have a cold ride.

Thine truly,

EDWARD B. UNDERHILL.

In 1864, Mr. John Vanderpoel purchased the house and lot, 114 East 25th Street (25 x 60 x 100), near the residence of his partner, Mr. Adriance, renovated and decorated it throughout in the most attractive manner, furnished it in the latest style, and in September moved into it with Mrs. Vanderpoel, with the intention of making it their permanent home.

It was, for that day, a veritable bijou of a house, and here the young people, who were both fond of company and of entertaining, dispensed a hospitality which none knew better than they how to do acceptably. This was, doubtless, the happiest time of Mary Elizabeth's life. She had all that heart could wish, every ambition satisfied, the prospect of continued happiness before her, and hers seemed a most enviable lot. The nearness of Mr. Adriance, and his family, added much to the happiness and pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel, as the most cordial intimacy and warmest friendship and esteem existed between the partners and their families and endeared them to each other.

"Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand."

John's health did not seem to be improved owing to his close application to the business of his office, his lungs were not strong, and symptoms of weakness began to manifest their most unwelcome presence. Upon consulting his physician, it was decided that a change of air was most desirable to re-establish John's waning health, and a European trip was especially recommended by that accomplished medical man, John's brother, Doctor Samuel Oakley Vanderpoel.

Accordingly, the beautiful home in 25th Street, the scene of so much happiness, was closed, and on Dec. 10th, 1864, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel sailed for Europe on the "Virginia." The Virginia was the first steamer placed in commission by the National Line between Liverpool and New York, and this was its first or second voyage.

The voyage was stormy, and the passengers were not congenial. There were many Southerners among them, and, as the sectional feeling was then most bitter, there was constantly danger of quarrels arising between Southerners and those from the Northern States.

So it was a relief when the long and stormy voyage was safely ended at Liverpool. John had decided to pass the winter in the Island of Madeira, and he and Mary Elizabeth proceeded thither with but little delay as possible.

The winter in Madeira proved beneficial to John's health and very pleasant socially. Mrs. Watts Sherman was passing the winter on the Island, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel very frequently, and the Consul, Mr. Bayman, was a friend and distant connection of John's, so that Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel did not lack attention.

John purchased and sent home at this time three pipes of the famous Madeira wine—one for his brother, the Doctor, one for his brother; Aaron, and one for Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel.

Feeling quite positive that the winter in the mild and tonic air of Madeira had accomplished all that was hoped from it, the Vanderpoels left there in the spring of 1865 and made an extensive tour through Europe, accompanied by Mrs. Sherman, whose husband, of the firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co., was their banker.

In September, 1865, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel returned to America, reopened their house in 25th Street, filled it with pictures, statues and souvenirs of their trip abroad, and resumed the pleasant intercourse with their friends which had been so abruptly interrupted the preceding year.

* * * * *

We have not said much about the family pets in the Vanderpoel home and grounds at 105 Madison Avenue; we must not forget to mention first, our dogs, for they were important members of the domestic community.

A Scotch terrier, Monkey, used to keep the stable clear of rats, and was a very alert, knowing little fellow. "Monkey" met with a sad misadventure one day. He was chasing a big rat, and the men were aiding, when John Cruise, with a heavy stick, thought to annihilate the rodent, seemingly about to escape. The blow missed its aim and came down on "Monkey's" head. The poor animal fell as if shot, and we thought he was killed, but the men found he was only stunned, and a large lump of ice having

been procured, John bound it on Monkey's head and it seemed to relieve his pain. Monkey had to have his head bandaged for some time and made an odd-looking terrier swathed in that manner, but he eventually entirely recovered.

"Carlo" was a large, black Newfoundland, of most uncertain temper. To the narrator it seems as though he bit nearly every member of the family. He always looked at little George with peculiar malevolence and George used to revenge himself upon him in every safe way. It is not clear just why Mr. Vanderpoel kept the dog. He was always in trouble because of Carlo's ill-doings. Carlo loved to fight, and had reason to love it, for he was universally victorious.

Mr. McAleer kept a livery stable on 30th Street, between Fifth and Madison Avenues, and owned a large bulldog, of vicious propensities. One day George, and John Cruise, had Carlo out for a walk, and the party met Mr. McAleer and the bulldog on Madison Avenue, just south of 30th Street. The dogs began to fight, but the fight was soon all on one side. Carlo was fighting and his adversary was howling. Mr. McAleer went to help his dog and kicked and struck Carlo without avail, except to get himself into trouble, for Carlo turned on him and the man was obliged to call his dog to his aid and rush him upon Carlo. A passing policeman saw this, arrested Mr. McAleer, and took him to the station-house, where the unlucky gentleman was locked up on a charge of dog-fighting. When Mr. Vanderpoel returned from business and heard the facts, he went to the station, interceded for Mr. McAleer, and obtained his release.

On one occasion George and the gardener's boy, an assistant of John Cruise, took Carlo for a walk up-town, visiting the locality called Dutch Hill, near 42d Street and Second Avenue, where many of the Dutch push-cart merchants lived, surrounded by the large dogs they used to help draw their carts. Some of these useful animals were wandering about and undertook to investigate Carlo. The old hero bowled them over like nine-pins and was proceeding to demolish one of the largest of them, when his owner, a choleric Dutchman, vowed he would kill "dot dog" and started for his shanty to get his shot-gun. The old fellow evidently meant mischief, and the boys stood not upon the order

of their going, but left at once, dragging Carlo with them. At a long distance they paused and looking back, saw the Dutchman, gun in hand, watching their flight with an angry and threatening air.

Carlo's reputation as a fighter was so well-known that when he was missing for a few days, as he sometimes was, we were inclined to surmise that someone had stolen him for the purpose of matching him with some rival canine of pugnacious proclivities. He generally returned from these absences with a weary air and many signs of battle.

Time precludes an attempt to recall all the canine favorites of the family, but Fanny must not be forgotten. She was a faithful old pet, a prime favorite of the children, and rendered good service as a watch-dog about the Madison Avenue gardens in her day and generation. One day Fanny was missing from her accustomed haunts, and investigation disclosed her in a vacant stall in the stable with an interesting family of puppies. George, and Waldron, were highly delighted. Fanny was a good dog and here was a wealth of Fannys. It seemed fortunate indeed. Good news travels quickly, and soon neighbors and friends heard of our good fortune. Fanny's worth was well known and the probable value of the puppies was so far discounted that before many weeks all were promised to friends, except one, a very cunning little one, which we determined not to part with.

One afternoon young Mr. Thomas B. Kerr called at 105 Madison Avenue to see the Misses Vanderpoel. It was so pleasant an afternoon that a walk in the gardens was proposed and soon the young people were walking about the gravel paths, picking flowers and pleasantly chatting. Then a visit to the stable was proposed and after examining and admiring the horses, Mr. Kerr espied the dog Fannie, and the little puppy, we had retained. He was quite interested and asked its name. Julia said we had not yet decided on a name. "Name it for me," said Mr. Kerr, "Tom is a good name," and so the fiat went forth—the dog from that hour was called Tom Kerr. Some one has said that it is the unforeseen that happens, and so it proved in this case. The dear little puppy proved to be a female, and so the name was hardly appropriate, but it stuck all the same, and

"Tom Kerr" that dog was to the day of her death. "Tom Kerr" lived very happily with us for several years and was the most attached and faithful pet we could desire. When we moved from 105 Madison Avenue to 607 Fifth Avenue there was no place at the latter home for "Tom." She was left to guard the Madison Avenue gardens, and food was regularly sent to her from 607 Fifth Avenue, but the poor animal was lonesome, pined away, and one dark, cold autumn day lay down and died. Julia was in the garden at the time looking after "Tom," whom she knew to be ailing, but for whom she could do nothing. As it was raining, she covered the old favorite with her waterproof and came home to report and send someone to bury her. The sad event occurred in 1863.

CHAPTER XXXV

"The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers, and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

MEMORIES OF BENJAMIN W. VANDERPOEL

HIS MILITARY RECORD

A CONSIDERATION of the life of Benjamin W. Vanderpoel impresses one with the fact that Bennie's youth was full of brightest promise. He was a cheerful, happy, gifted boy, always making friends, full of vivacity, ingenuity and animation. His artistic skill in drawing and lettering was remarkable and he seemed to have a gift for designing and making miniature yachts and models of ships which were marvels of patient working out of details of minute perfection and exquisite finish.

He made rapid progress with his studies and was a great favorite with his teachers and fellow pupils. He attended school at one time at the academy of Mr. Nevius in 15th Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and later was under the instruction of Mr. Aaron Rand, a worthy gentleman and excellent teacher, who recently died at the age of ninety years.

At the age of twenty-one Bennie entered the law office of Messrs. Brown, Hall and Vanderpoel and studied law assiduously for three years. One of his fellow-students was Henry Bookstaver (since Judge), and another was Stewart L. Woodford, in later years U. S. Minister to Spain. Still another was young Prentice—the names of others are not now recalled.

In 1860 he was admitted to practice as attorney and counselor at law of the State of New York, but before he had opportunity to establish himself in his profession the Civil War broke out, and seized with the war fever he enlisted in the 59th



CAPT. BEN W. VANDERPOEL, 1863

Regiment, N. Y. S. V., with rank as First Lieutenant in Company G. His commission was dated Oct. 28, 1861. He was promoted to the rank of Captain, January 12, 1863, to succeed Captain Jennings, who was killed at the battle of Antietam. Owing to severe wounds and illness resultant from hardships in Southern prisons, Captain Vanderpoel was honorably discharged upon tender of resignation May 21, 1863.

Upon recovering his health he re-enlisted as private in Company D, 4th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, Feb. 16, 1864. He was promoted for gallantry and made Second Lieutenant, Company H, June 8, 1864, and was mustered out with Company C, to which he had been transferred, Sept. 26, 1865, at the close of the war.

The above is the substance of a letter of Assistant Adjutant General Hawk, of the War Department at Washington, in reply to an inquiry for the war record of Benjamin Waldron Vanderpoel. It fails to state that the cause of the illness which compelled Captain Vanderpoel to resign his commission in 1863 was his long confinement in rebel prisons as a prisoner of war. After his enlistment in the 59th Regt., N. Y. State Vols., Bennie remained at the front with his regiment and wrote his mother regularly until the autumn of 1862, when his letters suddenly ceased. Just at this time Bennie's portrait in the sitting-room at home fell down with a crash and was broken and at about the same time his Mother had a vivid dream, in which she seemed to see him surrounded by armed men who had wounded and captured him. So realistic was this vision of the night that Mother insisted upon having inquiries made at once of the Colonel of his regiment. Father thought the falling of the picture very easily explainable by the fact that heavy footsteps overhead, or the jar of some ponderous vehicle passing on Fifth Avenue, might have caused it to slip from its position, and the dream followed as the probable consequence of the accident. It was remarked when the picture fell that the circumstance was a possible omen of ill to Bennie, and with this in mind Mother might well have chanced to dream of his capture.

But a mother's heart is too warm for her eldest child, and

her care for him too great, to reason so calmly, and consequently the desired inquiries were made. To our surprise we learned that as nearly as could be computed, at the very time of Mother's dream a scene such as she fancied had actually transpired—a mere coincidence, no doubt. At a place called Mear's Station, in Virginia, Bennie, with a part of his company detailed on forage duty, possibly for water, or fuel, had been surprised by a large body of the enemy, wounded and taken prisoner. So much was learned from a sergeant who succeeded in breaking through the rebel lines and effecting his escape, but his superior officer, Captain Vanderpoel, with fifteen or twenty men, remained prisoners in the hands of the enemy. It was certain therefore that Bennie was imprisoned, but the difficulty for some time was to discover the point to which he had been taken. Father haunted the War Office and kept all his political friends at work to secure some information as to whether his son was still living, and if so, his whereabouts.

The days ran into weeks, the weeks became months before any certain tidings were secured, and anxious days and nights they were for the distressed mother. It was at last learned that Captain Vanderpoel had been first taken to Richmond and confined in Libby Prison, that a revolt had broken out among the Union prisoners, half-crazed by suffering and desperate from want and hunger, and that the guards had fired upon the unarmed men to subdue them, and to prevent further risings by depriving them of leaders, had removed the officers to Salisbury Prison. While at Salisbury a desperate attempt to escape was made and Bennie was again transferred, this time to Danville, where he suffered great hardships. When finally located by the War Department he was a prisoner at Andersonville, weak, starved and emaciated to the last degree.

Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel's untiring exertions succeeded in effecting the exchange of his son, and he met Captain Vanderpoel at Annapolis, where a steamer landed a number of exchanged Union soldiers in the spring of 1863. It was then a week since he had been released from Andersonville and during that time he had received the careful attention of the ship's surgeon and the best of nourishing food, but Mr. Vanderpoel said when he saw

his son that he looked like one just arisen from the grave—pale, haggard, weak and reduced to a mere skeleton. The sufferings of those nine months in Southern prisons can never be fully realized. Captain Vanderpoel seldom alluded to them, and probably no one who had not personally experienced them could understand their unspeakable horrors. He was never in good health afterwards. Although he lived for nearly thirteen years his system never recovered from the effects of those months of suffering and privation.

There were, it seems, in the vicinity of some of the places where the captives were confined those who did what they could to relieve the distress of their fellow-creatures, and though provisions were scarce in the blockaded Southern cities, contributed of their scanty supplies to relieve the sufferings of the prisoners.

All honor to those who so generously and charitably discharged their Christian duty in despite of sectional rancor and the bitterness of the Civil strife. In sharp contrast to these good Samaritans there were not a few sordid spirits who speculated upon the necessities of our soldier boys, and who sold them a few miserable articles of food at prices which a Shylock would have been ashamed to name. In some cases the captives paid these fabulous prices with money kept secreted about their persons, sometimes by borrowing from friends and acquaintances, and sometimes by orders given upon well-known relatives at their home. These latter payments were at rates unusually exorbitant, because of the difficulty the speculator felt he might experience in cashing the order.

Captain Vanderpoel, when nearly starving in Libby Prison, had recourse to one of these harpies. The young officer was ill, weak, and in dire need of food. He could not eat the coarse prison fare and was in the greatest extremity. Accordingly he was obliged to accept the proposition of a certain resident of Richmond, who, it seems, knew Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel, of New York, by reputation, and who was willing to sell the young officer a ham for two hundred dollars and a few other articles at the same rate. If we remember rightly there was a pair of boots included in the sale at fifty dollars.

It would have been out of Captain Vanderpoel's power to

purchase these articles, much as he needed them, except for the fact that the seller was willing to accept an order on Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel for the amount. So a bargain was struck, and the prisoner received less than twenty dollars' worth of goods from the merchant, and gave in payment an order on New York for between three and four hundred dollars.

The narrator happened to be in Mr. Vanderpoel's office in New York when the seller of these goods walked in and presented the order, and to an onlooker it seemed as though the man earned his money before he left the office. Mr. Vanderpoel paid the order in full in cash and told the Southerner at the very outset that such would be his course, but if ever a man passed a bad quarter of an hour, it would seem to have been the holder of that order. His conduct was held up before him in the strongest light in which contempt and indignation could put it. It was brought to his notice that if ever a Christian duty was put before a man it had devolved upon him to relieve the necessities and assuage the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, sick, destitute, and in prison. A blessing had been pronounced by our Saviour upon such as should do this, and yet this was the very opportunity the holder of this order had sought to rob and despoil. What reward would such conduct receive in the last great day? A man with the means of relieving distress under such harrowing circumstances had chosen rather to speculate upon and profit by the necessities of the suffering. It was explained to the visitor that a reasonable profit under such circumstances would not have been objected to, but only a veritable harpy, one without heart or conscience, could have summoned up the hardihood to traffic upon the misfortunes of a fellow man and demand three or four hundred dollars for twenty dollars' worth in value.

The man received his money in full, but Mr. Vanderpoel took satisfaction for it by compelling him to listen to a long, pungent and uncomplimentary commentary on his conduct. The stranger sought to shut off this flow of eloquence several times by interjecting the remark, "Are you going to pay me or not? That's all I want to know." "Yes, I am paying you," would reply the Speaker of the House, continuing to count the money over, "but I can't help letting you know how such conduct as yours must

appear in the eyes of every honest man." The holder of the note was doubtless exceedingly thankful when that visit was over. He really had earned his money as it seemed to the writer who was an interested witness of the interview.

* * * * *

Captain Benjamin Waldron Vanderpoel married in 1862 Ellen Cecilia Nevens of New York.

Their child, a daughter, was named Mary Elizabeth Vanderpoel in honor of Captain Vanderpoel's dearly loved sister and childish playmate.

Mary Elizabeth, second, was born August 16, 1867, and the little one's troubles began early in life, for the following winter Ellen Cecilia Vanderpoel died of pneumonia, on February 3, 1868.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel, upon the death of her daughter-in-law, desired to take her son's little orphan daughter into her home and bring her up as her daughter. The relatives of Ellen Cecilia Vanderpoel were unwilling to part with the child and Mary Elizabeth, to the disappointment of her grandparents, remained in the family of her maternal relatives.

Mary Elizabeth Vanderpoel, second, married in 1890 John I. Sinnott. Their children are James Philip, born June 9, 1892, Helene Vanderpoel, born July 14, 1895.

Mrs. Sinnott obtained a divorce from her husband in 1897. She married August 30, 1899, Doctor Edwin M. Johnson, of Minneapolis, Minn.

The following letter exemplifies the vicissitudes of war, the misfortunes and sufferings of those confined in military prisons, and shows how appeals were made to friends who yet were enemies from a political point of view.

Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio.

Jacob Vanderpoel, Esq.,
New York.

June 21st, 1863.

Dear Sir:

I am a prisoner of war and confined here. I was taken near Vicksburg on the 16th of May. I do not know how long it will

be before I am exchanged. I may have to remain here during the summer, but have no clothing and no money to buy it with (except Confederate, which is not good in this section). I wish, if you can consistently do so, you would send me a small amount. Father was in good health when I heard from him last, and still doing business in Montgomery, Ala. He has a very small stock on hand. I have no news of interest.

By complying with the above you will confer a great favor on
Yours respectfully,

JOHN W. POWELL.

Address:

Lieut. Jno. W. Powell,
Prisoner of War,
Johnson's Island,
near Sandusky, Ohio.

The following letter shows the kindly spirit of Mr. Vanderpoel and his readiness to help the suffering and distressed.

No. 28 Cherry Street,
Lieut. John W. Powell, New York, June 26th, 1863.
Dear Sir:

I regret to hear of your misfortune, but such are the hazards of war.

Upon consulting with some military friend as to the chances of your exchange I have been led to suppose that it will occur immediately—probably before this reaches you. You may be moved towards the lines for that purpose. In this view, I have enclosed the within for temporary service, should it come to you before your departure. Should I be misinformed, and your stay be likely to be protracted, please write me again, for I can appreciate your position. I have a son in the 59th New York Volunteers—a captain—and my aim in life has been to do unto others as I would be done by.

I was glad to hear that your father was well, and will be equally glad to hear of your receipt of this.

In the trust of hearing from you again,

Yours,

J. VANDERPOEL.

CHAPTER XXXVI

"Obscured the reign of Law, our stay,
Our compass through this darkling sea,
The one sure light, the one sure way,
The one firm base of Liberty;
The one firm road that men have trod
Through chaos to the Throne of God."

ALFRED NOYES.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DRAFT RIOTS IN 1863

JULY, 1863, was a memorable month in the history of the good City of Manhattan. During that month the riots known as the Draft riots broke out, and for nearly a week the Metropolis was at the mercy of a cruel and cowardly mob who robbed, burned, and murdered as the whim seized them. No one who passed through the horrors of those days of violence and nights of terror can forget them. Lawlessness and violence were rampant and there was no haven of refuge for the peaceable and well disposed.

On the afternoon of Monday, July 13, 1863, the first formidable demonstration of the rioters took place at the office of the Provost Marshal at Third Avenue and 46th Street.

There had been threatenings and disorder before, the effort of the Government to fill the ranks of the Army by a compulsory levy of the citizens had aroused the opposition and fired the passions of the community, especially among the disaffected, and the lower classes, who anticipated that in some way this measure would prove inimical to them, or operate as a discrimination against them.

The attempt to draw the names of those who should be called upon compulsorily to enter the service of the United States began at the office of the United States Provost Marshal, on 3rd Avenue and 46th Street. The office was at the time in

charge of Lieutenant Edward S. Vanderpoel, detailed on recruiting service.

Lieutenant Vanderpoel was the eldest son of Doctor Edward Vanderpoel and a nephew of Jacob Vanderpoel. He was at the time twenty-five years of age, a tall, handsome, powerful young fellow full of enthusiasm for the Cause of the Union.

When the mob began to assemble in front of the Provost Marshal's office and to make threatening demonstration Lieutenant Vanderpoel was reading the order of the government authorizing and directing the draft, when a stone was thrown through the window which knocked the document from his hand.

The police detailed to protect the office charged the mob, which by this time had become fully three thousand strong, in an effort to disperse the rioters and restore order, but the police officers were soon overpowered by the crowd of assailants, deprived of their weapons and compelled to retreat.

The mob then began to wreck the building, hurling stones through the windows, and Lieut. Vanderpoel, thinking that the women and children who resided on the upper stories might be maimed or killed, came forward to address the crowd and to endeavor to pacify them.

He mounted a barrel and addressing the crowd assured them that they had utterly destroyed all the drafting paraphernalia, and put an end to the work of the office, and he urged them to withdraw peaceably to prevent further rioting and the injury of helpless women and children.

Seeing from his uniform that he was a drafting officer one of the rioters seized him and struck him. Lieut. Vanderpoel merely shook off his assailant and in a pacific manner renewed his request, but the action of the first rioter attracted the attention of others and a number soon surrounded him. They struck him with their hands and with stones, and seeing he could not resist them he withdrew to a spot nearby where the police, disarmed and powerless to aid, yet lingered.

But these helpless guardians of the law could not protect him. The rioters followed him with great clubs, which in some instances they had made by twisting together the telegraph wires they had pulled down in their fury, and the men, who were

desperate, beat the young officer on the head and body. His head was so badly cut that blood flowed profusely, and finally he was thrown down and kicked.

Lieut. Vanderpoel would undoubtedly have been killed on the spot, but for such aid as the police and one or two of his friends could give the wounded man.

These bore him away across some vacant lots, and managing to elude the rioters who followed for a time, but soon returned to join in the sacking and burning of the marshal's office, they procured a carriage and conveyed the unconscious sufferer to his father's home near Washington Square.

This account is taken from the *New York Times* of Tuesday, July 14, 1863, which concludes with the words:

"He is so badly injured that there is but little probability of his recovery. The fire which the rioters started in the enrolling office spread to adjoining buildings and the entire block was consumed."

This was the outbreak of one of the worst and most bloody riots of modern history. The same day an attack was made upon Superintendent of Police, Kennedy, and the mob also besieged and attempted to carry by storm the Armory in Second Avenue and the Opdyke Arms Factory.

The great aim of the mob after destroying the enrolling offices was to procure arms.

On this eventful day the writer had gone for a row upon the Hudson River, it was his first essay at rowing upon this mighty stream, he had rowed upon the placid waters of Lakes Oscawanna, and Mahopac, but it was a new experience to have to contend with a strong tide and a swift current, and besides there were the huge waves which ever and anon came rolling and tossing from some passing steamer.

At first the disposition was to turn the boat's prow to meet all such heavy swells and so avoid the danger of being swamped or rolled over, but some came upon the young oarsman unawares and, finding no harm resulted, he began to pay less attention to the passing of the large steamers.

The tide was running in and bore the little boat rapidly up to Fort Lee where a landing was made, and the writer vis-

ited his sisters who were passing the summer at Mr. Carlock's.

On returning the young voyager found it very difficult rowing against the tide and wind, and he disembarked quite fatigued near the foot of 30th Street, North River.

Making his way through the streets to his home at the corner of Madison Avenue and 30th Street, it seemed to him that the streets were unusually quiet and deserted. It was then about two o'clock, and on reaching home the domestics informed the writer that there were rumors that a mob was intending to attack the enrolling offices throughout the city and to put an end to the draft.

Sitting quietly in his room an hour or two later the writer heard the sound of men running in the street and looking out upon the hot and quiet avenue (this occurred in the month of July) saw a platoon of police in great disorder running for their lives to the police station. Some were hatless, some had their uniforms torn and stained, others were bleeding, and all were in a very evident state of panic.

Now the ordinary city youngster regards the uniformed police with no small awe as the most august representative of lawful authority, and to see these revered exponents of the majesty of the law scampering to cover like a flock of frightened hens was novel and alarming.

Ignorant of the outbreak at 3rd Ave. and 46th Street the writer thought it would be interesting to sally out and see for himself what was going forward.

Madison Avenue was quiet once more since the broken platoon of police had passed, and the young observer started up town in the direction from which the police had come, naturally supposing that the danger and the interest must lie in that direction.

On reaching Madison Avenue, and 33rd Street, a loose, disorderly assemblage was seen coming south over the brow of Murray Hill. The mob, for such it proved to be, did not have a formidable appearance nor make very much noise, a sort of sullen roar seemed to accompany it, but there was no noisy shouting.

There might have been somewhat more than five hundred

individuals in the mob, which had a general appearance of good humor, although as it later appeared was really animated by a desperate and destructive purpose.

Laughing sallies and jests were exchanged between individuals of the mob, and rough pleasantries were addressed to onlookers from the windows, or stoops. Nor was this probably at all an assumed hilarity, the kernel or guiding spirit of this, as of other mobs then roaming over the city, was composed of a few desperate, determined spirits whose improvised weapons were stained with the blood of Lieutenant Vanderpoel, or of some unfortunate policeman, or other victim of mob violence; these men were silent, savage, and morose, but the mob was made up of a vast number of thoughtless, idle, worthless fellows who found amusement and delight in the present sense of power and freedom from the law's restraints. These were not so much criminal as careless, but they gave power and weight to the mob and executed the will of its leaders.

Improvised signs and banners were borne in the midst of the mob the writer met at Madison Avenue and 34th Street, such as "No draft." "Down with the draft." "Down with the Negroes." "No more enlisting," and so on.

The mob filled the roadway of Madison Avenue and were accompanied by boys, and loungers, who filled the sidewalk, and the writer quietly joined the latter. It was noticed that many of the mob had weapons made of twisted telegraph wires, about three feet long and composed of many strands of wire tightly twisted together and wrapped around with the same. Clubs and other weapons of offense were freely displayed but no firearms were in evidence.

The writer heard the attack on the Provost Marshal's office at 3rd Avenue and 46th Street mentioned, some were bragging of what they had done there, how they had driven off the police and put them to flight, and beaten them with their own weapons, and later he had the inexpressible pain of hearing from those conversing about him that "Vanderpoel" had been attacked and very severely injured. Still there was the hope that these were only the vaporings of excited, and in some

cases intoxicated, persons, and were not true or were greatly exaggerated.

The mob turned through 31st Street toward Fifth Avenue, the writer accompanying them, and halted a short distance from the Avenue. The writer did not at first know the reason for the halt, and observed with surprise the leaders of the mob entering the courtyard of the house No. 22 and parleying with the servants.

It appeared that these men supposed General Geo. B. McClellan was in this house, and they desired to have him make an address. The *Evening Post* of Saturday, January 16th, 1904, states that the General appeared and addressed the mob from a window and that as a result of his appeal the mob dispersed.

If this was so it must have been upon some occasion other than the one we are discussing, the attempt to find General McClellan was not successful and the mob soon resumed its march.

They had a definite object in view, and kept west on 31st Street until Broadway was reached, then turned south and passed on to the Provost Marshal's Office on the east side of Broadway between 28th and 29th Streets. This office was in charge of Benjamin F. Manierre, but warning of the fate of the office in 3rd Avenue had preceded the coming of the mob, and Mr. Manierre and his assistants had left with their records. The mob broke into the Marshal's office, wrecked it and then began a wholesale wrecking of every store along the block, women and children aiding in the work of plunder.

With others, the writer entered the store on the corner of Broadway and 29th Street (S. E. Corner), and took a roll of wall paper as a memento of this exciting occasion. These rolls of paper were also used as weapons in the frequent fights that were occurring among the members of the mob. It was pandemonium let loose, everyone seemed to be drinking liquor, shouting, fighting, smashing property, and finally someone set fire to the stores which had been plundered.

Several bloody encounters occurred, sometimes between rioters and those who endeavored to restrain them, sometimes precipitated by the street urchins who formed part of the mob.

These inspired by a spirit of malicious mischief would sometimes attack unoffending and inoffensive passers-by, or bystanders, pushing them, and shouting at them, or struggling with them, until the attention of the rioters was attracted to the quarrel when these would fall upon the unfortunate individual, beating and wounding him, and only desisting from the attack when its victim was reduced to unconsciousness, or killed.

That more persons were not killed by these onslaughts of the mob was owing to the fact that so many surrounded the object of the attack, and pressed with such fury to get at the unfortunate victim that many of their blows and kicks fell upon each other instead of upon him.

Their own blind rage and very numbers of the rioters were a protection to the assailed. Gusts of passion seemed to pass through the mob as a gale sweeps over a field of grain bending and crushing all before it, then an interval of reaction would ensue and for a time more sober councils would prevail.

The worst element in the crowd was the boys, women and half-intoxicated persons; in these all sense of pity or restraint of conscience was wanting.

The conflagration now raging along the whole block on the east side of Broadway from 28th to 29th Streets brought several fire companies to the scene. The Volunteer Fire Department was a most efficient body of men, faithful and fearless in the discharge of their duty, a wonderful protection to the city and only handicapped by one defect, the presence among them of certain wild and lawless spirits who loved to fight their fellows quite as well as to fight fires.

The firemen had arrived at the scene of this fire with their usual promptness and dash, and were proceeding to extinguish the flames when they were attacked and driven off by the mob who were determined that the work of destruction should not be interfered with.

The firemen were forced off Broadway, and stood in sullen rage around their apparatus, in 28th Street and 29th Street, a little way west of Broadway, and watched the progress of the flames they were powerless to arrest.

It was so contrary to the traditions of the Volunteer Fire-

men of New York to submit to intimidation that these bold fellows could not long brook the domination of the mob, and while apparently acquiescing in their enforced idleness they were in reality arranging a concerted plan of action to overthrow their enemies.

The most determined portion of the rioters having effected their purpose of destruction at this point had by this time wandered off to direct, or to take part, in operations elsewhere. Those who still remained about the burning buildings were for the most part idlers, thieves, and the vagabond entourage which accompanied the mob. The firemen perceived this, possibly had been waiting for it, and they were well aware that fear was the only power which now ruled the city, by its influence the rioters maintained their supremacy, appeals to the better feelings of these persons would have been useless, so the firemen, chagrined at their enforced inaction, determined to take drastic measures. They had provided themselves with such improvised weapons as the mob carried, and at a given signal they rushed fiercely from 28th and 29th Streets into Broadway, shouting "we have nothing to do with the draft, but we are here to put out this fire," and they proceeded to clear Broadway by the simple process of so terrorizing those who filled that thoroughfare as to cause a veritable stampede.

Within a few feet of the writer a fireman, swinging a club of telegraph wire, rushed upon a well dressed young man of gentlemanly aspect, who was a mere spectator standing near the car tracks on Broadway, struck him a furious blow with his cruel weapon across the face, made another ineffective blow at his head as the victim of this assault fell at his feet and then dashed on to attack the next person, inoffensive or otherwise, who might be within his reach.

It was a cruel, but certain, way of clearing the thoroughfare and it was soon perfectly effective.

The stricken man, of whom we have spoken, rolled writhing in agony on the ground, his visage bathed in blood. What became of him the writer never learned, to stop and endeavor to assist him was impossible, the charging firemen striking at all in reach were pressing on after their leader. It was not pos-

sible to aid the injured and one was certain to share their fate. The mob even turned upon their fellows who were injured, like wolves who attack a wounded comrade.

The same afternoon Colonel O'Brien, who had ordered his regiment of militia to fire upon the rioters in Second Avenue with the result that several were wounded, and a woman who was looking on from a door was killed, was attacked when separated from his Command, beaten to death with clubs, and his mutilated body left in a vacant lot near 34th Street and 3rd Avenue covered with wounds and bruises.

As evening approached the author returned home full of the exciting experiences of the day, and found that his uncle, Doctor Edward Vanderpoel, in the midst of his grief over the murderous attack upon his eldest son, had yet the heart to think of others and had sent word to his brother Jacob that the assassins who had tried to take the life of young Lieutenant Vanderpoel were enraged against all who bore the name, and that it would be best for Jacob Vanderpoel to remove his door plate from the front door of his residence, or the house would probably be attacked and sacked by the rioters.

CHAPTER XXXVII

"Tossed on a blood-red sea of rage and hate,
The frenzied world rolls forward to its doom."

ANNIE V. CHARTRES.

RIOT DAYS IN 1863—*Continued*

THE residence of Jacob Vanderpoel at Madison Avenue and 30th Street was one of the most elegant, luxurious and best known private residences at this time in the city. Of itself it would be likely to attract the attacks of the anarchists, and the name of Vanderpoel on the door might furnish a pretext for violence to those who had earlier in the day sought the life of Lieutenant Vanderpoel. It was characteristic of Doctor Vanderpoel that while he was in such anxiety as to the condition of his eldest, and favorite, son, whose life hung by a thread, he could not forget the danger which might threaten his well loved brother.

But Jacob Vanderpoel would make no such concession to the powers of evil. He contemned and abhorred the demon of disorder, stood upon his rights and his dignity, and would not take his name off his own door out of fear of mob violence or out of respect for their wild whims.

There were in the house that night Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel, their hopeful son, George, and two domestics. No member of the household retired to rest as usual. The streets were noisy with the yells of rioters, illumined by the flames of burning buildings, and occasionally echoed the shots from distant firearms.

Undisturbed sleep was impossible and the household of Jacob Vanderpoel like thousands of others did not dare to disrobe, but lay down to rest fully dressed, prepared to arise at the first alarm and take measures for flight, or defense, as the circumstances might require.

The writer has often wondered what were Mr. Vanderpoel's plans and feelings that night. He had no weapons in the house, he never would have firearms about him. He was a powerful and courageous man, but he must have realized his utter helplessness if he were ten men instead of one, if the mob attacked his house. He could have made no defense worthy of the name, and escape by flight would have been impossible. The Vanderpoel house was so situated that a mob could have completely surrounded it, escape would have been impossible when the attack once began. Moreover the rioters showed no mercy, they would, as their custom was, have first wrecked the house with stones, axes and whatever means they possessed and then set fire to it while the wretched inmates were still within, and these would be assaulted, probably killed, as they attempted to sally out.

The writer lay down near Mr. Vanderpoel upon an improvised couch prepared in the second floor front. Mrs. Vanderpoel retired to her room, the domestics went to their quarters.

Mr. Vanderpoel showed no perturbation, but he must have passed an anxious night. The day dawned without the house having been disturbed, and it was decided that Mrs. Vanderpoel must not incur the danger of passing another night there, she must endeavor to leave the city and join her daughters at Fort Lee.

It was not easy to leave the city, all the regular inter-urban lines of communication had been stopped by the rioters, but Mrs. Vanderpoel managed in a private conveyance to cross the ferry and drive to Fort Lee.

On the second day of the riot the city was in a ferment. No stores were open, for large companies of disorderly fellows had gone about levying monies upon all store-keepers under penalty of having their places of business wrecked, and robbed, so that the streets presented an unusual appearance of commercial inactivity.

The writer was on Second Avenue near 20th Street near midday when the rioters were attacking Opdyke's Gun Factory, and remembers speeches made by certain leaders to inflame the mob. These speakers looked like strangers in the city and may

have been sent there to ferment trouble, but nothing was accomplished by the demonstration in Second Avenue. Later in the day we witnessed in the vicinity of Ninth Avenue and 34th Street an attempt to gain possession of the armory at that point without success.

Then the rioters began to attack colored people wherever found, associating them in some way with the continuance of the war and the resultant draft of men to fill up the ranks of the army.

This unreasoning passion caused the death of several helpless and unoffending negroes, one was hung to a lamp-post in Carlton Street, as were others in other parts of the city and many were murderously assaulted. Scenes of horrible cruelty were witnessed in all parts of the city at this time. The natural antipathy of the whites for the blacks showed itself in most cruel and cowardly attacks upon the defenseless and unoffending negroes.

Tuesday was a day of especial horror and universal fear in the stricken city of New York, but the night passed without an attack upon the house of Mr. Vanderpoel. It began to be evident that the mob had other matters upon their minds, and that the Vanderpoel incident at the inception of the riot was forgotten.

Wednesday was a beautiful July day, and one of activity on the part of the disturbers of the city's peace. Renewed attacks were made upon the armories to obtain weapons but without success. The rioters broke into the Opdyke Gun Factory, and there obtained weapons, but had no ammunition.

A company or two of regular soldiers from Governor's Island were stationed in Tompkins Square and were hastily summoned to the Opdyke factory at Second Avenue and 22nd Street to repel the mob. The regulars speedily arrived, fired upon the people, killed two or three and wounded a number and dispersed the mob at that point.

During the afternoon the author was present when the mob attacked and burned the Colored Orphan Asylum on the west side of Fifth Avenue between 43rd and 44th Streets.

To such horrible lengths did the mad frenzy of the mob

against the colored people carry them that not only was the destruction of the Orphan Asylum justifiable in their estimation, but attempts were made to find and injure the orphan children, simply because of their color. They were too young to have ever done anything to incur the enmity of their assailants, and their parents had long since passed from all participation in mundane affairs.

This terrible barbarity roused the whole community. Vigilance Committees of law abiding citizens were proposed, and it was rumored that the General Government would take immediate action to repress these crimes.

The civic authorities had proven themselves unable to cope with the situation, for this they were not entirely to blame. Few cities have had to deal with so large and formidable a rising. The disorder was widespread, the rioters were numerous and determined and the police force of that day were but a handful to cover so extended a district.

It was impossible in the absence of the militia at the seat of war to present any organized resistance to the rioters.

These were days of terror when all were helpless under the rule of the mob. No one was safe from attack, and robbery was committed openly, often accompanied by violence.

Mr. Samuel Waterbury, a neighbor of Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel, was attacked one morning as he was leaving his house, No. 34 East 30th Street. Some ruffians surrounded him and demanded money.

Mr. Waterbury made no resistance, fortunately for him, and escaped personal injury by handing over a roll of bills.

Mrs. Abigail W. Waterbury, the widow of this gentleman, still resides in the 30th Street house, where she has passed sixty years of her life. Mrs. Waterbury has many interesting anecdotes to relate of the exciting episodes of the Draft Riots.

Many other persons in all parts of the city were similarly attacked and not all were fortunate enough to escape physical injury.

During all these days of lawlessness Mr. Vanderpoel went about the city as usual. He left none of his personal valuables at home, and would make no change in his dress or habits

through fear of the rioters. It is wonderful that he was not attacked, and if he had been he would have been probably killed for he was determined enough to have resisted robbery with all the power of a strong and courageous man.

On Thursday of this eventful July week public indignation on account of the cruelty and audacity of the rioters was at its height but there seemed no immediate prospect of efficient relief for the mob-ridden city.

The police were disorganized and powerless and the authorities were thoroughly overawed and disheartened. Fortunately the Government at Washington were prepared to cope with, and check, the dreadful scenes of disorder and death in the great City of the North, and a regiment of Vermont Cavalry was ordered to New York. They arrived Thursday evening, and were quartered in the various portions of the City where disorder was rife and where the soldiers could readily be summoned to any needed point with the least possibly delay.

The sight of these bronzed war veterans well armed and equipped disheartened the rowdies who had for so many days terrorized the metropolis.

Protected by the cavalry, the police officers began to resume their duties, and as night drew on all the principal avenues were patrolled by squads of Cavalrymen.

Experience has proven that a mob fears nothing more than mounted soldiery. The rioters cannot stand against cavalry and they cannot readily escape from its fierce charge.

As the horsemen were heard trotting slowly up and down the thoroughfares all through the night of Thursday, a feeling of renewed security and returning confidence made itself felt in every home, and the waking hours of darkness instead of being peopled with fearful anticipations of mob violence, and disturbed by the shouting and outcries of the rioters, were soothed by a feeling of security hitherto unknown.

On Friday the City once again took on its usual appearance, shops were re-opened, streets cars and conveyances once more appeared upon the thoroughfares, policemen ventured to resume their ordinary street duties, and the riot was virtually at an end.

Sporadic outbreaks there were for several days but the danger of a general rising was passed and such disorder as manifested itself was soon repressed by the municipal authorities.

After the arrival of the Vermont Cavalry in New York the Draft Riots of 1863 became matters of history. Terrible as were the days of disorder while they continued, they soon became only a recollection rapidly lessening in intensity as the years rolled on.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"Fate, bring me fame!
The laurels that my verse shall crown!
Honor supreme shall lift my name
High, with its future proud renown!"

From the French by MARTHA E. PETTUS.

REMINISCENCES OF A DISTINGUISHED CHEVALIER

DURING the Civil War Mr. Vanderpoel gave considerable employment at his office to a certain Thomas Picton, who was quite a character in his way. He was a writer for the journals of the day and was a man of considerable ability, but unfortunately for his success in life, was of intemperate habits.

He was called the "Chevalier" Thomas Picton, and he told interesting stories of having been associated with the coup d'état by which Louis Napoleon was seated upon the throne of France. There was no doubt that Mr. Picton, or "Colonel" Picton, as he was called in deference to his military pretensions, had seen a good deal of the world. Certainly he displayed a familiarity with the seamy side of life on both sides of the Atlantic.

He was a short, thick-set man of pretentious manner, with a large head, adorned with a shock of dark hair, worn long, and surmounting a visage red and swollen from indulgence in intoxicating liquor. He had a long beard and ferocious mustaches, and his forehead was seamed with a deep scar, the outcome, probably, of some drunken brawl, although the Colonel explained it as a sabre wound received while valiantly fighting hand-to-hand with a French mob during the stormy days of the coup d'état. How grateful Louis Napoleon ought to have been to that dear Colonel!

His appearance was always shabby genteel, because his surplus revenues were always dispensed over the bar, and his wardrobe had to suffer in consequence, but no matter how threadbare

his coat, the Colonel walked with a military swagger and bore a bold and martial front. He feared no man, he would have it understood—not he, the veteran of a hundred battles, but it was whispered that in his own abode this military hero was the mildest of hen-pecked husbands and lived in abject terror of his better-half.

Colonel Picton was valuable to Mr. Vandelpoel in various ways, and as he knew better than to come to his patron when he had been indulging in the cup which both cheers *and* inebriates, the connection lasted for some time. He wrote Mr. Vanderpoel's letters, made out his bills and receipts, kept his accounts, did his commissions and made himself useful in many ways. He knew everything, or pretended to, which came to the same thing. Nothing was ever broached that he could not explain, or make some attempt at elucidating with so positive an air of wisdom and assurance that it seemed as though he must be right.

During the winter of 1861-2, Mr. Vanderpoel's son George had some tasks in difficult portions of the arithmetic which came before him in school and which he agonized over at home evenings. He made no secret of his distress, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel undertook to aid him, but without much success. The matter must have been mentioned at the office and immediately the bold Colonel volunteered to call some evening at the Vanderpoel residence and elucidate the problem—aye, even more, he would so enlighten and illuminate the subject, and the brain of the student, that no problem thenceforward in life, or after death would ever present difficulties to his enlarged and instructed mind. The Colonel, anxious to gain social recognition through Mr. Vanderpoel, would have promised to have made George into a lightning calculator if his ambition could have been thus attained.

The eventful evening came and with it the redoubtable Colonel, in all the glory of a clean, high collar and a very oily and smiling exterior. When George was summoned to the sitting-room he found a dissipated-looking gentleman breathing out agreeable nothings, and a pungent odor of cloves, to Mr. Vanderpoel, who sat near him. The gentleman was introduced to George as Colonel Picton, who had kindly volunteered to call

to explain away all the arithmethical difficulties of the hour. George welcomed the gentleman warmly and mentally resolved to give him one or two particularly hard problems to begin upon. With this amiable end in view he retired to the sofa to look over his arithmetic for something unusually difficult, when Mrs. Vanderpoel entered the room. Her husband presented Colonel Picton, who had risen at her entrance and stood near his chair in a Napoleonic attitude, whereupon he made a few swaggering strides forward, took the lady's hand in his and, bowing low over it, pressed thereon a kiss, ejaculating, "Madame, your most obedient, humble servant," made another low obeisance, took three steps backward and resumed his seat. The whole thing was done with such an air of bar-room ease and theatrical swagger that it was extremely amusing to George, the only disinterested spectator.

Mrs. Vanderpoel was annoyed. She did not like the man's appearance, or offensive manner, and this salutation seemed to savor of a disagreeable familiarity. She affected to smile, but one could see she was not pleased and had not quite decided whether to display annoyance or pass the matter over. Mr. Vanderpoel apparently thought that to a foreign chevalier like Picton a certain concession might be made, but he was not entirely gratified.

Picton, meanwhile, was the image of self-satisfaction. No doubt he thought he had created a most favorable impression and established his reputation in that household as a man of continental polish of manner.

A few moments of conversation ensued, and then George was desired to show the Colonel the problems which had troubled him. They were difficult, but the good Colonel never blenched. He attacked them with the utmost confidence, talking all the time of his familiarity with abstruse questions and the ease with which he could solve them. Presently he announced that the particular problem was solved. George examined the paper upon which the Colonel had been ciphering, and, sure enough, there was the correct answer carefully set down after a number of incoherent figures. Now the answer appeared in the book, but the student was expected to be able to demonstrate how the result

was arrived at. George pointed this out to his amiable friend—that the answer alone would be of no avail unless one could give the correct process of solution. The Chevalier Picton bowed courteously and made a long explanation that his method was the practical short method universally taught in Europe, and of course it could hardly be expected to conform exactly to the standard of every provincial pedagogue in New York. George explained that in his particular case his provincial pedagogue would have to be satisfied before his work would be approved. The Chevalier at once replied that he, a man of title, could not be expected to know all the workings of a tutor's mind, that the problem was solved, any number could be solved in precisely the same manner, the process taught in all the great universities of Europe, etc., etc. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpoel appeared to be satisfied with this explanation, but not so their young hopeful. George was not remarkably bright, but he knew he could not present such solutions of his problems as the bold Chevalier had effected to his teacher. Solutions which lacked all the intermediate steps capable of explanation between the question and answer were not acceptable. So George regarded Colonel Picton as an impostor and his boasted arithmetical powers as a delusion and a snare. That gentleman was, however, well contented with himself, and appeared to derive infinite satisfaction from his debut into high society. He was anxious to repeat his evening visit at 105 Madison Avenue under the pretext of imparting additional valuable information to the small scion of the Vanderpoel family. George tried to discourage it, but the worthy gentleman succeeded in making a few more visits. A few only were needed before Mrs. Vanderpoel, at all events, came to adopt the views of her son that Picton as a guide and instructor of youth was a charlatan.

Before these visits ceased we remember that Picton asked to be allowed to bring his wife with him on the occasion of his next visit. Poor fellow! he probably wanted to show her that all his evenings were not passed in bar-rooms. The evening came and with it the Colonel and Mrs. Picton in their best array. We have sometimes thought that a man's manner of life is reflected in the face of his wife. Continued association with that which

is brave, noble and bright lends lustre to the face of a happy wife, and often evidence of different association appears in the sad and faded faces of the wives of those who have gone astray. Mrs. Picton was a hard-faced, solemn-looking woman, with suspicious eyes, and the air of one whom long experience had taught to maintain a severe exterior towards her husband. The Colonel probably had rather hard lines at home. His wife looked like a person who brooked no nonsense, and rumor had it that he was often locked out, in the street, if his appearance on reaching home indicated that he had been drinking.

Soon after the events narrated above, the Colonel got into disgrace with Mr. Vanderpoel for some escapade and thereafter the temporary connection between them ceased.

Picton was a man of great intelligence and well informed, but utterly unreliable because of his intemperate habits.

CHAPTER XXXIX

LA VIE Á DEUX

"Appuyez-vous donc sur un coeur fidèle vous ne vous repentirez jamais de la confiance que vous lui donnez."

JEAN DE LA BRÊTE.

NINTH GENERATION

MARRIAGE OF JULIA AUGUSTA VANDERPOEL

IN the summer of 1866, while Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel and his family were passing the summer at Saratoga Springs they made the acquaintance of Judge Frederick W. Loew, of the Seventh District Municipal Court of New York City, afterwards twice elected to the bench of the Court of Common Pleas, who was also at the Springs for health and recreation.

When twenty years of age Mr. Loew developed a malady of the lungs and was advised to travel in a southern climate with a view to restoring his health.

He sailed from New York, December 4, 1868, and had a very pleasant voyage, with smooth seas and bright sunny days until the morning of December 7th, when in perfectly clear weather the vessel struck near the centre of the Bahama Banks at so high a rate of speed that she ran half her length upon the rocks and broke in two, the wreck remaining fixed upon the rocks.

The passengers and crew sought safety from the breaking seas upon the bow of the vessel, and, though they were for the moment safe, the situation was most appalling.

No land was in sight, and all about the wreck the breakers roared and foamed while the sharks could be distinctly seen in the smoother water under the lee of the wreck, evidently awaiting their prey.

There were fortunately two retired sea captains on board, and each called for volunteers and taking two of the remaining boats, they rowed one, east, and the other, west, from the scene of

the disaster in search of one of the wrecking vessels which are to be found in the vicinity of these reefs.

After two days and two nights of exposure and danger on the deck of the wrecked vessel which was in hourly danger of going to pieces beneath the suffering passengers and crew, one of the expeditions returned with a small schooner employed in the wrecking business.

To this vessel the passengers were with considerable difficulty, and no small danger, transferred and were soon brought to a place of safety.

All their baggage and effects were, however, a total loss.

The exposure, great as it was, did no injury to Mr. Loew's health, on the contrary he returned to his home in New York much benefitted.

Judge Loew was a guest at the Grand Union Hotel where the Vanderpoel family had apartments, and was a friend of John Vanderpoel who introduced him to his wife's family, and an intimacy based upon mutual esteem and regard sprang up between the parties.

During the winter of 1866-67, the friendship formed at the "Springs" was continued in the city. Judge Loew was a frequent visitor at the residence of Mr. Vanderpoel at 607 Fifth Avenue, next to the corner of 49th Street, and before spring an engagement of marriage, having the full approval of the heads of the respective families, was made between the young judge and Miss Julia Vanderpoel.

Their marriage was celebrated on the 19th of December, 1867, at the bride's residence, No. 607 Fifth Avenue, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Doctor Edward Lathrop under whose efficient pastorate of the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Second Avenue, Julia Augusta Vanderpoel had early in life been led to join the church.

The bridesmaids were Miss Maria Louise Ely, and Miss Kate Adriance, the groomsmen were Mr. Edward Victor Loew, the brother of the groom, and Mr. George Burritt Vanderpoel, the brother of the bride.

The ushers were Major Edward S. Kent of the Washington Greys, and Mr. William Loew.



MRS. FREDERICK W. LOEW, NEE JULIA AUGUSTA VANDERPOEL.

The marriage took place at two o'clock in the afternoon, and after the marriage ceremony a large reception was held at the bride's home—the parlors of the Fifth Avenue mansion were beautifully decorated for the occasion and the rooms were crowded with the beauty and fashion of New York.

It was the mode of the day to display the bridal gifts, and the second story front room was devoted to this purpose. The room was fairly overflowing with rich and beautiful presents, the gifts of the many warm friends and well wishers of the young couple.

Jacob Day served the refreshments, and provided the music for the auspicious occasion, which was one of the notable social events of the season.

After the wedding reception the bride and groom, accompanied by the good wishes of their many friends, and saluted with showers of rice, departed on their wedding trip to Washington, and Fortress Monroe.

After the return of Judge and Mrs. Loew they resided for a time at 607 Fifth Avenue, later they purchased the residence 618 Lexington Avenue, next to the corner of 53rd Street, where they passed many happy years.

Judge and Mrs. Loew were blessed with two children, Julia Augusta Loew, born June 7, 1869, and Charles Edward Loew, born November 6, 1871.

In 1875 Judge Loew was elected Register of the City and County of New York, his unsuccessful opponent in the election being the late Jacob Hess, then one of the most popular candidates of his party.

In 1876 Judge Loew purchased a fine property on Long Island facing Peconic Bay, at New Suffolk. The house stood on a bluff overlooking the water and commanded an extended view. Here the family passed many pleasant summers until Tuesday, August 20, 1890, when the house was destroyed by fire, the family narrowly escaping death in the flames. The loss was estimated at \$15,000. The origin of the fire was not known.

After the expiration of Register Loew's term of office the family went abroad in order to finish the education of the chil-

dren and lived a number of years in Europe. A beautiful suburb of Paris called Bourg-la-Reine became the home of the Loew family for several years. At one time they hired the house of Monsieur le Maire and afterwards another picturesque chateau nearer the station.

But feeling that it would be more homelike to establish the family in a permanent abode Judge Loew purchased the large property No. 72 Rue de Sévres, near the centre of Paris, and erected a most attractive chateau in the rear, having a well arranged garden in front, with winding walks, pretty shrubbery, sheltering trees, and a fountain.

The mansion is approached through a massive iron gateway with lofty stone pillars giving an air of privacy and a sense of security.

Just outside the gates, the Loews have built a pretty private chapel capable of seating a hundred, or more, worshippers and have created a centre of Protestant work and beneficence which has made itself felt throughout Paris.

Their home in Paris at No. 72 Rue de Sévres was always an attraction for any of the family who happened to visit the French capital, and there a most hearty hospitality was always to be met.

In 1901 the Loew family returned to America and for convenience of Charles E. Loew in attending the Law School of Columbia University have been residing at the Lowell, No. 561 West 120th Street.

Judge Loew built an attractive stone mansion upon his property at New Suffolk, and the family derived new health and strength from their sojourn at the home where the children's years of infancy had so happily passed.

* * * * *

Frederick Smith Vanderpoel, the youngest brother of Jacob Vanderpoel, married in 1848 Annie Kate Glassner, who died in 1852.

Frederick lived with his sister, Mrs. Deborah Williams, after the death of his wife, and Mrs. Williams mothered his two

daughters: Annie Kate, born October 30, 1848, and Deborah Williams, born October 29, 1852.

As a widower of some social prominence and very attractive personality Frederick Vanderpoel was the recipient of much attention from marriageable persons of the opposite sex. It was at one time thought that he would marry a sister of Mr. George Law, whom he was visiting frequently, but fate willed it otherwise, and Frederick Vanderpoel was married a second time on August 29, 1865, to Sarah Spicer, a daughter of General Spicer.

There was some opposition on the part of Frederick's relatives to the proposed marriage. Jacob Vanderpoel seems to have been responsible for much of it, and to him the following excellent letter was addressed by the prospective bride. It seems to have had the effect of overcoming the opposition, and to have had so favorable a result that the parties, Frederick, and Sarah, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony within a few weeks after its receipt:

New York, August 18th, 1865.

Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel,

Dear Sir:

Pardon my trespassing on your time by asking your perusal of the following:

Fred has told me all that has passed between you in regard to him and myself. It is almost heart-broken that I address you. I see Fred, whom I idolize, almost crushed to the earth by your unkindness and threats. Ask yourself if you are acting right? Fred and I have plighted our vows before God and are sacredly engaged to be married—with both my parents' free consent, consequently it is too late to recall what is done. You say, as your sisters do, they will feel disgraced if this union takes place. I think you know in your own heart that is false. Fred is free and his own master, and if he feels no disgrace it is no one else's business to interfere.

Now, what is to be done? I cannot have Fred wound my parents' feelings as mine have been by your unkind remarks. God forbid that my father should be insulted by your saying, "because your daughter has been divorced, we oppose the match."

We all know the circumstances connected with Fred's first marriage. He married beneath him. Now he has made his selection and of his equal. Some members of my family have opposed this match on account of his first marriage, because she was not all that was to be desired, but have wisely overlooked all, for my happiness was at stake; and would it not be more wise and generous on your part to aid in making two beings happy who love as devotedly as we do than to separate us and make both our lives blank.

I beg you to be kind and brotherly to Fred. His happiness is mine, and it almost kills me to see him so sad. I will do all that I think is right and if you can prove to me that there is any good reason why we should not marry, I will renounce him, but for no such poor, unkind excuse as you give. Be kind enough to read the following few lines and tell me if I have, or if my father has, not acted rightly.

I married when young, a man who proved to be a villain of the deepest dye. After robbing and cheating my father out of all he had toiled years to obtain, insulted his family and treated me with neglect, he left his country under an assumed name to save himself from prison.

Now place a daughter whom you love in the same position as I have been for seven long years, and ask yourself if you would not have divorced her. Seven years he has been absent—for six we have never received a line from him. Reports have reached us that he died, but that we have not credited and yet it may be true. God knows it is no act of mine that placed me in such a position. You will probably say, "why did you not go with him?" and yet, when you reflect what his character was, you cannot censure me. Had he been a kind, honest and upright man I would have done so, but my father very rightly would not permit me to have my home with a man who insulted me daily. Many times he would have ordered him from his house, but I thought I might at some time reform him, but I found he was past reforming. For seven years I have deprived myself of all society. I selected a few friends—with them and my own family I have endeavored to be happy, and have remembered it was God's will, but have found it hard to say it was all for the best.



FREDERICK SMITH VANDERPOEL

I now feel as if there was happiness in store for me as Fred's wife, but oh! how bitterly you wound my feelings by giving the excuse you do to separate us. Our exchange of vows has not been done hastily. We have both reflected long and well, and find it necessary for our future happiness to be together; but, as I said before, if there is any other good reason, please tell it to me, for I will act for Fred's happiness.

I deeply regret that I should cause any of your family one moment's pain. I have done so unknowingly, but I feel as if they act unkindly toward us both. We are only happy with each other, then why separate two whom God has led together? Tell them they are not disgraced by me. No, if they never have more than my acts to disgrace them, their lives will pass pleasantly. Again I must beg your pardon for trespassing so long. I deeply regret that I have caused you one pang. It has always been my aim in life to make others happy, for I have suffered so bitterly myself.

Adieu! May health, wealth and more than all, happiness, ever be yours and your family's. I freely forgive your unkindness to me, but would again beg of you to be indulgent to Fred. He is kind, and all that is noble, and loves you dearly and always stands ready to do as you ask. Only now he must take time to reflect, for he has centered all happiness, he says, in my keeping, but of course would prefer his family's consent. If we cannot obtain it and there is no other objection than the one already given, why we must endeavor to have each other's love compensate for that we have lost.

I have penned these lines without asking Fred's consent, but I feel it a duty I owe to myself to tell you how I have been situated. May God deal more gently with your daughters than He has with me, and yet I must not murmur, for it is His will, not mine. May their lives pass pleasantly and happily along, with nothing to mar their pleasures. Such will ever be my wish, for they are Fred's relatives. You may act as you please with regard to showing this to Fred or telling him you have received it. On my return to the city I shall tell him what I have written.

Very respectfully,

SARAH E. SPICER.

CHAPTER XL

"Le moment vient d'ailleurs, inévitablement,
Et je plains ceux pour qui ne vient pas ce moment—
Où nous sentons qu'en nous un amour noble existe,
Que chaque joli mot que nous disons rend triste!"
EDMOND ROSTAND.

NINTH GENERATION

MARRIAGE OF GEORGE BURRITT VANDERPOEL

GEORGE BURRITT VANDERPOEL and Maria Louise Ely were united in marriage October 14, 1868.

Miss Ely was the only daughter of E. C. Ely and his wife Julia Ann (Kitchell), and was, in 1868, residing at 132 East 23rd Street, on the southeast corner of 23rd Street and Lexington Avenue, which house Mr. Ely purchased of Mr. Harbeck. The Ely family resided there for nearly forty years. The Elys were among the first settlers in America and can trace their ancestry back in an unbroken line to the time of the Crusades.

The wedding ceremony of Geo. B. Vanderpoel, and Maria Louise Ely, was solemnized in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church at noon, October 14, 1868.

The ushers were Major Edward H. Kent, of the "Washington Greys," who then enjoyed the reputation of being "the handsomest man in New York," and Edward Traphagen.

The families of the bride, and groom, filled the pews along the centre aisle of the church, and the side pews, and galleries, were filled with the relatives and friends, presenting a very animating and pleasing spectacle.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Doctor William H. Adams, whose grace of expression and dignity of manner gave a charm and interest to the occasion.



MISS M. LOUISE ELY—1867

After the ceremony the bride and groom drove to the Cunard Steamship Company's dock and embarked on board the steamer "Java" for a bridal tour of a year in Europe.

Mr. Vanderpoel has published a volume giving the details of this memorable year of travel.

The bride and groom were accompanied to the steamer by the members of their respective families, so that it was a numerous party which boarded the "Java" that day to see the bridal couple start upon the ocean voyage, and upon the sea of matrimony.

It was a joyful occasion, of course, one of the landmarks in life; but there were tears as well as smiles, for loved ones were to be left, and the parting severed ties which had been most fond and dear.

The following were among the wedding guests:

Mr. and Mrs. John Adriance, 125 East 25th Street.

The Misses Adriance, 123 East 25th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Andrews, 121 East 25th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baudoine, 24 West 23rd Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Boardman, 7 East 34th Street.

Judge Geo. C. Barrett, 24 West 38th Street.

Mr. Geo. Bartlett, 20 West 33rd Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Benjamin, 261 Madison Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner Bartlett, 20 West 33rd Street.

General Abraham Duryea, 3 East 38th Street.

Mr. Jos. Duryea.

Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott, 302 East 15th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Elliott, 302 East 15th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Fogg, 359 Fifth Avenue.

Mr. John H. Harbeck, and family, 260 Fifth Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Clinton Hayes, 5 West 30th Street.

Mr. John Kerr, 18 East 36th Street.

Mr. Hamilton W. Kerr, 32 West 36th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keep, 603 Fifth Avenue.

Judge and Mrs. Frederick W. Loew, 613 Lexington Avenue.

Mr. Edward Loew, 231 Seventh Street.

Miss Tilly Mitchell, Fifth Avenue and 48th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Darius Mangam, 605 Fifth Avenue.

Miss Mangam, 605 Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Mangam, 605 Fifth Avenue.

Jesse O. Vanderpoel, 118 East 19th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vanderpoel, 38 East 25th Street.

Mr. Fred S. Vanderpoel, 32 West 25th Street.

Mrs. Deborah Williams, 32 West 25th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Giles Williams, 32 West 25th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ichabod Williams, 19 West 36th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ely, 1 East 33rd Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. H. Moore, 22 East 33rd Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morgan, 361 Fifth Avenue, S. W. corner 30th Street.

Mr. George Opdyke and family, Fifth Avenue, corner 47th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Pease, 13 East 38th Street.

Miss Pease, 13 East 38th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tucker, 609 Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Clarence Tucker, 609 Fifth Avenue.

Mr. John Vanderpoel, 134 East 16th Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron J. Vanderpoel, 1 West 16th Street.

Professor and Mrs. Wm. Jelliffe, 233 Bergen Street, Brooklyn.

Miss Jelliffe, 233 Bergen Street, Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose W. Kitchell, 123 East 31st Street, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Nason, 86 First Street, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Ely Kitchell, Madison, New Jersey.

Mr. Carnot Meeker, Columbia, New Jersey.

Mr. William Meeker, Columbia, New Jersey.

CHAPTER XLI

"The landsman who sits at home,
Enjoys himself at ease,
Knows not half the dangers,
Of the crossing of the seas."

* * *

LETTERS WRITTEN BY JACOB VANDERPOEL AND HIS FAMILY TO
GEORGE VANDERPOEL WHEN ON HIS WEDDING TRIP

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel.
Care of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., Bankers, London.

28 Cherry Street, New York,
October 17th, 1868.

My dear Son and Daughter:

I saw your vessel sail while we were crossing on the Ferry Boat. I gave her a long and lasting look as it had my George and Louise on board. How I did want to fly to you that I might see you once more; but alas, it was impossible. Little could I sleep that night thinking of you both pitching and tossing on the Briny deep. The following day Thursday was dark and overcast, quite warm but no rain, still the sun did not shine, when we were at the Dinner table my thoughts went after you, and your Mother noticed me in a deep study and wanted to know what was the matter, I said I was thinking of you both and I would cheerfully give Five Hundred Dollars if I could but have five minutes to peep in and see how you are getting along. Friday morning just as we had finished our breakfast the Post Man brought us your letter. We had all started upstairs except GrandMa. She was the first to get it and I can assure you I never knew her to travel faster than she did coming up stairs, or make more noise calling at the top of her voice, "A letter from George," how welcome it was! It gave us great consolation to hear from you, even if only an hour or so after your starting. I wanted so much to see Louise once more before I left the vessel, but I dare not venture down to your cabin for

fear of being left. I went to look for your Wine Box and that took me away from you, and when I was returning I met all the friends coming out, and I supposed you would be among them, when I found you were not, I enquired if I would have time to go to your cabin and was told no. I however sent for you, and had the pleasure of seeing you but I suppose Louise did not feel like venturing on deck. Friday was a Charming day, warm and pleasant like an Indian Summer's day. I called at the store in the morning, saw Mr. Ambrose Ely, William had gone to Jersey. We prepared the Advertisements announcing the Wedding, and had it put in the *Post, Express, and Commercial*, of Friday's issue, and the *Times, Herald, and Tribune*, of the Saturday daily, also in the *Examiner*, a Baptist paper. I told Ambrose Ely we had heard from you, and you mentioned you should write him, he had not then received it. I told him if he was going to be home I would come down, and spend the Evening, he said he should, so your mother and I went down, leaving our House a little before 8 O'clock. We found William, and his wife, and Ambrose, at home. They were glad to see us, and we stayed till nearly ten o'clock and had a pleasant visit. He, Ambrose, had received your letter, and read it to us, he as well as the rest were much pleased to hear from you. I do hope, you, Louise, and the two Mr. Elys, were able to avoid Sea Sickness. It is such a deadly sickness, but to cross the ocean and keep well I should have no particular objection to although it is bad enough under the most favorable circumstances. It is now Saturday afternoon Five o'clock, and I shall now depart for home to add something more on Monday, if time permits, and so continue till the "Scotia" Sails, on Wednesday. Monday afternoon, the 19th, My dear Children, Much were you both in our minds, and conversation, yesterday, Sunday. At each meal we were discussing where you could be and in what condition. Whether sick, and what kind of weather, you were having, etc. This day, Monday, has been just such a day as your Wedding day. About the same quantity of Rain fell, and about the same hour, the afternoon dull, lowry, threatening rain, but it kept off. How we would like to see you, when we once hear of your safe arrival on shore we shall not feel so uneasy for I am sure you

will be more comfortable. Then you will be continually sight-seeing which will absorb your every moment. Be sure and remember us to Mr. Smith Ely, and his Brother, with our Kind regards. Don't forget to write us as often as you can giving a full account of your health and what you saw and what you think of things generally. I quite want to know how you spent your time on the Steamer, whether any of you were sick, who first and who got well first, the Kind of weather, and in fact anything of interest, you know at Sea the first trip everything is strange and it is gratifying to know what you thought of it, how you spent your time, etc., etc. I expect to leave in the morning for Philadelphia, and stop over at Chester with Wallie, if I should I don't know what I shall do about getting this letter off in Saturday mail. While I am writing the Sun has come out in all its glory shedding its Rays on the paper. Tuesday afternoon 30th, we are all well, we did not go to Chester, as your Mother, and I, wished to write you by the Steamer tomorrow, the "Scotia" I believe, this we could not do if we went this morning, tomorrow we go, and stop to see Wallie. I have made enquiries and find the Institution spoken highly of, the discipline very rigid, full as much so as at West Point, they have to be ready at the moment, the Drum taps at 5 o'clock and every Boy must be punctual and in line. I passed through Frankfort Street this morning, I did not stop in as I had nothing to say and as Mr. Ambrose Ely had told me he should write by the same Steamer I thought he would write you all that he knew of that would interest from that quarter. This has been one of the finest days we have had since you left. The Sun arose in all the beauty, and Warmth, of an Indian Summer day, it was quite mild and pleasant. About eleven the Sun disappeared and since that time until near four o'clock the Sun has been under a Cloud, not threatening rain however, nor at all cold, but quite mild for this season of the Year.

I sincerely hope you and Maria Louise are well, as also the two Mr. Elys. I want you to take good care of Louise, and see if you cannot bring her back much improved in health, weighing some thirty pounds more than when she left our City. I hope you will both profit by this pleasure trip you are taking,

you are seeing what I have longed to see but was unable to. How often when I was your age, and older, I have felt I would be so glad to see what you are now witnessing. I am satisfied you personally would full as leave have remained home, as to have taken this trip, but I am sure you will never regret it. You can form no idea of the old Country without seeing it for yourself, to read about it is one thing to see is another. At my age is all difficult to go abroad but to have done so in your younger days is a greater advantage. I must close with much love and Kind remembrances. From your affectionate Father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

I Suppose your Mother is writing you by this mail.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel care Brown, Shipley & Co., London, England.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,

Oct. 20th, 1868.

My dear Son:

This morning's paper mentions that the steamship "Java" was signaled on the 16th, if it only could have informed us how you, and the rest of the party, were, it would have been a great satisfaction. We hope to see her arrival announced by the cable, on or about next Sunday. I feel very anxious to hear how you got along at sea, if anticipations of escaping sea-sickness were realized, etc.

This is to be sent to London, and 'ere it reaches you, you will have trodden the soil of "ould Ireland." You must let us know your impressions of that part of Great Britain; you must also let us know how Louise, and the rest of the party, stood the voyage and how they are pleased with Ireland. I fancy you will all be delighted to stand on terra firma after your long voyage. I hope you will take good care of the pink wrapping paper which contained the address of the "*Mode Illustrée*," you know I wish you to subscribe for it for me when you reach Paris. I also wish you to subscribe for the "*Moniteur*" from the first of January next. I think it is in the rue Richelieu 92. Your Father and I, are to start tomorrow with Wallie for Chester, he is very much pleased with the idea of going, but we shall

miss you more when he is gone, for we have been quite busy getting him ready, have scarcely had time to think since you left.

Your letter sent by the Pilot reached us safely, and we were all delighted to hear from you. I hope you will not fail to write us again, as soon as you land. I know my letter contains no news, but I have been out so much shopping for Wallie since you left that I have missed all the calls we have had at the house & so have heard no news. We went down one evening to 23rd Street to see Mr. A. Ely and also to see the presents. The presents are very pretty indeed, the Urn, in particular, is very beautiful. I hope you may both have a great deal of pleasure both in looking at, and using them, on your return. In conclusion I would desire you to give my regard to the Messrs. Ely and to accept my best love for yourself and Louise from your affectionate Mother

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Judge Loew, and his wife, Julia, to G. B. Vanderpoel, Esq., Brown, Shipley & Co., London, England.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,

Oct. 20th, 1868.

My dear George,

We have all missed you dreadfully, I was really unhappy the first few days, you know we always missed you every time you went to Hanover and never became used to parting. This time it was worse than before for we could not look forward to your return. Wallie said, now that Georgie was gone, he did not want to stay home but was ready to go to boarding school as soon as possible. He has not gone yet, but leaves tomorrow morning. He seemed very anxious to get back to school again. I feel sorry for him because I think boarding schools horrid places and he has never been and knows nothing about them. We have spoken of you many times a day wondering what you were about and if you were ill. I think, and I can tell you now that you are across, that the "Java" is a very uncomfortable vessel. I am glad you do not return in her. What did you do with yourselves while they were setting the tables for meals, I mean where did you sit? There seemed to be no place except your

cabins and the dining room, aboard the vessel. I thought there was a place where you could sit comfortably to sew or read, especially in unpleasant weather, for of course when the weather is fine every one, not ill, prefers being on deck. But as I have said, I am glad you do not return in the same way. I wish I could take a look at you when you land, but more especially when you reach "la belle France" to see how you enjoy it. I suppose to any one who has been on board ten days, the first land they step upon seems the most beautiful they have ever seen. Whether that was the reason or not I cannot say, but Havre I thought charming, different from anything I had ever seen or imagined did exist in the world; it did not look so the second time. If you come back by way of Havre do stop at Rouen, there is much to see there, it is one of the oldest towns in Normandie.

If you at any time are not inclined to enjoy yourself as perhaps you ought, just remember how wild I am to see what you are seeing, and that probably you will feel just the same after you have come home and have been here for a short time. I tell you this because I did not think you looked forward to what you were going to see with very much pleasure.

Grandma has just brought me a notice of the steamer "Colorado" from Liverpool having passed a Cunard steamer on the 16th of October, lat. $42^{\circ}50'$, long. $61^{\circ}30'$, supposed to be the "Java." All ships speak of strong westerly gales, so I suppose you will have had a quick passage.

I have a friend in Edinburgh I neglected to give you a letter to, because I was so tired of writing that day and had not time afterwards. She is a Miss Stuart of No. 6 St. Bernard's Crescent. She is a nice girl.

All join in sending much love to you and your wife, but I shall only undertake to send you Fred's and mine, leaving the rest for Mother. We hope you may have had a pleasant trip and not have been ill at all; if that is saying too much I will say, not too ill. I trust you and Louise are quite recovered from the fatigue you went through before leaving and that she has long, long, ere this got over her homesickness and now fully appreciates, if she did not before, the prize she has drawn in

the lottery where there are said to be so many blanks, I think far worse than blanks. And that you both may be very happy is my constant prayer and the sincere hope of

Your affectionate

FRED & JULIE.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Brown, Shipley & Co., London, England.

28 Cherry Street, New York,

October 27th, 1868.

My dear Son and Daughter :

I wrote you last week and now I feel that I must write you again although my time is so much taken up, and I am a poor hand at writing at best, which you must full well know, from the few times you received a letter from me when at College. I am engaged in building in Cherry Street, and it is only by being continually with the men that the work moves on satisfactorily. Last Thursday we took Wallie, and went to Chester. We did not get there till quite late in the afternoon. We then found Col. Hyatt the principal absent, we left Wallie, after having a chat with the quarter master (Mr. Farhnstock), and went to Philadelphia, but we felt quite dissatisfied at not seeing the Col. (the Principal) so we returned from Philadelphia on Friday afternoon previous to our going home, and saw both Wallie, & the Col. we were much pleased. Wallie, poor fellow, was no doubt already homesick but did not want to let us see it, because he was teasing us to let him go. It certainly is a great trial to him, we feel sorry for him, he being of a very nervous temperament, poor appetite and a great home body, makes it the more trying to him. We arrived home about Eleven O'clock Friday night and have had no letter from him since he left. We never thought to ask the question, but we begin to think they only allow them to write once a week, as that is the only day they can go in town and the Post Office is over one mile from the Academy. We shall wait very impatiently until we get your letter telling us how you, Louise, and the rest of them, got along on the voyage. They had the news here, but it was soon contradicted, of the loss of the "Scotia." From all accounts the Vessels

coming this way encountered very severe weather. We are in hopes that you did not have it so bad. If Mr. Smith Ely was here he would be able to be elected for Congress as his friend, Chandler, is having opposition and there will be two candidates in the field; and Mr. Smith Ely could now easily be elected. This was entirely unexpected, but the two ward leaders have got angry with each other. They have insisted on Judge Loew's nomination, but he would not accept, consequently they have two Tammany men in strong opposition to each other. This would give Mr. Ely a clean sweep. I wish he was here on that account. Although he perhaps would prefer being just where he is. I stopped in about one o'clock at Mr. Ely's store, saw William, and the Cousin, Mr. Ambrose Kitchell. The "Deacon" is now about recovered from the Jobs Comforters, and he had gone to the Farm, they had several papers done up ready for tomorrow's mail when they expect to get off quite a budget. We should one, and all, be so glad to have a peep in on you and see you all face to face. It is not worth while to caution you to take good care of Louisa, for I think it is natural for the Vanderpoel Family to love their wives, and do all in their power to make them happy, and comfortable, and if you don't do the same you are an exception. I hear from Mary Elizabeth almost daily, she and John are quite well. I have just sent her your address, so she can write you herself. I don't know however that I shall find anything to write about, however, I will wait, and see. Thus ends the First lesson.

Wednesday morning eleven o'clock. We are all well. Your Mother was out shopping for Mary E. yesterday, she came home so tired that it is doubtful whether she writes you by this Steamer. When I left home she intended to write you a few lines, but I told her if she would write you by Saturday's Steamer I would write you this. The arrival of the Steamer at Southampton was in last Saturday's paper, announcing her arrival at that place on Friday, now if she stopped at Queenstown you must have reached there on Thursday. We do so want to hear from you, and Louisa, and also the two Mr. Elys. We have just got a letter from Wallie stating he likes the school very well, the Boys are very kind to him, etc., which is very gratifying. The Judge was

telling me last night and again this morning that Mr. Chandler is left out as a Candidate for Congress and another nominated who is not very popular, and it is thought Chandler may run as an independent candidate. However if Mr. Smith Ely was here no doubt he would be the man. I don't know that he wants it, or would accept of it, still I should suppose he would have no particular objections, as he is so well qualified to fill the position. I do hope you are both well and enjoying yourselves. Recollect you are on a pleasure tour of sight seeing, and if you do not have a real good time it will be your own fault. See all you can, and as much as you can, but do not forget to impart to us who have never seen the other side of the big Pond a little of what you may see of interest, in fact anything is of interest when coming from a member of our own family. I know you will appreciate the few lines I have written, knowing how averse I am to writing, but I feel that to you being so far away from home a few lines will come so very acceptable that I am disposed to make any sacrifice for your comfort. You cannot imagine how much we all missed you after your departure. Now Wallie has gone and we feel as though the whole family was absent. The Judge is talking about going to Housekeeping but we tell them we shall not consent to it, they must not give it a thought. Your Mother with the rest of the family join in much love to you both from your affectionate Father

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

N. B. I have not the time or patience to read this over, consequently you may find as is my usual custom much left out which may not make it very readable, for I find it exceedingly difficult to read my own letters when I have once forgotten what I was writing about.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., London, England.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,

Oct. 28th, 1868.

My dear Son,

I have never realized so fully the advantage of the Atlantic

cable as I do now, it was such a comfort to see the announcement of the arrival of the "Java" at Southampton. I was looking for her arrival at Queenstown. I understood that you were all going to leave the vessel at that point, and so visit Ireland before going to England. You may have done so, but I have seen no account of the vessel's touching any port in Ireland.

I sincerely hope you, and your entire party, have escaped seasickness, and that your wife has recovered her spirits. I was sorry she felt so low spirited the day you sailed. I long to hear from you, I am so anxious to know what kind of a passage you had and how you all stood it.

We took Wallie to the school we had selected for him; last week we heard from him twice and he appears to be quite contented. We have heard the school very highly spoken of and I hope we shall be satisfied with it and that he will like it there.

Miss Nellie Bartlett is to be married today in Dr. Adam's Church. Nellie is certainly not the oldest and I am not sure whether she, or Nina, is next to the oldest. If she is younger than Nina she must be quite young.

There is to be a reception at St. James Hotel an hour or so after the ceremony.

The Judge and Julie seem to be quite determined to go to housekeeping as soon as the house the Judge is building is completed. We would rather have them remain with us longer, particularly as our family is now so small with Wallie and you away.

I shall have to close as I have that blindness with which I suffer so much coming on so that I can scarcely see lines on the paper. It will not probably last more than an hour or two, when I shall be all right. I hope to have a letter from you to answer next week. Give my respects to the Messrs. Ely, with much love for yourself and wife.

I remain, as ever,

Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Penn. Military Academy, Colonel Hyatt,
Chester, November 1st, 1868.

Dear Georgie:

I have got to my school, and am almost settled. I am getting along very well with my lessons, and with drill, at least so the professors tell me. They drum us up at five o'clock in the morning, and then we have to go down three flights of stairs to wash, which I think is a very mean arrangement.

They tell me I am learning to drill very fast, and will be able to go in the company in a week or so, and I have only been here a week. I have not got my uniform yet, but will get it either tomorrow, or the next day. I hope you had a pleasant trip out, did you have much stormy weather? We have the best part of Saturday and Sunday to ourselves. As I get more acquainted I like it better, but the first day I was here I did not like it at all. We have one of the meanest Professors here I ever saw, if he finds a boy knows his lesson one day he will give him a very long one the next day, so as to make him miss. Because I knew my Latin two or three days, he has given me all the conjugations, and the conjugations of two or three irregular verbs, for Monday, which you must know is a very long lesson. I get a letter from either Father, or Mother, almost every day. They have just expelled a boy today, for running away. Dr. Western is President of the College only a mile or so from the Academy, he is a great favorite out here and the people are all the time praising him up. I have just written a letter to sister, and one to GrandMa also. We have to write a letter home every Friday night and they look it over, and correct the mistakes. We are allowed to have as much money as we want, and I am sorry I left mine home, but as Father gave me some I can get along till Christmas, and then I will be wise, and bring more with me. There goes the drum for dinner, and I will have to leave my writing to go down.

Sunday, I have just finished writing letters to Mother, and Father and Julie, and GrandMa. I got my uniform this morning and I think of all uncomfortable things it is the most uncomfortable. I have to go down stairs to prayers in a few minutes, and I would like to mail this letter at the same time if

I can. I wish you would write me as often as you can. Please try and write me as often as you can. I intend to try and write you every week if I can. I must close as the drum is beating for prayers. With much love

I remain as ever your affectionate brother

W. B. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., Bankers, London.

28 Cherry Street, New York,
November 3, 1868.

My dear Son and Daughter,

I have been so very busy that it has been out of my power to write you until this late hour and the steamer sails tomorrow and at what hour I don't know, nor would it make any difference so far as I am concerned as it will be impossible for me to add to this letter one word, I shall be so very busy tomorrow morning.

We are all well; hope you are the same. This is Election Day. A finer day for the purpose could not be picked out—not warm, rather cool, but clear. I wrote you last, one week ago. We have had since then most beautiful weather.

We are now looking for a letter from you every hour. I should not wonder if tomorrow's post brings one. I should be glad to have kept this letter open to acknowledge in case we receive any, but I cannot do it and have it go by the steamer. Your Mother's letter last week was too late for Wednesday's steamer. She, however, got it in the Post Office before she found it out, or else she would have added something more to it.

I have not seen any of the Ely family since I last wrote you except as I have seen William through the window in their office as I pass there. As you will hear direct from them it is not so important I should write you about them.

Wallie we hear from almost daily. I am sure he is quite homesick but don't want to have us know it more than he can help. It keeps his spirits up by hearing from us or any member of the family, as often as he can. He was very anxious to write you and wrote to me for your address. He intends to write you

so as to get a letter from you. I have written him daily except Sunday since he has been away. He keeps up a correspondence with your Grandma. He wrote her last week making a special request that she would write him daily, but not to say anything to us about it for fear we might not write him quite so often. I have no doubt the receipt of these letters keep up his spirits. You know he has always been such a house boy and always at home, except when he went to St. Paul to make his sister a visit, so that it comes very hard for him to be deprived of his home. Almost *his every letter* asks when we will come and see him. If you should write him, you will direct him Care of Col. Hyatt, Chester, Delaware County, Pa. I suppose it would gratify him much to get a letter from you; he thinks there is no one like his brother George. Your sayings are quoted as being the highest authority. When anything is discussed, he tells what Brother George says, "*and he knows.*" I feel very sorry for him as he is a delicate, nervous temperament. He took the notion to go to boarding school, consequently he does not like to complain.

This is Election Day and it is now four o'clock. I was out a short time since. Those I saw and conversed with said all was quiet. We have been anticipating terrible *riots* and *bloodshed*, but I really hope all will pass off quietly.

I hear almost daily from Mary E. and John. They desire me to remember them to you both when writing. I sent her your address and told I had not doubt if she wrote as soon as she got it, you would receive it in London; and as soon as I learned your next mail address I would inform her.

We do want to see you both so much but I suppose when we come to get letters from you, it will cheer us up. We have missed you so much—you cannot begin to imagine. When you were at Hanover it appeared as though you were where we could go and see you in a short time, *not that we did it*, but the knowing we could, was what made it appear that you were not far from us. How we have counted the hours when you were on the steamer, just about where we thought you were and how much longer it would be before you reached Queenstown; your first stopping place. I hope the weather, which is everything to a traveller, has been mild and pleasant.

I am in hopes Maria Louise's health will be greatly benefitted by this trip. I am sure it will be. You were well and hearty when you left, and I am in hopes you will return none the worse. The Judge is well and Julie about the same as she has been. Her health is miserable. She does want to go to Europe so very, very badly. I have offered to send her, but that will not answer unless the Judge goes along, and that he cannot do. He talks about being able to leave his business in about a year or so, but I doubt whether he could then.

I really don't know what else to write about. If I knew of anything to interest either of you I would write it although the hour of my departure for home has arrived; it is near five o'clock and getting quite dark.

Joseph Kerr was buried this afternoon. What he died of is more than I can tell. This is the first I thought of it today. Your Mother told me this morning she would go to the funeral services. If she did it will prevent her writing you; however, she may have time in the morning.

The funeral services of Mrs. Summers, Dr. Summer's wife, are announced for this afternoon. I don't know that you recollect her. If you do, you must remember what a healthy looking woman she was. Dr. S. has been unwell and complaining for some two or three years, and she has gone first.

With much love to you and Maria Louise, wishing you all the pleasure and happiness that it is possible for one to enjoy is my desire.

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

N. B. My regards to the Messrs. Ely.

Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Brown, Shipley & Co., London, England.

607 Fifth Avenue,
New York, November 4th, 1868.

My Dear Son:

I wrote you a few lines last week, to go by Wednesday's Steamer, and sent the letter down to the Station, but it reached there a few minutes too late for the mail. I thought I would

be in time this week, so I have begun on Tuesday. Mr. & Mrs. Buckham, and Mr. & Mrs. Violet, sailed for Europe on the French Steamer last Saturday, it was a very unpleasant day, the wind was high, and it was quite cloudy, the wind increased and it blew a perfect gale all night, it commenced raining about bedtime, and continued to rain hard all day Sunday, the high wind also continued, in fact the wind has been high ever since. They must have had it very rough at first. I am very glad the weather was not so when you left. We are now looking for a letter from you, shall expect one by the next steamer.

It was reported here the week after you sailed, that the "Ville de Paris" was lost, but in due time her arrival at Southampton was announced by telegraph.

Joseph Kerr is to be buried today, he died on Sunday, I have not heard what ailed him, the paper stated he was in his 26th year, the funeral services were at his Father's house. I intended to go, but Julie, and I, went down town this morning, and when we reached home it was too late, the services were at 1 o'clock. Old Dr. Summer's Wife is also to be buried today, how strange! it is that he should outlive her, she appeared so strong and healthy, and he so feeble and infirm. I recollect hearing the old gentleman speak, (I forget whether it was a sermon, or a prayer,) when the lecture room of the Madison Avenue Church was first opened for services, before the Church was finished, he seemed so feeble then that I did not think he would last very long, but she was so robust looking I thought her likely to outlive him many years, but it proves that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

I quite regret that you did not extend your wedding invitations a little further among our friends. My old friend, Mrs. William Odell, thought it strange that she did not receive cards, it would have looked more cheerful if there had been more persons in the Church, as I found when I attended Miss Bartlett's wedding at the same Church just two weeks later, but your friends turned out well considering how few invitations we gave out. We might just as well have taken the list that we used for Julie's invitations and in that large Church there was plenty of room.

I hope when you write you will let us know how your wife stood the voyage, and also how she is pleased with what she has seen of Great Britain. Wallie seems to like his school very well, but I think he is rather homesick, although he does not want us to know it, he wishes us to write to him every day. He would like to get two letters from home every day. Remember me to Mr. S. Ely, Jr., and give my love to your wife, and tell her I hope she will be very much benefitted by the trip, and come home well and strong. With much love for yourself, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate Mother

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Brown, Shipley & Co., London, England.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,
November 10th, 1868.

My dear Son:

Your very welcome letter reached us yesterday afternoon. We were all delighted to hear from you, and to hear so favorable an account of your trip thus far. It was too bad that you were all so annoyed by the green dress, I was sorry Louise had not chosen some other color, the dress is a very handsome one, but almost any other color would have shown the richness of the material better than green. I fear she may find the color rather too conspicuous to wear very often in Paris, but I believe they are wearing gayer colors there this winter, than have been worn for some years. Mr. & Mrs. Becker from St. Paul, Minn., friends of Mary E.'s, sail tomorrow for Liverpool, in the "Cuba," and expect to return in January. They will probably be in Paris two or three weeks, reaching there in the latter part of November, she is to buy a dress for Mary E. and has the address of the dress-maker she was so much pleased with when she was in Paris (Mad. Brignon, I think it was, perhaps Louise may be glad of the address.) Mary E. thinks she is honest, and that is more than she can say for some of the dress-makers she employed when she was there. I hope you will not forget to subscribe for those two magazines for me when you reach Paris,



607 FIFTH AVENUE, THE HOME OF JACOB VANDERPOEL, 1864-74. TAKEN
MAY, 1912

I shall remind you of it again perhaps before you reach there. We are kept so long waiting for the numbers when we subscribe for them here that it is a great annoyance. They told me last Friday they had a new number, but that it had not passed the custom house yet, as soon as it did pass, they would send it up, it has not come yet, Tuesday evening. How comes on the French? do you study it still? Perhaps by this time Mr. S. Ely, Jr., and you, can carry on a conversation in that language. I am afraid you will not study much when you have so much sight-seeing to attend to. How does Mr. E. like Mr. Coghill's book? I think Mrs. Bruce and her son, & daughter, have not returned yet; you may meet them in Paris. Mrs. Todd with her Father (Mr. Martin), Sister and Brother, are in St. Petersburg, so Mr. T. told me a couple of weeks ago, he says they are enjoying their visit to Europe very much indeed, and may stay another year. I suppose Mrs. T's health must be better than it was, she suffered greatly from rheumatism several winters here. We have had very mild weather for several days but it is growing colder, and we are going to have rain.

I was very much amused with your account of your friend, the Catholic Priest, we have some times found them very good company in travelling. I suppose you will not have your letters forwarded from London, as your stay will be short in all the places you visit, but will wait until you reach there for your letter. With a great deal of love to Louise, and yourself, and kind remembrances to the Messrs. E, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate Mother

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Brown, Shipley & Co., London, England.

28 Cherry Street, New York,
November 10, 1868.

My Dear Son and Daughter,

We have received from you three most welcome letters; one from the pilot; one just before your landing from the "Java" and the other after you had seen a little of good old Ireland, a country I have longed to see. I could not begin to tell you the

pleasure and amusement your last letter gave us. We have had quite a feast over it. You being taken for an Irishman, and Louise with her green dress for an Irish lady, was certainly very amusing. Your letter will go the rounds. All must see it. And I have just mailed it to Mary E.

Your descriptions of the country, and people, were full, and it gave us great pleasure to read so full and precise an account of all you saw. I was sure my George would do just as he promised, "give us a full account of your travels." To us who have never been over the country which you are travelling it is very gratifying to read from one of our own family what they saw, and how things appeared to them.

We are much indebted to Louise for fulfilling her promise to take good care of you and I am confident on your part, you will fulfill your promise which was likewise you would take good care of Louise. I am in hopes this trip will benefit you both. Your health has not been as good as I should have liked but as for Louise she was not at all well. If she can recuperate and you both return home to us well it will be so gratifying. Without health there is no enjoyment; with health we can buffet the storms and perplexities of life and have our times of pleasure and mirth.

You have always been a good son. We love you and are ever ready to do anything that adds to your enjoyment and happiness. Parents live for their children. When they do well it gives the parents pleasure; when they do wrong it brings sorrow and misery on their heads. You both have everything before you to add to your comfort and happiness in this world and I only hope nothing will occur to mar it.

I have in your absence seen more of Mr. Ambrose Ely and I am delighted with him. He is a noble, high-toned, generous person. He read to me this morning a letter he received from Mr. Smith Ely. He, Smith, gives a terrible account of the weather. Also one of your rides in Ireland. When the axle broke, and you and he set out walking, with the stops you made to get out of the rain, the manner you were received and what you saw &c. &c. It was very interesting. We shall be but too glad to hear from you as often as you find time to write. Your

letters are always received with interest aside from merely hearing from you and learning you are well, the satisfaction is great to read an account of what you have seen.

I have been so interrupted since I began this letter that I find it impossible to write what I had contemplated. Just as I begin to think of something to say to you some one comes in and I find it has caused me to make a botch of the whole affair. I am ashamed of what I have written for I find in looking it over that I have not been able to write what I had wanted. Here is another interruption.

I don't know whether I had commenced building the stable in Cherry Street before you left or not. I had to take down the old building or it would have fallen down, and I am now putting it up new. When finished it will be a very fine stable.

General Becker, and his wife, particular friends of John, and Mary E., leave on the "Cuba" tomorrow. Going out to spend some two months. You may meet with them. The General has been at our house. Your Mother called on them yesterday and again today. I gave your Mother some gold to give them from Mary E. to buy her a dress, which they are going to do and have it made in Paris. They are going to be absent only two months. General Becker is connected with the St. Paul, and St. Cloud, Rail Road in Minnesota and goes out on business for the Road. They are very pleasant people.

I have been obliged to write Wallie daily, except Sunday, since he has been at his new school. I am obliged to write Mary E. daily, besides all I have to attend to. And you know how much I dread writing, consequently you have some idea of the effort I have to make to write you for I feel it would not do to stop on a line or two, especially as it is only once a week I have been writing.

I am glad you kept the wine you did not drink till you got on terra firma. That champagne was too good an article to give away.

You certainly found the Custom House Officer much more civil and honest than I should have supposed.

We are all so glad to know you are safely on shore and suffered so little on the voyage. I cannot but think the medicine

you took before you left, and the belt, did you good. The belt has been found in many cases a preventive when nothing else would answer. And to think Louise got along so well astonished me. I wish I had given you more of the Congress water. I thought you would derive benefit from it, and I had plenty in the house and you could have had it as well as not. I cannot see how you could pass the time in so dismal a place as the "Java" appeared to me. If one was well, and the weather fine, I could imagine how one could while away a part of the time. A more gloomy, prison-like place, I never beheld than the "Java" appeared to me. I must say my feelings were truly horrible, and I could not sleep for several nights thinking of you. And you can imagine the joy, and pleasure, it was to me when we heard of the safe arrival of the steamer, which we had by telegraph about ten days before your letter reached us.

The mail closes in the morning about Eleven o'clock. I shall close this, and leave the letter open till morning and if any thing occurs will add a postscript. I expect your Mother will write you by this mail. I have sent Wallie an envelope directed, also Mary E.

Mr. Ely told me this morning not to write and direct to England any more letters after this. You must let us know where to direct to. Perhaps Mr. Ely can tell me. I will call and ask him. You had better leave word for any letters that may come to be forwarded. I am sure Mary E. will write and mail to England before I can tell her to stop.

With much love to you and Louise, I remain your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Wednesday, Nov. 11th. I have only time to say a word or two.

When I got home last night I found your Mother had not written you as she had been so very busy, but after dinner she went at it.

I leave this evening for Washington to be gone till Saturday night.

Much love to you and Louise.

J. V.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,
Nov. 17th/68.

My dear Son,

Your letter from Dublin reached us yesterday, and a nice, long and interesting letter it is. We are all quite delighted with your descriptions of the different places you have visited. It makes one feel that there is a great deal worth seeing in Ireland. I suppose you will be still better pleased with England, but we shall soon see. I fancy that the climate of both England and Ireland are of more equal temperature than ours, that they are not subject to such changes as we have; the winters not so cold or the summers so warm as ours.

I think your umbrella was cheap if it is a nice one. I suppose it was about \$4.50 in gold which, with the exchange, would be about \$6.50 in our money. When you wish to purchase anything you must take care that they do not discover that you are a stranger and tuck on considerable in the price. They are famous for that in Paris, I believe. As this is to go to Paris, I thought it best to caution you.

I wish you would subscribe for the *Moniteur* for me as you can conveniently, the subscription to commence from the first of January, as I have subscribed for it up to that time. This is the direction:

Adolphe Gouraud et fils, editeur de *Moniteur*, Rue Richelieu 92.

I also want you to subscribe for the *Mode Illustrée*. I gave you the direction on a piece of pink tissue paper. I would like to have this subscription commence at once that I may get the book as soon as possible. I want both for one year, the one to commence now, the other from January first, 1869. The office of the *Mode Illustrée* is Rue Jacob 56, Mr. W. Unger, or Mme. Ernestine Raymond. I would like to have all the plates, patterns, etc., it comes more expensive with the colored plates, but I do not remember how much it was. You can pay for both from the money your Father gave you, and I will pay you when you return.

If Louise wants to have any dresses made I wish she could

get the address of Mad. Brignon. Mary E. liked her so much as she fits well, and did not overcharge her, as the one Miss Demmler recommended did. I believe they all disappoint their customers as to the time the work is to be done.

I know your Father gives you all the news; in fact, I have very little to communicate but I feel that I must write a few lines if only to acknowledge your nice letter. You have no idea what a comfort your letters are.

I hope Louise has entirely recovered from her fatigue and is enjoying her trip. Give my love to her and tell her she must not fatigue herself too much or she may get sick, and if she should, she would not be able to keep her promise of taking care of you.

With a great deal of love to you both, I remain, as ever,
Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York,
Nov. 17th, 1868.

My dear Son and Daughter,

Your very very welcome letter was received yesterday, containing four or five sheets. We went through it with much pleasure and I gave it this morning to Mr. Ely to read, and now it is on the way to Saint Paul, and when it is returned Wallie gets it. After that it will be placed in the archives of our house for future reference. Thus you see how valued your letters are.

Since I wrote you last I have been to Washington. Last Saturday I spent the day with Wallie at Chester. He was delighted to see me. He misses his home very much. I think he likes his school as well as any he could possibly have been sent to, but he finds quite a difference between being at boarding school and home. He complains of the military discipline. They have them up most too early in the morning to suit him; half past five comes early in these short days.

We were very much amused at your description of some of the Irish personages you saw. Your description was very grati-

fying as I have had quite a longing to visit Ireland and see how they live among the bogs. I am sure you and Louise will never regret this trip, and when could you go so well again?

I have just heard from Benny that he is at Marseilles, France, on the "Ticonderoga;" is expected in New York next spring or summer. They say he is doing well and in good health. He is occupied about three hours each day as ship's writer.

We had instructions from Mr. Ambrose Ely last week not to write you any more at London but to send to Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Becker of Saint Paul sailed last week on the "Cuba." If you should come across them make yourself known to them, they are very pleasant people and have been at our house. They are commissioned by Mary E. to buy her a dress and have it made in Paris.

I am hearing from Brokaw Bros. occasionally, but I think it is dying out; every letter is more and more tame. I think that affair will die a natural death. Our family and, I believe Mr. E.'s are all well. All speak of you frequently. Your Grandma's health is better than it has been for some time. Julie is about the same; she is not very strong. She and the Judge wanted to go housekeeping some time since but we would not listen to it. The fact is, after your, and Wallie's, departure, it seemed as if we had no family.

I don't give you any newspaper news; presuming you receive all that is important through Mr. Smith Ely as I know his two brothers send him papers regularly. We were sorry to hear that Louise was not very well. I am in hopes she has recovered and is all right again. I want to see her return to our City, and home, in perfect health. You must not tax her too much in sightseeing.

We are having quite dull times. Money is very tight, but I think it is only temporary. The wheels do not remain clogged long at a time.

Your Mother promised me she would write you today. I hope she has. The mail closes at seven in the morning, consequently we must mail tonight. To France they only allow us for single postage the quarter of an ounce, which is 15c, to England—half ounce, 12c—quite a difference.

I write to Mary E. and Wallie daily. Wallie must have a letter, or he would be homesick enough, and Mary E. has had one so regularly and so long I suppose she would feel lost without her daily letter. Consequently I am kept quite busy; letter writing, and other matters together. I have been putting up a new stable in Cherry street, or rather I am at it now, and that takes most of my time. I never find any leisure moments. I am all the time occupied from the time I leave home till I return at night.

All unite with me in sending lots of love to you and Louise,
from

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Waldron B. Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

Penn. Military Academy, Chester,

November 22nd, 1868.

Dear George,

I have been intending to write to you for the last two weeks, but have not had the European paper. I am getting along very well, am head of all my class, and am getting along nicely in general. I went in the company about a week and a half ago, and know how to drill quite well by this time. I will have my Christmas Vacation in four weeks and anticipate a very pleasant time. Father, and Mother were here to see me last Saturday, and spent about half the day with me. Father had been to Washington, and stopped before he went home to see me, and Mother came from New York all alone. I get an average of about five letters a day from home. I wish you would try and write me as often as possible. Father is going to send me a pair of curtains, and cornice, for my room mate, who by the way is a little Jack Ass, has got a carpet, so our room will be fixed up quite nice. I hope you are enjoying yourself very much, should think you must be from your letter. The folks keep me well supplied in money and as we get to town once a week, I have quite a nice time. We are going to parade all around Chester on Thanksgiving day, and I am afraid I will be very tired after it

is over. We go to town Thanksgiving afternoon just as we do Saturday, so notwithstanding the parade I look forward to it with a great deal of impatience. Our uniforms are the same as they have at West Point, and we are going to get the same kind of guns in a month or two, as they have there. I must close for want of time, space and something to say. Please write me as often as possible. With much love I remain your affectionate brother

W. B. VANDERPOEL.

P. S.—I have got so accustomed to writing to Father that I commenced to write this letter to him, instead of you, and when I was finishing it I said, I remain your affectionate son, instead of brother. It looks as if we were going to have snow and I guess we will have some before long. I don't believe I will be able to drill in middle of winter, as I find it uncomfortably cold now, and I don't know how I will feel then. There is a boy here who looks exactly the way you used to. Please excuse my poor writing as I am in a great hurry.

With much love to you both and hoping you are enjoying yourselves I remain your affectionate brother,

W. B. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, Care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York,
November 22, 1868.

My dear Son and Daughter,

I address this letter to you both although the main object is to George, on business. What I write I must do in about twenty minutes, which for me is no time at all; while for you it would not take five minutes to write twice as much. It was not till just as I left home that I was informed that this was steamer day. I was calculating on Wednesday, but your Mother told me for France, Saturday was the day. It is now half-past eleven and the mail closes at twelve, and it will take ten or fifteen minutes to reach the Post Office.

My principal object in writing you is to inform you that Mr. and Mrs. Becker sailed in the "Cuba" for England, and thence to Paris. They are from St. Paul, intimate friends of John and Mary E. Sister wished me to give Mr. Becker not less than \$50 in gold in Paris, and I only gave your Mother ten sovereigns to hand Mrs. Becker, which is only about \$40 or \$44, while Mary E. calculates the dress will be full \$50, and perhaps two or three dollars more, and she does not wish them to advance for her, presuming they will need their own funds for their own wants. Now, if you can, without too much sacrifice, manage in some way to fall in with them and hand him \$15 in French gold, telling him it is your Sister's wish, and that there was some mistake made in her request to me as I did not give him quite the amount she wished.

I have written Sister that I would write you and now I shall tell her I have done so. We are all well and all desire me, when writing, to remember them to you both. You have a circular note that you can use for the payment to Mr. Becker. I have been so very busy that I have not attended to giving you the credit in Paris that we spoke of, but I will attend to it on Monday, and Wednesday's steamer will carry out your credit.

My dear Son, we do all of us want to see you and yours so much. I do hope you both will be spared to return to us blessed with good health, and lots of information of the old world. Your Mother often, in the dead of the night, wakes up and says: "How I would like to see George; I wonder if he is well, and whether Louise is well. You must do all you can to have her health restored. I am in hopes the change of air, scenery, etc., will have a beneficial effect. Everything is very quiet here in our city—very little business doing. We have had a wonderful stringent money market that now has improved to some extent. We have so much corruption in, and among, our city officials that it is hurting all classes of business, our heavy taxes, etc.

I must close; I hear from Mary E. almost daily. I write her and Wallie regularly every day except Sunday. With much love to you and Louise, remember me to the Messrs. Ely, from,

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. John Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 24, 1868.

My Dear Georgie,

You may think that I have been a long time in presenting my congratulations and you will not be very far from the truth, but it has not been because I have not often thought of you both, and that you have not often, and often, had both John's and my own well wishes; but my excuse must be want of time, the old excuse made by everybody for all their shortcomings.

John has not been very well this fall; for a while he was quite sick with a cold, but he is over it now and appears to be quite himself again. For over a month he was more or less troubled. He was taken just after your wedding. I thought it very fortunate that I did not go on alone at that time as I at one time thought of doing, for I could not have reached home until after he was taken ill and John never is good for anything when he is sick without me. But he now seems quite well again and I hope will remain so all winter.

It looks wintry enough with us now; the ground is covered with snow and it has been snowing all the morning, but it is thawing now and the walking is something fearful. I speak from experience for I have been out and just returned; I went to invite some friends to dine with us Thanksgiving. They are strangers here in town and I thought they would prefer dining with us to taking their dinner in a boarding house on Thanksgiving Day.

Father has kindly sent me your letters to read and in them I have lived our trip over again. You were wise to visit Ireland first, I think, for you are better pleased there than I was; probably because we were satiated with travelling; our faces were homeward bound and we were impatient to see dear America once more. Now I am ready and anxious to visit Europe once more, and almost envy you your trip. John has always said that he never meant to go again but I have teased him so that for the sake of peace he has said that he will go again some time, rather an indefinite promise, but better than none at all.

You must both have been able to enjoy the ocean travelling

you not being sick at all, and Louise troubled so little. I enjoyed it myself, but poor John suffered very much.

There is a friend of mine, Mrs. Becker, who will be in Paris when this gets there if not before; she has promised to bring me a black silk dress, but I fear that I did not write to Father to give her money enough. I received a letter from him today in which he said that he would ask you to give her the equivalent of \$10 or \$15 in gold; he said that he would write you to that effect if I said so. I should be glad to have you do it, if you come across them in any way, and say that I sent it as there was some mistake about it. I do not know her address, and you may not see her. I have only their address in London.

When we were in Ireland we were quite disappointed in not seeing Blarney Castle, but the day we expected to go there was very stormy, raining and blowing so hard that umbrellas were of no use. The next day we sailed, so we had to give it up.

St. Paul is quite gay just now. We have invitations to two parties, one next Friday, the other next Tuesday. I think we will go. I always enjoy going out very much; besides we talk of giving a large party ourselves this winter and if we do not go now, no one will come to ours. We had a small card party a while ago, only 25. I hope that our guests enjoyed themselves. John says that if we could afford it he would have one every week. We were out last evening to see some tableaux, gotten up by ladies of my acquaintance for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum; they wanted me to take part, but I declined; that certainly is not my forte. They were very good indeed. About the best was Blue Beard's Seventh Wife with a large gold key in her hand; and the heads of the six wives hanging suspended by the hair on the wall. They were real heads of young ladies and were so arranged that they looked exactly as if cut off, and hanging there.

They had a pantomime of Cinderella, which they certainly performed very well for amateurs.

I cannot write a very interesting letter because you know as much of the doings of the family as I, and certainly by the time that news reaches me and I retell it to you, it will be very stale, and not worth the repeating.

Robert, our man, has just come after the letters so I must

draw my rambling epistle to a close. I know that if John knew I was writing he would send love, so I will do it for him. With much love to yourself and Louise, I remain,

Your affectionate,

SISTER.

P. S. I commenced intending to wish you a great deal of happiness both in this life, and that which is to come, and have left it for a P. S., but better late than never. Robert came sooner than I expected.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care of Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York,

November 24th, 1868.

My Dear Son and Daughter :

We received your very welcome letter of November 8th from Edinburgh. Your letters are so full of interest that they are a great treat to us. You must be having a delightful time. Your party, too, is a most agreeable one. It is a rare thing to have a party of four, all of one family, so united going over the ground never traveled by either before. Consequently each is seeing and participating in what must be very gratifying. Generally when a party is made up, some one has been over the ground before and can not feel the same interest as on the first occasion. Having but one lady and *She a Wife, and Sister*, makes it so much more pleasant for the *lady*. I am delighted to think Providence has so ordered it and that you have been able to make this tour under such favorable circumstances. I am in hopes this trip will prove a benefit to the health of Louise, and the Messrs. Ely, also, and that *you yourself* will come in for a small share. (I am very glad you wrote what was private so we could cut it off, as we are but too glad to have all the family read your letters. *You are managing very nicely.*) The Judge attended the funeral of his Grand-mother today. Mr. Thompson, your old Teacher, is dead, and was buried some time since, we only knew it as Mary E. wrote us and told us about it. You will find a credit of Five Thousand francs at the Messrs. W. Zellweger & Co., Paris. You

had better call on them. At the same time you can ask them, if they should not tell you, which they may, that you have a credit with them. You can reply that in case you should need any money you will come in and make a Draft, but you don't know yet what you may need. It is no harm to have the credit, you are not obliged to use it, but it is quite an advantage to know you have it. I have to repeat we are so much pleased with your letters, not one but all. I would like if Louise could find the time she would write me a letter. I know she is full of wit and humour and if she but finds the time could give me a very interesting letter. It need not be to me exclusively but to us all a kind of family letter. When you find her in good trim, and she has the time, suggest it to her. I have made no allusions to politics in any of my letters as I am sure the Messrs. Ely here keep you posted. I never go to their place but I see the Newspapers collected to send. You must ask them for the News, tell them neither I, *nor* your mother, ever write of that subject. Wednesday morning $\frac{1}{2}$ past Eleven I have just heard from the Messrs. Ely that the mail closes at 12 o'clock, so I cut this short and send you without finishing. I did intend to write you more but the time will not admit of it. I hope you will be able to see Mr. & Mrs. Becker, he is a very fine fellow and no doubt you will be pleased to fall in with them and Mary E. will be so glad to have you. With much love to you and Louise from your affectionate Father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Remember me to the Messrs. Ely. I forgot to say we are all well and having most beautiful weather.

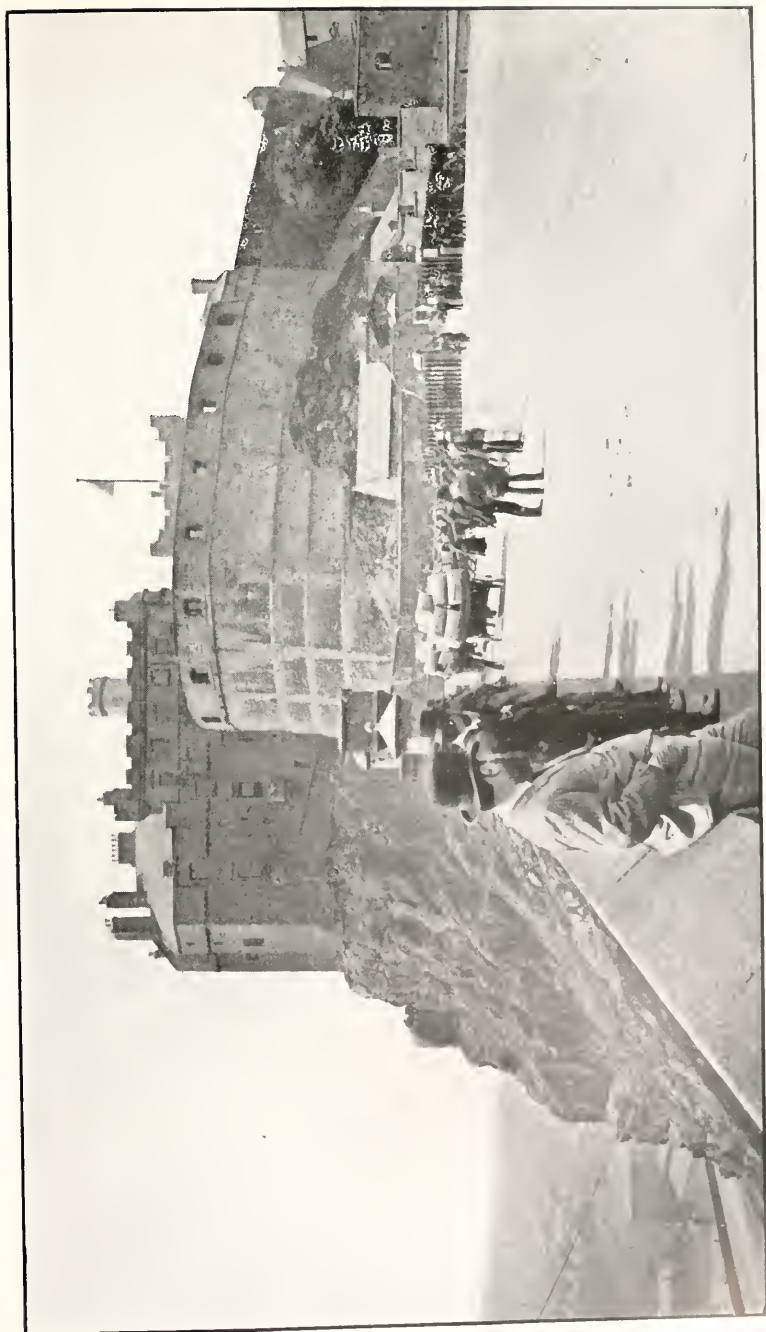
J. V.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care of Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,
November 24th, 1868.

My Dear Son:

Your letter from Edinburgh was received yesterday. I cannot express to you how much pleasure it gave us to receive it, we were all perfectly delighted with it, and find your descriptions very in-



EDINBURGH CASTLE, 1868
THE PARADE GROUND

ROYAL ARMS OF SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh Castle: 1566.

Vento me
Impune lacessit.

Vento me
Impune lacessit.



"Lord Iesu Christ that
Crownit was with thorn
Preserve the birth quhais
Bodis heir is borne.
Had send her sonne succession
to Reigne still
Lang in this Realme, if that
it be Thy will
Als Grant O Lord what
ruer of hir proceed
Be to the Glorie Honor
and Trais sobird."



{ Queen Mary presents the infant Prince to David

Lord Iesu Christ, that
crowned was with thorn.
Preserve the birth whose
body here is born:
And send her son succession
to reign still
Long in this realm, if that
it be Thy will.
Also grant, O Lord, whate'er
of her proceed.
Be to thy glory, honour, and
Praise, indeed.

EDINB. W. & G. CHAMBERLAIN, PATTERSON, 4 North Colinton Street

teresting indeed, your having given so much attention to English history must greatly enhance the interest you feel in the various places you have lately visited and seeing these places will impress the history more deeply in your mind, than would have been possible without actually seeing them. You will probably find quite a batch of letters awaiting you in London, you do not say whether you see any American newspapers. I think it a very pleasant thing to receive a familiar newspaper when one is absent from home. Mr. A. Oakey Hall has been nominated for Mayor of New York. Mr. Smith Ely, Jr., has also been mentioned as one of the nominees for that office, but you will no doubt get this news from those who understand the matter much better than I do, however, you may offer my congratulations to Mr. S. E., Jr., upon this occasion. You have received an invitation to the annual dinner of the alumni of Dartmouth College which is to take place some time in December. Your Father wrote you a day or two ago requesting you to try and find Mr. & Mrs. George L. Becker of St. Paul who will soon be in Paris, perhaps as soon as you are. Mrs. B. is to get a dress for Mary E. and through some mistake we are afraid the amount of money I gave Mrs. B. was not enough, we would like her to have \$15.000 in gold more than I gave her. I saw the name of Mr. & Mrs. Hale of St. Paul registered at one of the bankers in Paris, I presume it is the Mr. Hale whose house John and Mary E. occupied part of last year, as I hear they are in Paris, and they are well acquainted with Mr. & Mrs. Becker. Mr. B. is connected with one of the railroads, I think it is the Pacific, I believe he is the President, I understand he has gone abroad on business connected with the railroad. I shall be glad to hear of your arrival in London as I know there are a number of letters there for you, although I believe there is nothing in any letters requiring an answer. I am quite curious, too, to hear what your impressions of Paris are. I wonder if you will be so enraptured with it as some are. I do not think you have had much time to spare to study French since you left home and I fear you may find it rather difficult to make yourself understood, how long do you think you will remain in Paris? I suppose it will take considerable time to see the numerous objects of interest there are to be seen there, besides there so many pretty things to

see in the shops. Give my love to Louise and tell her I hope she is enjoying herself as well as you are. With kind regards to the Messrs. Ely and much love to yourself, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York,
November 28th, 1868.

My Dear Son and Daughter,

I have written you once since we have had a letter. In fact we do not look for one from you until Monday. Once a week we look for a letter and if they are such good long ones as the two last, I think that is as much as we could expect from you. It does us good to get a letter from you and I assure you they have been read, and reread. I have so far sent your letters after we have read them to Mr. Ambrose Ely's store and he, and his brother, have had the satisfaction of reading them. I mention this as it may assist you in your correspondence with any of them. If you prefer I will not in future show them. I should not if I saw any thing in them that I thought not proper, but they have been so full of interest that I thought they would interest them and save your repeating if you were writing them. By knowing this you could allude to what I have written as to giving them your letters, which precludes the necessity of repeating. After the Messrs. Ely, your letters go to St. Paul, from there to Chester and then home, and placed in the Archives for future reference.

Mary E. and John as well as all our friends who have been abroad say you acted so wisely by doing just as you have, going to Ireland, and England, before visiting the Continent. Now you see Ireland, and England, as it is. Had you gone to France first and travelled over the Continent you would have found matters tame in Ireland, and England. You would have been disgusted and passed through without half seeing and get a very poor idea of the country. Now it will be different with you, having seen all points of interest the impression made can never be effaced.

When I hear so many who have been abroad several times say they know nothing of England, Ireland, Scotland, etc., not having the patience because they went to the Continent first, I am delighted that you took the course you did. It seems you saw things of interest for your long letters are so very full. I don't believe any tourist before ever wrote so full, and interesting, account of Old Ireland as you have done.

We thought of you both on Thanksgiving Day and wished it could have been so we could have had you with us, but we at the same time said we knew you were enjoying yourselves no matter where you were. The day was ushered in with rain which came down in right good earnest till about twelve o'clock when the sun made its appearance and shone in all its splendor the rest of the day. We were much entertained and amused with the display of fantasticals that turned out and passed the house while it was raining so hard. And passed again in the afternoon. They were on horseback, and in open vehicles. At the head of the procession were eight or ten on horseback in the richest kind of fantastical dress. Then a four-horse open express wagon with the musicians and then another very large express wagon with twelve horses, and about 40 boys, and girls, dressed oddly and wearing masks. Then came the cavalry about 80 strong with several clowns, then came the Dignitaries, in landaus, in mask. A few appeared on foot with the ladies in full Grecian Bend Costume, such loads on their back and the Bend was beautiful. One of the Barouches was whitewashed. There was one of Jubilee. Fire, and target, companies in any quantity.

Your Grandma, the Judge and myself are in very good health. Julie is very unwell.

The Judge wants to go to housekeeping but we will not hear about it. Our family is so small since you and Wallie are gone that we do not mean to allow them to leave us till spring.

I hope Louise is improving in health. I feel confident the trip will prove a benefit to you both. Tuesday is the 1st of the month. A busy day with me. On Friday I expect to go and see Wallie and spend Saturday with him. He is getting on nicely at his school. I have to write him daily, also Mary Elizabeth. It keeps me quite busy for it requires quite an effort for me to

write a letter. It is something I never fancied. Now with you and Louise, I don't believe it is any effort to write a dozen letters. This is why I asked her to write us a good long letter letting us know for herself how she is enjoying herself, etc., etc.

With much love to Louise and yourself from your affectionate father,

J. VANDERPOEL.

N. B. My respects to the Messrs. Ely.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

November 28, 1868.

My Dear Son and Daughter,

Your very welcome letter of the 16th from Manchester with one from Louise was received Saturday, this, morning. You mention having received two letters from me. I make an extra effort to write you knowing you would be only too anxious to hear from us all. I am glad you and Louise are so well, and are increasing in flesh. I was very glad to get a letter from Louise even if it was only a few lines. I have been writing requesting that she would write me. Consequently this came the more acceptably as it was written before she knew I requested it. I hope you will continue to take good care of her and that you may live *many, very many years* to enjoy each other's company. I am sensible you would enjoy your trip the more if your Mother, and I, were with you but it is a great pleasure and satisfaction to us to have you see what you have, and is in store for you. And we to have the pleasure of reading your account of it. I am sure from my own experience that you find it somewhat difficult to write. When travelling and seeing so much one hardly knows where to begin or where to end. There is so much crowded into the mind and then again one does not know how to take the time to sit down and write, but Benny and you do not find the difficulty to write that some do. For myself, I could not do it. We have made your one letter before answer for us all. We could not expect you could find the time to write each of us. Not only that, it

would have to be a repetition, as you could not be expected to find new matter for all if written at the same time.

I observed in the paper a few days since that two of the senior class at Dartmouth were expelled, and some thirty of the students accompanied them to the cars with a band of music, and the thirty were brought up and compelled to apologize (which they did) or they be expelled. It appears to me they must be having a gay old time at Dartmouth College. I am sorry for Pres. Smith that it is so. You had an invitation sent you to dine with the Alumni. They wished your answer. Your mother said she would answer and say you were absent but whether she has done so is more than I can tell.

Monday afternoon, Nov. 30th. I did not know till after I got home what treat was in store for me. After dinner we all adjourned to Julie's room (for she was confined to her bed, not well, I cannot say she is seriously ill, but tired, and did not come down to dinner). Then we brought out all your letters. The family one was read first, then Julie's, then mine and last of all mother's. No tongue can tell the pleasure your good mother, Judge, and all of us felt that you must have made an extra effort to have us entertained. Now, my dear boy, I will not have you, as much as we may desire the letters, have you tax yourself so again. We must make the family letter suffice in the future. That is so full of interest I am sure that is taxing you enough.

In passing through Franklin Street this morning, very unexpectedly to me, I met Mr. Ambrose Ely in the street. He said they had got one letter from Mr. Smith E. and I think he said one from Louise. He might have said two. He then spoke of your letters which I had allowed him to read (I mean previous letters) as being so interesting. Hoped I would keep them. I told him as he was so much interested I would let him have this last family letter. He was only too glad to get it and I have now sent for it to send to Mary E. so you see your family letter goes the rounds. These letters will be held sacred by us, in future, my dear son. We will not tax you with the separate letters. We will make the one answer, knowing this, you will write them accordingly. I don't wish to prevent your writing to separate ones, nor do I wish you to think we do not want them.

We are but too glad to get them but I think it is taxing you entirely too much. I did not suppose Mr. Ambrose Ely would be so interested in your family letters as I found he was. I had not expected to give him this last one, nor should I had it not been for this accidental meeting of him and myself this morning in the street. These letters make you nearer to him than any thing else for he seemed to express himself so highly pleased and was so glad to get this last one. I mention this so you may know he is likely to see your family letters. You can mention to him that I send your letters to him which contains your sightseeing, etc., consequently do not consider it would come so acceptable repeated. I am much pleased with Louise's short letters. Hope they will be longer and longer till they get so as to fill one of the big sheets you write on. I close this as I shall be so very busy tomorrow, that being Rent day, that I will not be able to write you.

With much love to you and Louise from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Julia V. Loew and her husband, Judge Fred'k. W. Loew, to George B. Vanderpoel, care of Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Nov. 30, 1868.

My very dear Brother,

Your exceedingly welcome letter came, with several others from you, a day or two since and I hasten to answer by return mail, leaving others I have had longer and should, I suppose, answer first, to write you while I feel freshest, for writing tires me very soon. You must forgive my not having written you before, but I have been rather unwell all the autumn and haven't felt equal to it.

I did not, nor do I now, expect a separate letter to Fred and myself. We feel we have a share in your weekly letters and they are all we can ask. Very much we enjoy them too. We all get together and one reads while the rest listen. We think you do wonders, and are astonished that you find the time to

write so often. If you keep on as you have been doing no one can complain of being neglected.

This you will receive in Paris, beautiful Paris, how I envy you! Not that I would take your place, you know, but how I wish I could be with you. I trust you will spend the holidays there, it is so gay between Christmas and New Years. They put up little boutiques along the boulevards where they sell all sorts of things. Be sure and get some marrons glacé. I used to like them better than anything else, but you may not. We were only permitted candy between Christmas and New Years. Perhaps Miss Demmler will have a Christmas tree. If she has she will surely invite you and Louise, though she may be afraid of admitting Smith, and Edwin, into her fold. However, perhaps you would find it too much trouble to accept. I should like you to see a French school—everything is so odd, but Bourg-la-Reine is so dreadfully out of the way, as you will probably have found out. The drivers always look so cross when you tell them, Chemin de fer de Sceaux, or Gare d'Orleans, they have the same station if I remember.

I am afraid you are rather late to see Paris at its best; either early in the autumn, or spring, I should prefer, but if you find any good fruit, eat plenty of pears, and white grapes. I cannot write, nor think, of anything but Paris, Paris, and am so glad you are seeing it. That grand old city! You speak of everything looking so old, that is one thing I very much enjoyed, do you? It seemed to me when we landed at Havre as if I must be on another planet. I could not realize that things so different as the old and new world could exist on the same globe. The language, too, was quite, quite strange as well as their dress, their faces, everything. It was this great novelty which kept me from being homesick at first; when that wore off, then began the heartache.

Enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself, dearest brother, we are all well, and everything goes on as usual here at home. This is no lost time to you and who knows when you could get off again. Enjoy yourself, that you may have nothing to regret when you come home, home to hearts ever warm and ready to receive you, and your other self. I want to leave Fred some space to write a

few words to you, but it is real hard for me to stop and say good-bye.

With quantities of love and good wishes for both you and Louise, believe me, as always, lovingly your sister.

JULIA.

As Julie has left me no room, notwithstanding she desires me to write something in her letter, I shall write you a letter of my own at my earliest opportunity.

With much love,

Your affectionate brother,

FRED.

P. S. If not too much trouble can you bring me a few bottles of Lubin? I mean if you get any for Papa, of course I don't care what variety. If you will visit Paris again before your return home, it would be better to wait until then and not have the bottles to carry around with you.

J. V. L.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

December 1st, 1868.

My Dear Son:

Words are altogether inadequate to express the pleasure we all felt on receiving your good, kind, and affectionate letters; they were so full, and satisfactory. I do not see how you found time to write so much, in the first place being on your wedding trip you might have made that an excuse for writing rather short letters and I give you more credit on that account, and you might have excused yourself on account of the time occupied in sight seeing, but you appear to have wished to share your pleasure with us, and I can assure you it was fully appreciated. Your former letters were very interesting indeed but these from Manchester were doubly so both on account of the interesting matter they contained and because they were the first we received in

answer to ours. I feel that my dull, prosaic, matter of fact, letters are not an adequate answer to your bright, and cheerful ones, but you know I do not possess the exuberant spirits that you do. I am glad to hear you are all well and that Louise has gained two pounds in weight; that seems to be pretty good evidence that she is improving in health. I hope her brothers are also improving, that being the main object of their voyage, I rejoice that you are so happy and really I think you have everything to make you happy and hope you feel truly grateful to our Heavenly Father for all the blessings bestowed upon you; and may you both long enjoy his choicest blessings.

We have had quite pleasant weather for a week but today it is cold and disagreeable and looks like snow, truly a suitable day for the first Winter day, there has been snow all around us but we have thus far escaped. And so you expect to reach Paris this week. I feel quite anxious to hear how you are pleased with it, almost everyone is pleased with Paris and I feel anxious to know if you enjoy it when you do not speak the language. I hope you will continue to make your letters as full as they have been it is such a satisfaction. I have already given you the address of the *Moniteur*, it is Ad. Gonbaud et fils; Rue Richelieu 92, subscription to commence on the first of January, our subscription here terminates then, the *Mode Illustrée* did not come this year, owing to some mistake between Julie, and Miss Demmler, who subscribed to it for us. I would like to have that now, and pay for the few remaining numbers in the year and subscribe for a year beginning 1st of January. You can draw on Duncan & Sherman's correspondent for what funds you need for these, and the perfumery and whatever else you may get for us. The *Moniteur* gives the address of places where various things are to be obtained; among them la maison Delacroix, rue de la Bourse, 4, where a dress of black faille (moiré antique without being watered, and a very rich silk) can be bought for 120 francs—perhaps Louise had better look at them; the dress is made and trimmed for the 120 (one hundred and twenty) frs. There are a number of others mentioned but they do not give the price as in this instance, they also say they are punctual in their engagements, which is not always the case with the dressmakers in Paris.

Mary E. was not at all pleased with one Miss Demmler recommended to Julie, she thought she overcharged her and was very indignant about it, her name was Shick. Julie says when she was in Paris the best gloves were to be had of Depres; gantier, (gloves) rue Richelieu, 89, his prices were high but his gloves were good. Faguer Laboullie, rue Richelieu, 83, is another glover mentioned in the *Moniteur*. Depres may not be there now, it is so long since Julie was there. I do not think the gloves Mary E. brought home were as good as those Julie brought. There is a store called the Bon Marché, 135 & 137 rue de Bac, at the corner of rue Sevres, where they sell goods much cheaper than anywhere else, one reason is that they give no commissions as most of the stores do. I have heard of this store from a number of persons who have bought goods there. I have also heard of store called the Poor Devil, "Pauvre Diable." I believe they are said to sell cheap but I have not heard so much of that as of the "Bon Marché." Mary E. bought a number of things at the "Bon Marché," and thought she did much better there than she could elsewhere and she is a good judge. I merely give you these hints for your own benefit, you must remember the couriers, or servants, will not take you to the "Bon Marché" if they can help it, as they receive no commissions from that store. I think Mary E. said they had clerks who spoke English, but I must bid you good-bye for the present with a great deal of love to you both and kind regards to the Messrs. Ely I remain as ever,

Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

P. S. I enclose you a letter cut from the *N. Y. Times*. I wish you would preserve it and attend to the advice given if you visit Italy.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

December 3rd, 1868.

My Dear Son and Daughter

I leave in the morning quite early for Philadelphia, remain there all day, and the next Morning go to Chester to see Wallie

and spend the Day. I thought before I left I would remember the absent ones, by writing a few lines. I have but little I can write about of interest, but I know anything is news when absent from home and what does not interest us will interest you. And knowing this causes me to make an effort to write something. I don't know but I have said sufficient to you about the family letters you have been in the habit of sending us, but still I feel as though I want to say a few more words on the subject, then I will not make any more allusion to them. Those letters have been so exceedingly interesting that I have allowed them to be read throughout our family, including the Messrs. Ely, and they begin to look for them. I mention this in order that you may do as you have done, let them contain nothing of a private nature. You can put that on a separate piece of paper. Now as I have already written you I did not think of handing your last letter to Mr. Ambrose, or William, Ely, as I had done your former ones, fearing I was getting them in the way of looking for them and you might not like it, or they might contain something we did not wish them to read, but the very next morning after we had received it (I mean the family letter) I had it with me expecting to mail the same to Mary E. when passing through Frankfort Street, having passed their store Mr. Ambrose Ely came up to me smiling (I did not discover his coming nor would I have observed him had he not spoken) and said I suppose you got letters from George. I said "yes. I have one in my pocket." He said he would so much like to see it. He then remarked he was so much edified with your letters he said he hoped I would preserve them as they were invaluable. I told him I intended to keep them, he thought they would read well in print, etc., etc. I do think these interesting letters of yours please him much as well as all of us. I have this day had a letter from John and Mary Elizabeth, and they both say they are so pleased with your letters. Now you see, my dear Boy, why it is I caution you not to say anything in those letters that you would not wish anyone to see. We were quite amused and delighted with your letter to Julie, we were all much obliged to you for writing us separately, but as much as we would like each, and all, of us to get separate letters from you still we are

not willing to have you taxed so much. I am sure I ought not to look for it, your time must be so much taken up with sight seeing that it is not right to have you devote the little leisure you may have entirely to writing. I mention this, as I don't want your time distracted from sight seeing. I thought I was going to have such a nice time in writing you when I am interrupted by two gentlemen who have come to talk lots, and they are talking and I answering while writing. You can imagine how nicely this helps me. I wish I had some way to get rid of them, but it is no go and I shall have to stop, for I cannot write and talk too. I am writing with the new fashionable ink (violet I believe they call it). The Sun has disappeared and it is so dark I have hard work to see, and these fellows are jabbering so. I wish they were gagged. I was quite pleased with Louise's short letter. I only wish it had been longer, but I suppose she is so full of news she does not know where to begin and where to end. Get her started on a long letter. I know it will be good so I don't say a good long one. I will call it good if it is only long. I mean a full one, Postage is high, no use sending a sheet half full. This is what I am trying to do under great difficulties. Our family are well except Julie, she is not very smart. The Judge is well, he and Grandma, & Julie, desire me to remember them to you both. I think the Judge has written you, if not, he intends to very soon. I suppose your Mother will write some time this week, but I am not sure. She does not accompany me to see Wallie. I think Wallie is quite contented. I suppose you hear from him occasionally. I cannot for these interruptions think of anything to interest you. I don't know as I could if I were alone, but I am sure I would do better than I am doing. With much love and many kisses to you both, from your affectionate Father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Waldron B. Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

Penn. Military Acad., Colonel Hyatt,
Chester, December 3rd, 1868.

Dear Georgie,

I have just finished reading one of your letters to Father

and Mother, and am very glad to hear you are having such a nice time. Father reads your letters first and then he sends them to Sister, and she sends them to me. So you see your letters do a good deal of travelling.

I have just come in from drill. I have been in the company about three weeks and know nearly, if not all, of the motions. I am expecting Father to come and see me Saturday. Our Christmas vacation commences three weeks from today. They are very hard on us in drill, making us keep step, and dress, or else they will mark us.

It rained with us Thanksgiving Day until about nine o'clock, when it stopped, and in a short time the sun came out. We had intended to make a parade but the rain made the roads so muddy that of course it was impossible for us to parade, but instead we marched to church with the *drums*, which we don't do on *Sunday*. The rest of the day being very fine and the sun having dried the roads considerably, we made our parade in the afternoon. I got only *one mark* in parade and I can get that off, so on the whole I like to parade a good deal better than I do drill. We attracted a good deal of attention and had quite a crowd running after us. The next day the papers came out with a long account of our parade, stating how well we drilled and how nice we looked, etc. We are going to have a parade in Baltimore at Easter. The school had one in Philadelphia last Easter, and it attracted so much attention that they had to have the police march at the head of them. They are very hard on us in drill; today we had to drill double quick for a half hour without stopping.

There was a new boy who came a week ago and ran away today. They went after him and brought him back, and have him locked up now. I think it is rather a poor beginning, don't you? I have to go in class, but will finish writing to you when I come back. I have a few minutes before drill and I am going to try to finish this letter before I go. I am in a hurry to finish this letter so as to have it ready when Father comes on Saturday to give it to him to mail in New York for me.

I get on an average about *three letters* each day between Father, and Mother, and Grandma, and Sister, and Julie. I still

continue head of my classes. I was unable to finish this letter before drill. We had the double quick drill again this afternoon and I was obliged to fall out as I was so tired from the one we had yesterday that I could scarcely move at all. I hope you will write me often and tell me how you enjoy yourself. We are having cloudy weather and I am afraid we are going to have snow. We have had a little snow but it did not lay long.

I am now quite well acquainted with the boys and feel quite at home. The double comes harder on me because I have never been accustomed to running much. I think I will soon get accustomed to running and will then get along very well. We get to town every Saturday afternoon and have a holiday about once a month.

Please excuse my poor writing as I am in such a hurry that I cannot take pains. I have written *four* letters already today and have *one* more to write as soon as I finish this. They don't allow us to wear scarfs here unless they are black, nor cravats unless they are black. I have not had a *mark* since I have been here, and I think that is saying a good deal as they mark *us* for very little things. I have finished the sheet so I must close.

With much love, I remain,

Your affectionate brother,

W. B. VANDERPOEL,

Cadet 39.

Si vis amari, ama.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dec. 7th, 1868.

My Dear Son,

Your second letter from Stratford-on-Avon has just been received; the first one from there came a day or two ago. I think we have received all your letters and I was under the impression that I had acknowledged them all. Perhaps you have not received all of mine. In this last letter you express some

doubt on the subject. Surely I mentioned how glad we all were to get the few lines you sent by the pilot, and also how much pleasure it gave us to get your letter mailed on the "Java," just before you landed at Queenstown, and yet in this letter you say you know we must have received those letters as Mr. A. Ely writes that he has received letters written to him at the same time. I have written you every week since you left commencing one week afterwards. I find I have made a mistake in saying the letter received from you this morning was written in Stratford-on-Avon; it was written in London, but it described Shakespeare's house, and other buildings in Stratford. The letter came while we were at breakfast and your Father took it with him, probably to show to Mr. A. Ely, so it is not at hand for me to look at but I recollect your contrasting the best hotel in London with our first class hotels.

I thought this last letter was not written in as bright and cheery a spirit as the former ones were, and so have concluded that the rainy, dismal atmosphere of London has dampened your spirits and as your party are not in robust health, very likely the weather has affected their spirits too, but I hope you will have better weather the remainder of your stay in London, that you may be able to see that great city under the most favorable circumstances. You must not tire of sightseeing yet. You have but just begun. The whole continent of Europe is before you yet. I wish we were with you. We should enjoy it more than at any other time, but I think it doubtful if we ever visit Europe. I should not care to go and leave all my children at home and it may be a very long time before we have another go, and we are now past the meridian of life, consequently on the down-hill road. We shall soon be too old to think of going, but you are young, and what you learn on this trip you will never forget, and I hope you will continue to enjoy it all the time as much as you did from the time you landed at Queenstown until you reached London.

We received wedding cards from three different parties. Last one was from Mary Smillie, who is to marry Dr. Throop, another, Waldron Young's second daughter, Gertrude, who marries a Mr. Derby, the third is Miss Wright (a school mate of

Julie's) who is to marry a Mr. Miller. Gertrude Young has sent cards for Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Vanderpoel. She is to be married in Christ Church, Cor. 5th Ave. & 35th St. tomorrow at 3 p.m. I hope the weather will be more favorable than it is today.

It snowed on Saturday. Yesterday was rather pleasant, and today it is raining as hard as it can pour. The streets are in a terrible condition with slush 4 or 5 inches deep but I suppose this rain will carry off some of it.

Your Father started on Friday morning for Chester to see Wallie, intending to stop in Philadelphia all night and go to Chester in the morning. It began to snow in the evening so he had a very uncomfortable time. He reached home about $\frac{1}{2}$ past eleven Saturday night. I visited Wallie once since he has been there and I did not think he looked as well as when he left home. He finds the drill pretty severe. In drilling they are required to go a mile at double quick. He says he goes as far as he can and then he is obliged to fall out of the ranks, and he does not sleep well at night. Now, however, he will be home to spend the Holidays with us. We shall then have an opportunity of seeing if his health is benefitted by the exercise or not. He seems to be very ambitious, and is certainly trying to do his best.

We have been calculating that you would be in Paris this week as you said in one of your letters you expected to cross the Channel about the first of Dec. but the last day or two we have accounts of riots in that city and we do not know whether you could get news of disturbance in time to prevent you going there, or whether the riots are serious enough to keep visitors from going to Paris. You will probably be better posted than we are as to whether it is prudent to be there at this time. You may conclude to visit Brussels, Vienna, Berlin or some other city before going to Paris.

I presume you will see by the papers that Oakey Hall has been elected Mayor of this city, but I have not read the papers enough to know who will be District Attorney in his place. Very likely Mr. S. Ely will know who will be likely to attain that position.

I am very glad to hear you are all well. Give my love to Louise and remember me kindly to the Messrs. Ely.

With a great deal of love, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York,

December 8th, 1868.

My Dear Son and Daughter :

Your two letters were duly received, one on Saturday last, the other on Monday morning.

You cannot imagine the pleasure your two letters give us all. I have not them before me or I would give you the dates of them. I sent them to Mary Elizabeth immediately after I had allowed Mr. Ambrose Ely the pleasure of reading them. He sent me yesterday Mr. S. Ely's letter to read. I was much pleased with its contents. I don't believe it would be well for you to let Smith know about this as he might not thank his brother for showing me his letter. Ambrose is so pleased with your family letters that I like to gratify him by showing them to him. There has been no expressions, or anything of a private nature in any of them so far and consequently nothing to prevent his seeing them. As a matter of course those letters for any member of the family have not been shown. I have never yet when writing you been left alone long enough to have my thoughts collected so as to write you many things I would like to, and don't think of them until after I have written you.

I forgot to mention in my previous letters that I thought you did well in not getting any shawl in Scotland as you spoke of at the prices they charged. I can buy here for from five to eight dollars as good as we want. Don't fail to remember that sixpence in England is 20 cents here. When you may suppose an article very cheap, remember you want to double the price and add half more to that, then add about eleven per cent for exchange. You need to calculate gold at One Hundred and Fifty although it varies from 1.40 to 1.50 but you can never tell when

it is the 1.50 or 1.40. Consequently to be on the sure side always calculate the full price then add the exchange. I doubt whether you will find many things very cheap when figured out. The shopkeepers all know strangers and they will extort from them.

I went last Friday to Philadelphia. Purchased Wallie a curtain for his window and took it to him on Saturday. It had been snowing all night and in the morning commenced to snow. You can imagine what a nice time I had wading in the slush one full mile to the Institute. Wallie was almost sick with disappointment, not expecting me on account of the storm. Imagine his agreeable disappointment when he saw me. I was loaded down with a satchel filled with various articles. Grapes, peanuts, oranges, figs &c. The man I had with me bearing the cornice, curtain, &c. The poor boy was only too glad to see me. I staid with him from eleven o'clock till after five, got home about half past eleven at night. Next morning (Sunday) I was quite sick from the fatigue, and exposure, but I recovered during the day.

Wallie does not look well. I fear he studies too hard. He is very ambitious. His teachers give him a most excellent character. Colonel Hyatt says he is one of the very best boys. I told the Colonel I did not believe he would break one of the rules knowingly for anything. I tell you Wallie is a wonderful boy. I never saw a boy so ambitious. The military discipline he likes in good weather, except the double quick. That he has to quit when he becomes faint. The Colonel has given him an excuse to drop from the line whenever he feels his strength will not allow him to go further. The Institute has the same rigid discipline there is at West Point. It is sustained in part by the state. They have an entire battery of cannon, and they are drilled in the use of artillery, as well as musketry. They are to have a public parade in Baltimore about Easter, when they will encamp for three days at that place, taking their camp equipage with them. They have guard duty to do which is kept up by delinquents, viz those getting three marks for violations of rules. Wallie has not been on guard duty yet from the fact that he has not been debited. He has to make his own bed, and

keep his room clean. They have to rise, and retire, by the tap of a drum, go to the wash room by signal from the drum, marching in file. Everything is done with the greatest precision. I don't believe outside of West Point the school has its equal.

Now this is a queer letter but I thought you might like to hear it. I have not time to read this over, consequently I do not know how much I have left out, whether you can read it or not is more than I can tell.

With much love to Louise and yourself from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. John Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

St. Paul, Minn.,
December 8th, 1868.

My Dear George

Father sends me your letters to read when they have finished perusing them, so that I manage in our far off home to keep posted in your doings, and your travels. You are seeing a great deal more in the United Kingdom than we did. John was always sorry that we did not see more of England. I was very well satisfied with what we saw of Scotland, and Ireland. I was surprised to see so much poverty in the former place, in the latter I rather looked for it.

By this time you must be in Paris. I think that you will enjoy yourself there very much. We were there just a month. I employed the greater part of my time shopping. I enjoyed it very much.

I intended to write you a letter of introduction to Otto Jordan at Coblenz, but have forgotten to do so. I will not have time this morning, for this is only my second letter and I expect to write two, or three, more. I determined to devote this morning to writing, this afternoon I wish to go out and purchase the materials to knit John a scarf, it will be his New Year's gift. but I shall give it to him as soon as it is completed and I expect to work at it as if I were knitting for my living. He thinks that it will prevent his taking so many colds. At this season of the year I am generally very busy making my New Year's

presents but this year I shall only knit the scarf so I have not a great deal to do, for I hope to finish the scarf in a week or so. I would have gone out this morning but it snowed all day yesterday and John has been at work getting the sleighs ready. I expect to have a sleigh ride this afternoon.

I have received my New Year's present already. A pair of nice fur mittens. They are large enough to wear over my kid gloves and are long like gauntlets and will keep my wrists warm, where I always feel the cold so much.

There were a number of sleighs out yesterday, but I do not believe that we will have more than a day or two of sleighing, it is a little early in the season yet, only about two inches of snow fell but the wind has been blowing so hard all night, and the snow has drifted, that I fear it may interfere with the Eastern mails getting in tonight. Between here and Onatonna the road crosses a prairie and when the snow drifts so, it all piles up on the road, and a very few inches of snow makes a drift of as many feet, and they cannot afford to hire many men, or do not, so that it takes some time to clear the track, in this way we miss our letters and papers so that we feel it is a great misfortune when the mail is delayed.

John has been quite sick during the fall with a cold and cough, but he seems to be better now.

We have been to two large parties since I wrote you last. We always accept every invitation that we can and each of us indulges ourselves with the pleasing fiction that we do not care to go, but are making martyrs of ourselves for the other's benefit. I do not know about the martyrdom, for we both always enjoy ourselves and have a first rate time. We did not reach home from Mrs. Thompson's until nearly four o'clock and as I was putting out the lamp to retire, the roosters began to crow for morning. We staid until the very last and danced the Virginia reel.

We had some friends here to take a Thanksgiving dinner with us. I have forgotten whether I wrote you before that event or afterwards. We only invited five, and they were all strangers here for their health so we could all sympathise with each other.

We have had such wretched weather that John has almost become thoroughly disgusted with St. Paul. I am really advocating our going to Madeira next fall, and remaining there two or three years. John does not quite accede to my proposition; he says that he would be so very lonely there. All the fall we have had wretched weather. The sun scarcely shows itself and then only for about half a day at a time. It looks now as though it would shine out. If it does John may put away his sleigh again. It is a great deal warmer in cold weather in a sleigh all wrapped up in the robes than in a carriage and when it is cold we are all wishing for snow.

I presume that I must have written you about John's having been God-father for little Henry Rice. We have written to Father asking him to buy a cup for us to give him. I presume it will be some time before it arrives. I should like to have it by Christmas, or New Year.

I have forgotten whether I wrote you that I was asked to take part in some Tableaux that were to come off in Ingersoll's Hall two weeks ago. It was since then that I wrote you and I think that I must have told you. So little has happened that it is difficult to find anything to write about.

When we went to Europe we landed at Liverpool and went direct from there to Lisbon, and it seemed to me, when we reached the latter place as if we had been using Aladdin's lamp. I was like a person in a dream. I feared to go to bed lest I should awake and find it all a dream.

I am sitting here all alone writing, that is if two dogs can be called nobody. One of them keeps rubbing over my feet and shaking me all the time. The little creature is begging for a drink and if I want peace I will have to go and give it to her.

Give my love to Louise and keep a goodly share for yourself.

From, Your affectionate sister.

Mrs. Julia V. Loew to George B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue,
Friday evening, Dec. 11th.

My Dear George

Just two weeks before Christmas, the first one, I think, that

you have ever spent from home. How we shall miss you. I think it will not seem like the holidays at all without you. You have however, I assure you, all our best wishes for a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year, even if the one is passed, and the other begun, so far away from us.

I am doing very little in the way of presents as far as my own work is concerned and the little I am doing is so behind-hand that I have not in consequence found the time to write you before this week as I intended, and now am writing after dinner which I could not if Fred was not out for the entire evening. Evening is usually my sick time so you must make every excuse for what I write and I may possibly have to stop entirely.

Waldron Young's youngest daughter was married Tuesday afternoon in the church on the corner of 35th Street and Fifth Avenue. The church was lighted, and looked very handsome. The organ was played during the service and it was I thought an improvement. The bride was dressed in a beautiful dress of dark brown silk and though, as you know, always a very pretty girl she looked prettier than ever. They receive next Tuesday, and Thursday, at the Clarendon Hotel. She, Gertrude Young, is now Mrs. O. Addison Derby. And who else do you suppose has been catching a husband? Why no more nor less than Miss Mary C. Smillie, and we are informed that Mr. and Mrs. Dr. A. P. Throop are to be found at No. 223 West 34th Street. Truly, if at first you don't succeed, try try again, when you probably will, I suppose is the conclusion, isn't it?

I am afraid I shall have to bid you good night. My "midnight oil" has given out, and, if upon trial, I find gas light not sufficient, I shall be obliged to lay down my pen. I find however with the exception of not having the remotest idea of where the lines are, that gas is as good as midnight oil so you are not going to be permitted to rest yet.

I have tried during the space of a few minutes to think of some domestic news to tell you but with no success excepting that Grandma thinks the Mangams are going to burn us up in our beds some night, and with the happy faculty she possesses, does not allow anyone near her to forget that she has that im-

pression. She says "Now you wouldn't know what to take to carry along with you."

And, secondly, that Mrs. Sage has called here and it seems that Sherman Sage's invitation to your wedding, and I think to ours too, was directed to Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Sage, whereas the lady does not exist. I told Mother she need not care. It was all the Sages' fault for talking so much about his engagement that no one could help supposing that he was married.

The horses you have heard so much about, looked out of a third story window facing on the new market place in the city of Cologne on Rhine. Unless you ask for them I suppose no one would think them of interest enough to point them out. Marion Hare told me of them, and I asked, or I never would have seen them. I think though Johann Grashoff's uncle lived near the house where the heads are.

My paper is about filled. Pardon my writing so much when I have so little to say.

Hoping you will really enjoy the holidays very much, I am, with much love to Louise and yourself as ever your very affectionate sister,

JULIE.

I know Fred would send his love if he knew I was writing so I send it for him.

J.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, Esq., care of Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.
December 11, 1868.

My dear Son and Daughter,

I feel I must not forget to remember you by letter, as much as I am opposed to letter writing. I always found it very difficult to sit down and write and I *doubt* whether, as long as you were at Mr. Thompson's school, you so much as received *one* letter from me. I have, however, from compulsion been obliged to get myself accustomed to doing some of it, for Mary Elizabeth

was obliged to leave her Father's family, friends and connections, as well as the city of her birth and education, to seek a change of climate—I cannot say *genial one*, on account of the health of her husband. As a sort of modification for the deprivation, I am obliged to write her *daily*, which I do with the greatest precision *six times each and every week*; and *now* I have Wallie to write; he made me promise to write him *six times* each week, which I do. Then from necessity I have to average at least one more, making *three each day*. Now for you, and many others, one dozen would not be anything, but to me it is something. Still with all this I cannot allow my George, and my new daughter, to be forgotten.

Night before last we had Mr. Ambrose, with William Ely, and his wife, to spend the evening with us. It was so fortunate they found us home for your Mother, and Julie, wanted to go to the wedding of a Mr. Wright, but the Judge and myself did not want to go, consequently we prevailed on your Mother, and Julie, to give up going, and right glad they were, for it was the first time they had called since your departure. As a matter of course your names were mentioned many times. We spoke of what you had seen and what was in store for you. I learned through them for the first that you had lost about two pounds, while Louise had gained two pounds. You can well afford to lose some, while it would answer for Louise to gain a little. I am in hopes this trip will be a benefit to you all (four).

I have just received a letter from Mary E. in which she says she thinks you are a little homesick. Now this you must not be for you are seeing too much, and it is but few who can see and enjoy what you are doing. I don't suppose you are, but I suppose you do think of your home, for you certainly have those who love and study your every desire, and I don't wonder you should wish those you love to enjoy what you see and know would be a pleasure to them.

The Rev. Mr. Van Metre has been giving an account of his tour of the old country. If I think of it I will cut it out of the paper and send you. He appears to have gone over about the same parts of the country you have. Mr. Ambrose Ely spoke of it the other night. Mr. Ely said he thought you were getting

along very economically, but we told him you had not told us yet of the expenses of London, that will be much greater, but when you got on the Continent, *except Paris*, your expenses would be lighter, but London and Paris are expensive places.

The Judge and Julie are in their usual health, as well as Grandma and all the rest of us. We so often speak of you both, wondering where you are, etc.

12th.

On going home last night I got in a Second Avenue car in Franklin Square, and at Peck Slip I changed to another. As I went to get into the car on the opposite side, a person stepped up, and started to get in; I held back; directly the second one appeared I let him in. Immediately the two that went in returned, and made an effort to come out, preventing me from getting in, while the two from each side of the car had stepped on the platform crowding against me, pretending they wanted to get in. I struck at the chap in the door to make him give way and so forced myself in. I did not for one moment think they were pickpockets. Some of the passengers inside saw the manœuvring and thought I served them just right. When the conductor came round for his fares I asked him what all that meant. He said he thought they were pickpockets, and asked me if I had lost anything. I told him, no. I held on to my breast-pin, watch and some \$200.00 I had in my vest pocket—never thought of my portmonnaie which had about \$47.00 in small change, two checks of \$1,190 and one of my own on the Park Bank, merely signed but not filled in, nor drawn to order, consequently I had to arrange at the bank to prevent it being used. The others I stopped, so they got only about \$47.00. I never missed this until I got home. Look out for these chaps in your travels; there were six of these. I shall know some three of them if we meet again, which I hope I shall, but not to lose anything. I told your Mother to mail you the article about Mr. Van Metre; also an account of the dinner of the Alumni of Dartmouth College. The weather is cool and cloudy. We are all in our usual health.

I have just received a letter from Mary E. in which she says

she has written you and mailed with the letter I received. With much love to you and Louise, from

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,

December 15th, 1868.

My Dear Son:

Many, many thanks for your very welcome letter of November 30th from London. I hope you were gratified by seeing and feeling a real genuine London fog before you left there, I have no doubt you would find it something to be remembered. How strange! that in the British House of Commons no better provision is made for the M. P's. I should think they would scarcely know what to do without a desk. I am glad your own country loses nothing in your estimation by comparison, let us see if you think it compares as favorably with other countries when you reach the continent. Your next letter will probably come from Paris, so in a few days we shall hear what your first impressions of that city are. I have already sent you the address of *Moniteur* so it is not necessary to repeat here, you will find it waiting you in Paris. I also gave you the address of some stores, dressmakers, etc. Very likely Mary E. has given you some idea of where she made some of her purchases. I know she was pleased with the "Bon Marché," she thought every thing was so cheap there, it will be a good place for you to buy some pocket handkerchiefs for yourself; the gloves that Julie brought home were better than those that Mary E. brought. I have told you where some of hers came from. Mr. A. K. Ely, and Mr. & Mrs. W. Ely called to see us last Wednesday eve. I am very glad we were not out, and it was by mere chance we were not, for it was the evening that Miss Wright was married and we were hesitating about going, but finally concluded to stay home as it was very cold, and we were afraid we would experience some difficulty in finding our carriage in the crowd.

What an immense building St. Paul's Cathedral of London

must be; no doubt the reality exceeded your expectations, but is not St. Peter's at Rome still larger? or higher? You will be able to answer that when you reach there I suppose. I think it a very good plan for you to give us a description of the objects of interest you visit, on your own account as well as ours, writing those descriptions will make the impressions more lasting, besides we shall preserve the letters and in after years you will find it pleasant to refer to them. I am sorry Maria Louise has a cold; I fear Paris is not a good place to get rid of it, I hope she is provided with good warm clothing. I have no doubt our Julie would enjoy better health if she wore warmer clothing, perhaps I should say if she had done so two or three years ago, but I hope M. L. is not so foolish as to wear thin clothing for fear of looking stout.

We had a very pleasant call from the Messrs. & Mrs. Ely. I think they all improve on acquaintance, and I have no doubt we shall find it so with the absent ones, and that we shall all become fast friends on a better acquaintance. I will enclose you an account of the annual dinner of the Alumni of Dartmouth College. I mentioned in a former letter that an invitation was sent to you, but I think you were expected to pay \$10.00 for your ticket. Please remember me to the Messrs. Ely and give my love to Maria Louise with a great deal of love for yourself, I remain as ever your affectionate Mother

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, Esq., care Messrs. Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

December 15th, 1868.

My dear Son and Daughter,

Your *long* and *very welcome* letter from London was received yesterday, and last night the Judge read it before the whole family, although your Mother, Julie, and Grandma, had read it for themselves, still they were glad to listen to its contents again.

I did not reach Cherry Street today till two o'clock owing to the Park Bank having a grand reception on the opening of their

new bank in Broadway next to the *Herald* office. When I went to Cherry Street I passed through Frankfort Street; I was walking very fast. Just as I passed the Messrs. Ely's Leather store I heard a voice, and looking around, I saw Mr. Ely, the "Deacon," without a hat, running and calling to me. He said he had been up in Cherry Street twice that morning to see me. He wanted to see your letter, and also to give me one from Smith, which I take home this evening and return tomorrow; also a newspaper. He then spoke of your letters; how much he was interested in them. I told him you had an idea he did not like long letters. He said he did not know where you got that idea from. It must have been some of Smith's doings, and he did not seem to like it. He said he was delighted with your full description of everything. He made me promise to let him have this last letter and, as it is up at the house, I have dispatched a man up after it. I believe the "Deacon" thinks much of you since he has had the pleasure, as he terms it and I know he means it, of reading these family letters. He told me they were worth publishing. Don't, my dear boy, make any remarks in any of those long *historical* letters that you would hesitate to have any one read. There has been nothing so far except in this last one, but that is so little I can doctor it.

I have not read Smith's letter nor shall I till I get home. I judge from what the "Deacon" said that Smith requests in that letter that your Mother, and I, meet you in Paris. I should be glad to do so but it is impossible to do it. February is renting time and if I have to move I must turn my attention to building.

I am in good business—*one* letter *daily* to *Wallie*, *one* to *Sister*, two a week to my George, and his wife,—you know I could not neglect you when I am serving the others. To me letter writing is no small task—to you it is nothing. I wrote you about being robbed. I had returned to me by the police my portmonnaie with the two checks of \$1190. It was found by two small boys in front of Fulton Market, where it was thrown after taking out what was of value to them. The checks they knew would be dangerous. I lost about \$47.00. I had with me my pin worth \$5,000, watch and chain, in one pantaloon pocket

\$125, in one vest pocket about the same; a silver cup in my hand, and the portmonnaie in another pocket. I think under all the circumstances I got off well, being surrounded with six stout, able-bodied men.

I think I would like to see one of London's fogs if they are as bad as you describe them. I must repeat, and tell you the great pleasure your letters give us. I don't see how in the world you have the patience to write them, and I am sure you must know letters so full of interest are read by any one with great satisfaction, especially from one we feel an interest in. We shall treasure these letters of yours as of much value.

Your Mother and I, would be glad to be with you; perhaps the time may come when you will make another trip and we be able to accompany you. It is very gratifying to us all that you are enabled to do it. We want you to see and enjoy as much as you can. You know we always wished you to spend two or three years on the other side.

Wallie comes home next Tuesday to spend the holidays. I expect it will be very hard for him to go back, much more than it would be if the weather was warm; then he would like the military part, now he does not like it on account of the cold. I cannot but think he is the better for it. He does not look so well; he has a pale, sickly look, but he says his appetite is good and he sleeps well. They live well and he likes it, but I think he studies too hard. He is very ambitious. I am glad to hear in all your letters that Louise is well; take good care of her, my dear boy. She is delicate and with care she may make old bones. She is a nice girl and I am sure you will, and do, have much pleasure in each other's society.

With much love to you both, from

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co.,
Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

December 18th, 1868.

My Dear Son and Daughter:

I feel as though I must let everything else give place to

writing you, if but a few lines, as I know full well what it is to get a letter from home. There was quite an article about the Abattoirs, and the manner of killing Cattle, etc., published in the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*. Mr. Ambrose Ely gave me the paper with it in, it was quite interesting. The article I mentioned to you about Mr. Van Metre your Mother has mislaid and cannot find it, consequently you will not get it. We have received a Book on House Keeping, or Cooking, or Eating, from Louise for Mary E. I intended to have brought it down to Cherry Street and mailed to her today, but came away and forgot it. I am sure Mary E. will be much pleased with it. I am obliged to show your letters unless I take a stand that I fear will injure you. I don't suppose you like your letters exhibited but you must realize now that the "Deacon" will take a very great interest in your every movement. Mr. Smith mentions in his letter to his Brother for your Mother, and myself, to meet you in Paris, that the passage cross the ocean is nothing, etc., that may be so when you are once over and safely landed on Terra Firma, but I should rather be excused. At my time of life it don't pay to take risks, it does very well when you are young. When we get advanced there is such a thing as being frightened to death, in youth we are not so easily frightened. I am confident it would be very pleasant to meet you all on the other side, but there is no prospect of my going this spring. I have just been writing Mary E. Your Mother and I will go with her, and John, to St. Augustine, Florida, in March, they want to go and wish us to go also; you know I wanted to go last Winter. Wallie comes home next Thursday to spend the holidays. I have no doubt he will enjoy his home more than he has ever before, I am sure he is now counting the intervening hours, he has behaved most nobly, notwithstanding he has been very homesick he has endured it without a murmur, and he has gone into his study in right good earnest, he was dreading his examination when I was there, but he writes word in Philosophy he has passed well. I don't believe there is a better boy in the whole school, he is studious, and very precise, in his entire deportment; his Teachers all think well of him and he has a high sense of honor. You know he

always quoted his brother George as Authority for any questions where there was any difference, and now in your absence when I am with him if some point comes up, "well, George used to say so and so," is his ultimatum. I have warned you frequently not to deceive him, as he has such exalted opinion of all you say that he could not believe you would deceive him. I have no doubt he has missed you, and your Mother, for information in such parts of his studies as he found he could not understand. I don't think he is as petulant as he was by any means. I had a few moments since the Captain of this Precinct call to see me with a Detective; he said he understood I had been robbed, and he wanted to see if I could give a description of the fellows. I gave such a one as I was capable, he thinks he will find them, he and the Detective say the affair was not an accidental meeting; there being six in the party indicates they were on the alert for me, they have been watching for me. He thinks they will follow it up but not in the same place, and advises a change in my habits, he says they never go in a party of over three unless they have some one in view. It was so fortunate for me. I know there were six and I had a good look at them and saw for myself they were acquainted, etc. With much love to you and Louise from your affectionate Father.

J. VANDERPOEL.

Give my respects to the Messrs. Ely. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

December 22nd, 1868.

My dear Son and Daughter,

We have not received our usual weekly letter from you although we have been anxiously looking for it, last Sunday twice during the day we sent to the Station in the hope we should find a letter from you, we have come to the conclusion you were on the Wing, and found it impossible to write. I am satisfied you find it more or less difficult (when you are moving around so much, and seeing so many things to please and

attract) to write. Still we must hear from you as often as once a week, or we begin to feel very uneasy about you, this time we think perhaps leaving London, crossing the Channel, etc., has taken considerable time. Write as often as you can without interfering with your pleasures. I hope you, and Louise, continue well and I hope you will return home well repaid for the trip. Gus Brown has quite an entertainment tonight, none but gentlemen are invited. It is to meet Mr. Hall; the Mayor Elect. Several Hundred are invited, The Judge, and I, will go. Mary E. has been writing to know if we will meet her, and John, at St. Augustine in March. I have written her we will do so, but that is some time off. I shall have to do all my writing to you before I go, for I find it very difficult to write when away from home. The only bad weather we have had was when I went to see Wallie, our only snow was then. Trade is dull and money has been very scarce, exceedingly so, and is now, but not as tight as it has been, no telling however how soon it will become tighter, almost anything would start a commercial panic. Gold is about \$1.35, fluctuates a little both ways, but keeps quite steady—everything in the “Swamp” is dull. I don’t believe there is any business to hurry the Messrs. Ely home, although some times we think there is more opportunity to be had when business is dull than when brisk. I think I mentioned in my last letter a book that was received from Louise for Mary E. I have sent it to her. Mother kept it two or three days looking over it, being somewhat entertained with its contents, although we have several books on Cooking, and House Keeping, in the house still there were some ideas that she took an interest in. I have no doubt Mary E. will be much pleased with it. I am sure it will come very acceptable. Although I pass through Frankfort Street daily, and sometimes twice a day, I have not seen any of the Messrs. Ely from the fact that I have not stopped in, and, not seeing them as I do sometimes; standing in, or about, the front I don’t believe they have had any letters from their folks any more than we have, or they would have called to me when passing, and told me, for I don’t believe I ever pass their store but they see me and if they had any news I am very sure they would have informed me. When I go home which I shall do

in about one-hour I expect to find Wallie, as he was to leave this morning for home and spend two weeks here. I don't believe there ever was a boy that come home more joyfully than him. He has been counting first the days, next the hours, finally the minutes. He was to have left Chester at 9 o'clock this morning, arrive at Philadelphia at the Broad Street Depot, take a carriage from there to Kensington, to meet the eleven o'clock train for New York. By waiting a little later he could take the through train without changes, but that would make him a couple of hours later getting home and that he could not stand. He passed his examination very well, I tell you he is making a good student, he is very precise, he says in one of his letters that you, or Louise said he must go, and see her folks when he was in the City, he says he guesses he will not; for he don't know anyone but your wife, and Mr. Smith Ely, they were the only ones who spoke to him the day the Steamer sailed and he has his dignity touched to think they did not speak to him. I was astonished, I did not suppose the boy thought so far. You know he is very sensitive, he feels himself as big as anyone. What shall I do? My sheet is full; I don't believe all I have written will interest you much but I cannot help it, I was bound to write something. Christmas comes this week, and I am afraid you will not get another letter from me until it is past, still I will not say you will not for I think I shall write again. With much love to you, and Louise, and the Messrs. Ely, from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,

Dec. 22, 1868.

My dear Son,

We have been looking anxiously for a letter from you ever since last Saturday but have not received any; in fact, we sent twice on Sunday to Station F., feeling sure there was a letter for us brought either by the "Java," or "St. Laurent." The former arrived Friday afternoon and the latter on Saturday. The last

letter that came was for Wallie and we sent it to him without opening, so if there was any news in it we have not heard it yet, but we shall soon have an opportunity of knowing its contents, for I am now looking for Wallie. He is to be home today and it is now about time for him to be here.

We had a call the other day from Miss Augusta Brown, Julie's friend, and a pupil of Miss Demmler's. She was in Europe at the time of Julie's wedding and visited Miss D. while in Paris. She says Miss D. has more pupils and is doing much better than ever before. We also received calls from Mrs. Nelson J. Waterbury, and her daughter. I found them both very pleasant indeed. Miss W. was very particular in her inquiries as to the address of Maria Louise, I think she called your wife. I told her to direct to the care of John Munroe & Co. The thought occurred to me afterwards that she might possibly have some commission for "Maria" to execute for her. After your experience in purchasing those articles for Mrs. Chase, you at least, will not be over anxious to attend to commissions for others.

I believe your Papa writes you oftener than I do and of course he keeps you well posted as to what is going on here. John and Mary E. are talking of going to St. Augustine in March and they wish your Father, and I, to meet them there. He says he will go, but he said so last year and after I got all ready he did not go. He may do the same this time. It does not seem to occur to him that it is considerable trouble for a lady to prepare her wardrobe to visit an entirely different climate, and consequently it is quite a disappointment not to go after getting all ready. I do not feel much like preparing again, I lost two or three weeks that way last year.

Dec. 23rd.

Mrs. Tucker came in yesterday afternoon and I did not get my letter finished but expected to have it ready for to-day's steamer, and now I find it will be too late as the mail closes an hour earlier than usual.

Rev. Dr. Summers died a day or two ago and is to be buried this morning. He has followed his wife very soon, has he not?

Your Father thinks you are greatly mistaken about Mr. A. K.

Ely's having an aversion to long letters as he has repeatedly expressed himself very much pleased with yours, and I believe your Father said he called twice in Cherry Street one morning before he reached there, having one of S. E. Jr.'s to show to your Father and saying he would like to read yours if there was no objection to his doing so.

Wallie reached home yesterday afternoon. He is looking very well and has grown, I think, but he says he looks tall because he is wearing higher heeled shoes.

A bill for \$5.00 for a year's subscription to "Nation" has been re-mailed to us from Hanover. I would like to know if you owe the bill; if so, we will pay it, but if you have paid it once I would like to let them know it was paid.

25th.

Your letter from Paris reached us last evening and I can assure you we were delighted to get it. I began to feel very uneasy at the delay (it was about 18 days coming). I knew you had that dreadful Channel to cross and was very anxious to hear of your safe arrival in France; and don't you think they charged 65 cts postage. I mention this so that you will see the necessity of having your letters weighed; if they just turn the scale they charge another postage, and if you do not put on stamps enough those you put on are lost, as they charge the full postage on delivery; so if you are not sure about the weight it would be better not to prepay as we do not want to pay them twice for the same letter. I will write you again soon. I am sorry to hear Maria Louise's health has not improved more, but she must keep up her spirits for I have no doubt she will be much better after a while.

With much love to her and yourself and regards to her brothers, I remain, as ever, Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

December 26th. 1868.

My Dear Son and Daughter

Your very welcome letter from Paris came to hand the 24th.

I did not have the pleasure of reading it until I got home in the evening, in fact it did not arrive until about four o'clock. I don't know the date, as I have just let Mr. Ely (the "Deacon") have it. He looks for your letters with as much interest apparently as we do. He is delighted with your easy way of writing, and with the news they contain.

I fear from the tenor of your letter (I mean this last one more particularly) that Louise's health is not being benefitted. If this is so, I shall feel very uneasy. We were all in hopes that when her mind became composed, and drawn off from the objects here to those new and exciting, she would be greatly benefitted. My dear boy, I don't suppose it is necessary to call your attention to studying what appears to benefit her and have it practiced, but merely suggest it. Without health we are miserable creatures. When in health we do not feel the importance of preserving it, and little can we sympathize with the afflicted.

Only think of your sister, and John, being obliged to give up all business and seek a cold climate in order to benefit his health, and not benefitted at that. They are going in March to try the climate of Florida. Think of the sacrifice. Forsaking all relatives, and business, in order if possible to gain health.

You know your dear wife was from our first acquaintance, much beloved by me. It was by my wish that Julie selected her from her many acquaintances as bridesmaid, and had it not been for various annoyances I do not believe her health would be as delicate as it is now. We should turn all our attention to see what can be done to fully restore her health. Tell her she must not allow anything to worry her. Let all be sunshine and brightness now, she has a father, and mother, new brothers, and sisters, to sympathize with her. This, with many other things, including my George, which she now has to call her own, should give her new life and new energy, something to live for. The mind has every thing to do with our health. Be happy, be joyful, and you must be well. I have said much on this subject for your Mother, and I, feel quite uneasy about Louise after reading this letter and we spoke of it yesterday many times.

We thought of you both when we sat down to our Christmas dinner, and remarked that at the next Christmas dinner we

should have you, and Louise, with us. We spent the day very quietly. None but our own family with us. The day was very cold. Today it is more mild.

I am so glad you went to Ireland, and England, before you visited the continent, for it would appear so tame to you after seeing Paris, and other continental cities. I have heard so much of Paris I should like to see it but I doubt whether I ever see it in the flesh. I may in the spirit. When I was a young man I did so want to see what you are seeing, but my situation, and means, would not allow of it. Now I am too old and timid. Only think, George, I was born in 1812. Now you see according to the allotted time of man, I have but a few years longer, even if I am favored with the full allotted time. Life is sweet and if I am favored with health, shall be glad to live as long as I can, but without health life is miserable. You are a good boy and I wish you to see what I should have been glad to see, and then read it from your pen, or you tell of it when we meet.

It now wants ten minutes of 12 o'clock. The man is waiting to take this to the office. Mail closes at 12. I had no idea of writing to you today, as it was eleven before I got here, but I thought I would write a line or two. Your Mother has written by this mail. I close now with much love to you and Louise and the Messrs. Ely from your affectionate father.

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Judge Frederick W. Loew to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, Esq., care John Munroe, No. 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,

Dec. 28, 1868.

Dear Brother George:

As I have a little spare time this morning I think I will fulfill the promise I made you in Julie's letter a short time ago, and scribble a few lines to you.

If you are but half as anxious to receive letters from home, as I was when abroad, I am sure that you will be anything but displeased to receive a letter from me, notwithstanding it cannot be expected to compare at all with the numerous and loving epistles you are constantly receiving from the other members

of your family, either in the quantity or quality of its contents.

As for your letters to your Father and Mother, I cannot tell you how anxiously we look for them, nor how much we appreciate them when they do come. They are so full and explicit about all that you do and the many strange and wonderful sights you see, that it is really quite a treat to hear them read. The last letter we received from you was dated "Paris, Dec. 6th" and was written, I believe, a day or two after your arrival there. We expected another one ere this, but as yet none has made its appearance. When it does come I presume we shall be favored with a Birdseye view of "Paris in December," and I am really quite desirous to see how it will compare with my own ideas of the same City in August. I quite agree with you that it goes far ahead of New York; in fact it is the finest city I have ever seen, and I very much doubt whether its equal can be found in the world. Doubtless a person might remain there six months, and yet see something new and interesting every day, and as for the particular objects of interest, like the Tomb of Napoleon, the Louvre, etc., why each one of them would in my humble judgment, be worth a trip across the deep blue sea to see.

Do you know I have an almost irresistible desire to tread its broad Boulevards again? Then I want to sail up the green and winding Rhine and gaze upon its ruined castles once more; again climb the snow-capped peaks of the Alps and inhale the pure, invigorating air, and then bask in the sunshine of that land of poetry, painting and song—beautiful, sunny Italy. I want to do all this, and God willing, Julie and I will yet do it, and having done it I shall be content to come back and bide the time when I shall be called to appear before that High Court above, whose summons no mortal has ever yet disobeyed.

Perhaps you may think me rather blue, and I don't know but I am. I generally feel rather sad about Christmas time. It reminds me of the days of my childhood and youth, long since fled, with all their joys and sorrows, their hopes, their aspirations and their disappointments, and it tells me that soon another year, of the few that may yet remain of my allotted time here below, will have taken its place with those that have gone before.

And then I wonder what the future, the dark and hidden future, has in store for me. I sometimes long to lift the veil that conceals it, and yet did I possess the power, I doubt very much whether I would exercise it. I suppose most persons have such thoughts as these, at least occasionally, and I do not wonder it makes them sad. Do you?

But you must not think that I do not also enjoy Christmas. Oh no! for I certainly do.

Last Christmas, for instance, we spent very pleasantly together, and then, too, my good old friend, Santa Claus, didn't forget me, as thanks to Julie's prompting he brought me a beautifully worked pair of suspenders, a magnificent pair of sleeve buttons, and several other articles. Wasn't I lucky? Ought I not to be happy?

But my sheet is getting full and I must therefore bring to a close. All the folks are very well indeed. Wallie is enjoying his vacation at home. Julie sends lots of love to you, and unites with me in sending much love to Sister Louise. You will also oblige us by giving our kindest regards to our friend Smith Ely.

And now wishing you and your bride a Happy New Year and many returns of the same, and hoping that you may all have a splendid time while sojourning in the old world, I remain,

Your affectionate brother,

FRED.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

My Dear Son:

December 29, 1868.

Your letter last week did not reach us until Thursday, instead of Monday, as they have done while you were in Great Britain, today is Tuesday and your weekly letter has not come yet. I did expect it as there is a German Steamer in, and, I think, your last came in a German Steamer, probably because the mail for the French Steamer closed at the wrong time in the week for your regular Sunday letter. I suppose the French Steamers sail from Havre the same day they do from New York (Saturday), and, if so, your letter mailed on Monday would probably come

by some other line. I did not think of this at first and, when a French Steamer arrived, I was quite sure there was a letter for us, but found there was not, and so it seems as if you were further off now your letter was so long coming. I fancied your letters would come quicker from France, as there would be not only the Cunard, and Inman lines, but the German, and French, lines. I omitted to acknowledge the receipt of the book sent from Louise to Mary E. She will probably mention it, as it was sent to her. I thought the postage very reasonable for the size of the book, I was quite surprised to see so large a book sent by mail, I did not think they would send so heavy a package in the trans-Atlantic mail. We thought you would spend the holidays in Paris, but from your letter I judge you will go further south. How do you all like the French cooking? I think if you all like the cooking you will soon improve in health, but if an invalid is not pleased with the manner in which their food is cooked we could scarcely expect them to improve, however, I believe most persons like French cooking, but I am inclined to think I should prefer the English style. We missed you very much on Christmas day, the rest of your party must have been missed from their home. Three makes quite a difference in a family, in their case just half of the grown persons. When first Wallie came home he seemed to miss the excitement of school, he remarked several times how quiet it is here, nothing going on, he seems to have become accustomed to it now, no doubt you remember experiencing the same feeling when you returned from school, and from College. I am so sorry you do not speak the French language, I have wanted you to study it ever since Julie went abroad, but you always thought you could not spare the time, if you could speak the language it would add so much to your comfort now. Wallie, like you, thinks he cannot spare time to study French now, but it appears to me he might better begin French, than Greek, which might be deferred for another year, if you think I am right I wish you would tell him so when you write to him, he is very ambitious in his studies and he thinks French would not advance him in his class as Greek would, but if he begins Greek now when will he have a chance of taking up French? I fear not for a long time.

It is said the house of Lathrop, Luddington, & Company have suspended, their liabilities, one and one-half millions, Mr. Lathrop's daughter was at school in Paris last spring and probably is still. I have not heard of her return. The older Miss Parks was with her for company, Mr. L., of course, paying her expenses. I hope I made you understand about the postage on your letter, the two stamps you put on were insufficient, and so they charged the full postage just as if there had been no stamps on, of course, I was glad to pay for the letter, but still I do not like to have the French government get paid twice for one letter. Mr. A. K. Ely has given your Father one, or two, foreign newspapers which I have found very interesting, I wish you would send us one occasionally, he gave us one from Stratford-on-Avon, one from London, and one from Paris. I did intend to send this by to-days mail but I have decided to keep it till tomorrow to see if we do not get a letter from you. Wednesday 30th, we have received quite a mail from you today, one letter from you to your Father and to me, one for Julie, and two newspapers, for the whole of which please accept our thanks. I will write again in a few days and try to answer your very welcome letter. I am very sorry to hear Louise is not well, she ought not to fatigue herself too much, but after you leave Paris there will not be so much to see in any one place. Give my best love to her and kind regards to her brothers, with much love to yourself, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

Dec. 29th, 1868.

My Dear Son and Daughter,

I feel the importance of writing you as often as I can, for I know your Mother is very much occupied and Julie is in poor health. Consequently you have no one to write you unless I do, and you well know I am a poor correspondent.

We have not heard from you I think your Mother said yesterday, in eighteen days. I presume we have a letter from you at the house now. At least I hope so. I shall not know until I get home.

If there is one I shall endeavor to write once more this week. If I do it must be this month, for the 1st is a busy day, and the 2nd is rent day, the 3rd Sunday, so my next will have to be about the fourth of Jany.

I think I understood your Mother that she wrote you to be sure you fully prepay your letter postage, or not pay at all, as your postage is lost if not sufficient, and often a hair's weight decides the question. Better add too much than too little.

Lathrop, Luddington & Co. have failed for about two millions. They were looked upon as one of our very staunchest Houses. Mr. Lathrop lived on Madison Avenue. You must recollect tall Asa Lathrop.

The leather business, I am told is exceedingly dull. I don't know that any money crisis is looked for, still it is hard to tell what a day may bring forth.

Mr. Ely sent us a newspaper in English, published in Paris that we were much pleased with.

I shall call on the Elys on New Years Day, if I call on any one.

Lizzy Baker, Brother Edward's daughter, lost her child last week.

I am hearing almost daily from John, and Mary E. They are quite well. I have written you in a former letter that they intend to visit St. Augustine in February and March. They are very tired of so cold a climate.

Your Mother had Mrs. Hunt to work yesterday. She is very busy all the time and I am sure she does not find the time to write you as she would like. I know how I used to feel when I went South. I wanted to hear daily if possible and anything was acceptable. They would often say, I don't know what to write about. I told them to tell me when they had a fire, when there was a runaway, or anything, so long as it was from home it was acceptable.

Don't forget, before you come home I want some of Lubin's Extracts. I will send you the names of the kinds I want before you leave.

You did not mention having seen the tunnel under the

River Thames. It used to be thought some Pumpkins years ago. I suppose now it is not such a novelty.

Wallie is quite delighted with his school. Actually felt lost when he first returned. I believe he was a little homesick to get back, but I rather think when the time comes for him to go back he will look to his home with affection different from what he did his school. I have no doubt he found it very pleasant being with so many boys. He speaks highly of the boys, and the professors. I have no doubt the Institution is one of the best in the country.

I am obliged to close. With much love to you and Louise as well as to the Messrs. Ely from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

December 30, 1868.

My dear Son and Daughter,

Your very welcome letter of the 14th was handed to me a few moments since. I am delighted to hear from you and I am sure the postmasters as well as we *were glad* to hear that *Louise was better*, as announced on the envelope. *I shall read to young Sherman the account you give of his correspondent*, in Paris.

We have been anxiously looking for a letter from you all the week. Your Mother has been worrying, fretting all the week for fear Louise was not so well; we have imagined all manner of things. I am sure there is quite a treat awaiting my arrival home in the way of the Family letter. We are all of us so much interested in your letters. I received the wash bill and shall endeavor to study it out. I supposed from what I had heard that the hotel you are stopping at was very fine.

Mr. William H. Smith, brother of Walter S. who used to live in Madison Avenue, is living in Paris; has been there one year and likes it so well that he expects to spend some time there. I hope you saw Mr. and Mrs. Hale. It was their house John occupied. They are next door neighbors of Gen. Becker.

Isaac Vanderpoel, John's cousin, has just died in Albany, I

spent some time with him when I was in Albany last; he was a very fine man. John Van Buren married his sister. I told your Mother to send you the obituary notice.

Wallie's time is drawing near the close; he leaves next week. It is so dark, and late, that I stop for the day.

Decr. 31st, last day of the old year.

We had quite a treat in reading your Family letter last evening. Julie was much pleased with hers. Tomorrow we enter on a new year. At present it looks as though we might have another such day as last year—rainy—but I hope not. I neglected to secure a carriage until a day or two ago, and I have to pay \$35.00 for the day. I don't know as I could have done better if I had secured one sooner; everything is so high.

It appears to me that you are working on as economical a system as could possibly be wished. You must be very careful not to have Louise overtax herself. It must be very fatiguing to be on your feet so much, even if you are seeing something to interest. I know I get tired very quickly. I wish I was ten years younger, I would very soon get across the mighty deep, unless I was unfortunate like many others and found a watery grave. I think when one crosses the ocean they ought to look well to the steamer—better take the safest vessel possible. I do hope when you have finished your visit you may, *all of you*, be *fortunate in reaching your homes in safety*.

I have so many things on hand that need attending to, that I really don't know how to take the time to write you much more. I am glad to see that Louise has dropped the "Maria," and substituted the "Ely" in its place. It is a good plan for a lady when she marries to retain her maiden name, as it is of great advantage frequently in examining titles. I have told Julie she must write her name "Julie Vanderpoel Loew" and drop the "Augusta" or she can retain that if she wishes, but be sure and keep the "V."

I shall call on the Elys tomorrow if I make any calls at all. I really am in hopes you will learn something of the Beckers; the Hales are the only ones who could tell you. I hope you have seen them.

Business is dull and money very tight. We have had some failures and I should not wonder if we have many more. We are all in our usual health. I think the Judge said he wrote you yesterday—in fact, I am sure he said so. We all want to hear of Louise improving in health. I shall be on the lookout for a letter from her. As you have given me encouragement by saying she had not had time yet, this is tantamount to telling me it will come in the near future.

I am glad you are so well pleased with Paris. I have been told it is a beautiful city. I am sure our city, with its boulevards built up, will come somewhat near Paris. Twenty years from now the upper part of our Island will be the finest part of it.

I must now close with love to you and Louise, and the Messrs. Ely, retaining a share for yourself, from

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

DEATH OF ISAAC VANDERPOEL, OF ALBANY

It is with deep grief that we announce the death of Isaac Vanderpoel, of this city. The disease with which he was attacked a few days ago—erysipelas—promised to pass lightly over him, and his physicians, and family, relied upon his good constitution and his uniform good health to carry him through. Suddenly the disease assumed a malignant and fatal form, and yesterday he yielded to it, and died—died with submission to the Divine Will, and with the strong hope of eternal life. Bishop Doane was with him, administering the consolation of religion through all his last conscious hours.

He was of a noble, generous and sensitive nature, loved most and best appreciated where best known. He was generous to the poor, devoted in friendship, and disinterested and zealous in every cause he espoused.

He was a son of James Vanderpoel, Judge of the Third Circuit, under the Constitution of 1821. He was born in Kinderhook, but was educated in Albany, whither his father removed in 1830. He graduated at Williams College, Massachusetts, and soon after commenced the study of law.

The strong political convictions of his family, and the influence of his brother-in-law, John Van Buren, brought him actively into politics. But though generous and enthusiastic, his mild nature and fine instincts forbade him to indulge in any of the acerbity of partisanship.

While quite a young man he was elected Alderman and Supervisor of his ward. In 1852 he was Assistant Adjutant-General under Gen. Temple, and, on his death, succeeded him to the chief office. In 1862, on the incoming of Seymour's second Administration, he was appointed Engineer-in-Chief, and the whole charge of the militia service of the State was assigned to his department. At the time of his death he was City Attorney. He was agent of the Widows' and Orphans' Insurance Company in New York since its establishment.

He was in the full possession of his faculties, and his life, which had not been without vicissitudes of fortune, seemed almost to be crowned with success. He was the centre of a happy home, and he held a position of honor and esteem among his fellow-men.

He was born in 1821, and was 47 years of age. He leaves a wife and five children; but the shadow of death which casts its blackness upon his loved family, spreads a wide circle of gloom through the circle of his friends.—*Albany Argus*, Dec. 29, 1868.

Mrs. Julia V. Loew to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dec. 31st. 1868.

My dear brother, and sister:

Despairing of a letter from Louise that I might answer separately, I have concluded to begin by writing to you both together. You see I am writing on the last day of the old year so before I write more I will wish you both a very happy New Year. Indeed it was to do this that I made an extra effort to write today, for as you know one has always much to do before New Year's day. Fred wrote you on his own account a few days since as he has been intending to do for some time but the poor boy has had so much to attend to he really has not had time for anything.

I have been quite "stirring" today. I finished embroidering a handkerchief for Fred last evening and have been washing it this morning. It has yet to be done up and that with a pair of gloves, which he will find tomorrow morning, one in each sock, is to constitute his New Year's. His brothers agreed this year not to make any presents, so I tell him I am the only one he has to give him anything and I think I have been real good to him.

On the morning of the 19th he had a stocking containing a pair of embroidered suspenders, the handsomest hair brush and comb, I could find, which by the way I have since put carefully away, and a box of French boot blacking. On Christmas I gave him a pair of sleeve buttons something like Father's, and a box of candy, and I have already told you what he is to have tomorrow.

He gave me on Christmas a large box of little match boxes by request, and a box of candies containing a fifty dollar bill. He said he did not know what to give me as I had everything, but to buy anything I pleased and look upon it as his gift. Father gave me \$50, and Mother, and Grandma \$20 so I am quite rich and have been a great assistance to the banks, owing to my having deposited in one of them.

Yesterday the Judge's brother, Edward, sent me a beautiful hanging basket, the prettiest I ever saw. I had to write him a note of thanks this morning very much to my disgust.

Now I have told you all about Fred's, and my, Santa Claus except I forgot to mention a very handsome rosewood writing desk from Fred. Funny that I should have forgotten it for it is my very great delight to open it and fuss over the contents and try in various ways to perfume them. I have succeeded in obtaining an odor of old leather shoes. I don't know what will be the next step.

I am very much better, dear George, than I was when I wrote you last. I have had a terrible time with dyspepsia almost ever since you left but with great care in diet I succeed in keeping pretty well now.

Several times in your trips around Paris you have been quite near to the chemin-de-fer de Sceaux, and from there it is an easy trip to Bourg-la-Reine, for it takes only 15 minutes after you are

once on the train, and Miss Demmler lives very near the station.

There I have written all this and never acknowledged your very welcome letter received yesterday and of which this is the answer. Many thanks for it. You are real kind to trouble yourself to write us by ourselves when you impose such a task upon yourself as writing such nice long weekly letters.

I think you have done wonders in seeing so much of Paris as you have.

You misunderstood me about the "glacés." I meant marrons glacé, frosted chestnuts, not ice cream, which latter I thought poor in Paris.

I wish I had room for more. Goodbye. Wishing you both again a Happy New Year and that you were with us.

As ever very affectionately,

Your sister

JULIE.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

January 7th, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter :

We have not received any letters from you yet, although I have one sent me from Mr. Ambrose Ely received from Smith. I am so busy I have not read it, waiting until I get home. Mr. Ely said Smith mentioned that your feet were sore from much walking, and that Louisa was better. I am moving my office from the rear of Cherry Street, to the front over the new stable I have been erecting. New Year's day was one of the worst days I ever saw except the morning of last year, when it rained so hard. I called on the Messrs. and Mrs. Ely, but they, the gentlemen, made no calls on account of the severity of the storm. Less calls were made this year than previous years. I have lost almost this entire day seeing Wallie off, his vacation is up today; the train he went in left at half past 12 o'clock. I had to go across to Jersey City, and see the cars not only start, but wait long enough to have them reach Philadelphia so as to answer any waving of his handkerchief that might be visible. He is differ-

ent from anyone else, he wants you to go just as far as it is possible (and a little further) and then stand until he cannot see any more of you, nor you of him, nor the train either, consequently it was almost three o'clock before I reached Cherry Street. I stopped in to see Mr. Ely as I came through Frankfort Street. I told him I was already to hand him ten thousand dollars for you, with the interest since the 1st of January, he said I had better keep it till Monday as it was drawing interest. I will do so for it draws \$2.00 a day, Sunday and all, and he says he cannot invest it sooner. It seems Mr. Smith Ely told him what to do with it, to buy a certain kind of hides, and send them to the Tannery to be tanned. I am sure, My Dear Boy, they will make your money net you as much as possible. I am sure they will make your position a pleasant one. Mr. & Mrs. Becker have returned, I spent the Evening with them last Evening, they brought back Mary E.'s money with them as they found the dress would cost over double what Mary E. expected, instead of 250 Francs they wanted about six hundred. They say Americans have spoilt the Parisians, by asking the price of articles then remarking, "O how cheap! they ask so and so in New York!" without calculating that the foreign prices are Gold. I have no doubt that some things if bought of the right party would be cheap but they know an American, and stick it on.

Friday 8th, I have just returned Smith's letter, and wrote Mr. Ambrose Ely I should send the \$10,000 to him to-morrow, as the parties who had it of me and were paying interest, have returned it, or rather they will do so, to-morrow. Mr. Smith Ely in his letter to his Brother says you, and Louise, are enjoying yourselves in a rational way, that George is very economical; I am glad he has noticed that, for I was sure you would not waste your money, you know I have always felt you would not spend your money unnecessarily, consequently I always sent you when at Hanover all you asked for, and a little over. Smith's letter to his brother was very interesting; he treats his subject matter differently from you, which makes yours the more interesting; in other words he notices different objects from you, such as the Police, etc. Mr. John Elliott, and his Wife, both were quite disappointed that you did not see his friend in London; he

has been elected to Parliament. Mr. Elliott says he lives in fine style and he would have made your stay in London pleasant. He says if he could only have met you, knowing you had a letter from him, he would have shown you more of London than you could possibly have seen in any other way. I took your letter and read it to Mr. Duncan, Mr. Sherman was not in the city, they are annoyed about it. They are going to write to the French agent. I think if you have occasion to call there again they will know you. Your Mother was wonderfully disappointed that no letter has come from you, she got some fashion book, or magazine, or some other publication, from you but no letter. Mary Elizabeth was so delighted with the book Louise sent her, wonders how she ever thought of sending her such a book. It was just what she wanted. I knew as soon as I saw it it would please her. I notice some of the Ely family say Maria, you Louise, now which is right? Have her let me know, with lots of love to you both and kind regards to the Messrs. Ely from your affectionate father,

Jacob Vanderpoel.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to Mr. George B. Vanderpoel, care of Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Jan. 8th, 1869.

My dear Son:

It is over a week now since we heard from you by letter, but I have received the numbers of the "Mode Illustrée," and am very much obliged for them; the book seems quite like an old friend. I hope we will receive the remaining numbers of 1868. I have received the receipts you sent for the subscriptions to both the magazines and I am much obliged for them also. I intended to continue my subscription to the "Mode Illustrée" last year but there was some misunderstanding between Julie and Miss Demmler about it so we will let it go.

Mr. Ely received a letter from S. Ely, Jr., this week in which he alludes to your having sore feet. I am afraid you have been walking too much. I hope it is nothing serious, but you must take care of yourself, and not walk too much, particularly when you can ride so reasonably.

Mr. and Mrs. Becker have returned. They came on the "Russia," which arrived December 31st, and had a rough passage. For several days no one was allowed on deck but the officers, and crew, of the ship. They reached Paris before you did. They were there two weeks, stopping at the "Grand Hotel" and left December 5th. Mrs. Hale left at the same time they did, going to Rome, but perhaps not direct. I think very likely their name appeared in the papers as Baker. I believe it was called so in the list of passengers by the "Russia," published in the papers.

We have all missed our George very much during these holiday times. It is true we had Wallie home, but he missed you as much as any of us. He went back to school yesterday as his furlough expired then. We had unpleasant weather the greater part of the time he was at home. New Year's day it snowed, or hailed, all day, it was really a very stormy day, it was very cold, and the wind high. We had but few calls. I think there were not many made. Your Father, and the Judge, made some but probably not as many as in former years.

If you hear anything of the "Ticonderoga" you must let me know. She was at Cherbourg, France, some six weeks ago. I saw a notice in the paper of a change of her officers. I have not heard anything from Ben for a long time. I think I mentioned in my last that the Judge, and Julie, made quite a business of making presents this year, and on New Year's I had still another present from them—a very beautiful writing desk to set on a table; I am now writing on it. It contains quite an assortment of paper, and envelopes.

I hope Louise is quite well now and that your feet will soon be all right. With a great deal of love to you both, I remain,
as ever, Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care of Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Jan. 11th, 1869.

My dear Son:

Yours of December 20th came to hand this morning and I

can assure you it was very welcome. We had not heard from you for two weeks, except in the receipt of the "Mode Illustrée," and I am afraid you will be equally long without a letter, it seems the mails for Europe are not sent by the French steamers. I supposed that letters from France would be sent by the French steamers, but the papers state there was no mail for Europe on Saturday in consequence of the non-arrival of the steamer. The papers also state that the steamer "Europe" of the French line sailed, and a list of her passengers was published. Among them were Rev. Dr. W. W. Evarts of Chicago, his daughter, son-in-law, and several others of their party. They will be joined by the Dr.'s son who is now in Europe, and visit Palestine. They expect to make the trip, and return, in about six months.

It is strange your letter was so long coming. Mr. S. Ely, Jr.'s, letter to his brother was received last week and I think it was mailed one day later date.

I am sorry you put yourself to so much trouble, and inconvenience, to obtain Holiday presents for us. I know it must have given you a great of trouble on account of your not being familiar with the language. We have heard nothing of them as yet but if you sent by the European Express I suppose we shall in a day or two; if not, we will inquire at the office, but there may be more than one European Express, which can be ascertained on inquiry. We shall appreciate very highly what you have sent and will thank you now in advance, and whatever it may be, shall prize it very highly as a token of affection. I assure you we missed you both very much on Christmas, and New Year, days. We frequently spoke of you, wondering where you were and what you were doing, but I could not help thinking that the household in 23rd St. was even more lonely than ours, one-half being absent.

I am very glad to hear you called on Miss Demmler. You saw the right one. Julie is sorry you did not go sooner; she thinks you would have found it an advantage, and so you liked her? I have a great desire to see her and also to see Bourg-la-reine.

Your Father has fulfilled his promise to you and deposited with Mr. A. K. Ely \$10,000 for you. I have seen Mr. E.'s

receipt, and must congratulate you in consequence. I hope by its assistance you will be able to earn for yourself, and little wife, a comfortable support.

With a great deal of love I remain,

Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

I have just discovered there is no French steamer this week. I see, by referring to their advertisement, there is no steamer from January 9th until January 23rd, so we will have to send our letters by the Cunarder on Wednesday; I think it is the "China." She has just arrived. The notice is in this morning's papers. Can it be possible that she will be ready to sail on Wednesday, giving her only Monday and Tuesday to discharge, and take in cargo? The German steamers are slow. I think you will get this sooner if we keep it for the "China" than if we send it tomorrow by the German steamer.

I have not written to you as often lately as I would because I thought your Father was writing to you *once*, if not *twice*, a week. I do not think I have *omitted* writing *any* week, but lately I have written the last instead of the first of the week. I cut the enclosed from the "Post"; the other papers say there was no mail for Europe instead of England as the Post says.

Tuesday, 12th.

I have kept this to go by the Cunard steamer tomorrow instead of sending it by the German line, I think it will reach you sooner. The box you sent has not arrived yet but it may not come for some days. Packages by express do not generally reach their destination as soon as letters do.

I have just had a call from Mrs. Morgan, who inquired after you as she generally does. She is, as usual, magnificently dressed. Did you see or hear anything of Mrs. Harbeck, and her daughter Alvira, while you were in Paris? I hear they are keeping house there.

I see by the last number of the Register that Mr. and Mrs. Violet are at the Hotel Chatham. Two more numbers of the "Mode Illustrée" came today. Are you learning French now?

I suppose you will be obliged to learn some and perhaps will be able to get along a little better in Paris in the Spring.

C. A. V.

CLIPPING ENCLOSED IN LETTER OF JAN. 11, 1869.
NO MAIL TO-DAY FOR ENGLAND.

A singular incident occurred to-day in regard to the English mail. At the Postoffice there are piles of mail bags duly sealed, but not delivered, owing to the fact that there is no mail steamer now in port to receive them. The Inman steamer due last Monday has not yet arrived, nor have the Cunard steamer, "China," or the Hamburg steamers, yet been heard from.

It is supposed that these steamers have all encountered the heavy westerly gales which have lately occurred on the ocean.

We have received the following from the agent of the Associated Press:

"Owing to the non-arrival of the steamship 'Etna,' the European mails which were to have been dispatched to-day are detained until next Tuesday, when they will go forward by the Hamburg-American steamer 'Allemagne.' In no previous season has bad weather on the Atlantic so seriously interrupted mail communication."

There was also enclosed in this letter the visiting card of Mr. Hooker, 130 Piazza di Venezia, Palazzo Bonaparte.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, esq., care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

January 12, 1869.

My dear Son and Daughter:

Your welcome letter to me, as well as the Family letter of the 20th of December, containing bill of lading, was gladly received. It was so long since we had heard from you that we really began to despair. I called several times at the Messrs. Elys' store to learn all they knew in regard to your welfare but I found they, like ourselves, had heard but little of you for some time. They received a letter yesterday at the same time we did, from Louise,

containing a bill of lading. I am sorry you gave yourselves any trouble in sending us anything, although it is appreciated; still, *my dear, dear children*, we will take the will for the deed. I am glad you did not send any gloves, or perfumery, for the charges on them would eat up all the difference in cost, and, as far as I am concerned, I don't think I shall need any for the next eighteen months. I should, when you return, like some Lubin, and I will name the kinds.

Why don't Mr. Smith Ely, and his brother, remain absent till next Fall? I will attend to anything they have to do here. They will never get abroad again, and when they return, will be about the time folks go out of town. Why not spend the summer abroad? If they will do so, I will then coax you, and Louise, to do the same. I will gladly pay your expenses. You can draw on me for all you need. I paid last Saturday Ten Thousand and eighteen Dollars to Mr. Ambrose Ely for you, being what I promised you. The Eighteen Dollars was interest from January 1st; the interest to the 1st of January I gave you before you left, in *foreign gold*. Mr. Ambrose Ely says Mr. Smith Ely told him of a certain kind of hides to buy, and send to some tanner, when I should leave this money with him. *Rest assured they will study your, and Louise's, interest.* They look on you as one of them, and you are in good hands. I hope with this amount you may be able to add to it and make your own living. When I began the world I had only *Fifty Dollars, earned by hard knocks*. I had no one to hand me so much as One Hundred Dollars. You are a good, dutiful boy and I hope, and pray, you will do well. *I know you are conservative in your habits.* You have but one habit that I know of that I really wish you had not, that is *smoking*. I do detest tobacco. I do so hate it that I wish it did not grow. I cannot see what there is in it so fascinating. I think it perfectly disgusting. Your Mother was remarking last evening she thought it singular that the Messrs. Ely did not, while on the other side, remain till Fall, as we all go away during the summer months, and I have no doubt Mr. Ambrose Ely, and the business here can be easily attended to, and I think Edward's, and Louise's health would be benefitted by the stay. Not that we wish to

have you away from us so long, but, as you are away, I, for one, want you to see and enjoy yourself all you can.

The "Monitor" we get regularly, I believe. I know one number came to hand this morning. I think the French steamers do not carry the mail; at any rate if they do, they only sail every two weeks. Mr. Ambrose Ely said he would have his brother, Willie, go down to the Post Office, and learn all the particulars, and let me know. I wrote you, however, in time for any steamer that went last Saturday, but the papers on Sunday said no mails were dispatched for Europe on Saturday, on account of the long voyage of late there is no regular communication with Europe. Your letter was over twenty days coming. It was dated the 20th; Louise's to her brother, the 21st; they reached here so we got them on the 11th of January. Now you see we have delays as well as yourself.

I enclose Mr. Ely's receipt for *your money*; don't lose it. I also send you the receipt from Duncan & Sherman. I went down there, and told them the story; then they wrote asking as a great favour if I would send a copy to them of what you wrote. They returned it with this note. I enclose it so you can see they are going to write the interesting banker giving him a reprimand.

We have one letter from Wallie since he went back, in which he says he is so homesick. It was written the next day after his return no doubt. He missed his home, but this will soon wear off. I hear almost daily from Mary E. and John, they were delighted with the book you sent; it was just the thing. The postage from Europe was very reasonable, it costs much more from here to St. Paul. I think the postage was 33 cents, and that I did not think was high. It weighed over five ounces.

Remember me to the Messrs. Ely. With lots of love to you and Louise, from

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

P. S. When the express arrives I will inform you of it. Much obliged to you for your trouble and thoughtfulness. We shall appreciate whatever it may be. I would gladly write

you longer letters if I only knew what to write about as I know any line from home is appreciated. It is very hard for me to write at any time, but I feel that I must write you if only a few lines. Adieu, dear children, I hope you will be returned to us all safe and well.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York, January 15th, 1869.

My Dear Son and Daughter:

Your very, very welcome letter to us all, as well as the one to your Mother, of Dec. 27th was duly received, it came to hand while we were at breakfast. As I was anxious to get to Cherry Street as early as possible, your family letter was left till I got home this Evening, the one to your Mother I heard read. You have no idea how much its contents benefitted your Mother, and myself, no other members of the family were present when we read it. What a surprise, and pleasure, it must have been to Benny to see you. We were in hopes you would have seen him but we had very little hope, expecting as a matter of course he would perhaps have just left any place you might happen to visit, and that would have been so provoking, only think of your falling in with him so fortunately on Christmas Day. He has an excellent position writing the account, or history of the voyage. Benny is well calculated for anything of that kind, being a ready writer and good at expressing his ideas, he can illustrate too beautifully, Benny has some rare talents, I don't wonder they were willing to offer him inducements to take the place, as but few could fill that position, and travel on shipboard on account of sea sickness; that don't affect him at all. After serving so long in our war, and suffering as he did in those infernal Southern Prisons, his health is shattered, and it was wise for him to take the position he did. I suppose he feels as you and all of us did. It was a position rather degrading but I don't know after all that we ought to look at it in that light. Ship's writer is a position but few can fill. I suppose he wears the ship's dress. I am glad his health has improved, we shall be glad to see him when he returns. I cannot but repeat I am so glad you saw

him; he must have been surprised not only to see you, but to know you were married. I am sure he has not got our letters as we have been sending them after he left the places we would write to. I am glad you are now in a warmer climate, from accounts I have had of others, Nice must be delightful at this season of the year. Mr. Evarts, and his family, sailed last Saturday, you know who I mean, the Rev. Mr. Evarts. He is now settled in Chicago; formerly of our City. Runyan Martin is in Rome, unless he has left for Palestine. Mary Elizabeth is going to write you to do some little commands for her when you get back to Paris. You have circular notes and you can use them for her and if you want more I can send them to you. Your Sister expected Mrs. Becker to do for her what she is going to ask you to do. It seems everything had so advanced in price that Mrs. Becker found Mary E.'s instructions could not be carried out. What she expected for about fifty dollars in Gold, I believe they want at least seventy-five, if not more. I shall be glad to have you do for Sister what you can. I shall want nothing, nothing but some perfumery, Lubin's. I will write you some time what I want, big bottles are best. I intend the first good opportunity that offers to ask Mr. Ambrose Ely if he does not think you had all better remain absent till June, or July, if not till Fall, and see what he says; when I do so I will write you what he thinks, or says, about it. I don't know the nature of Mr. Smith Ely's engagements. It may be the business would not allow of it. This perhaps I can get from the "Deacon." Wallie's letter, the last one received this morning, comes full of homesickness. He says he never was so homesick before and he cannot stand it. Poor fellow, it is a terrible feeling, that, and seasickness, are terrible. I know what both are. I am in hopes he will soon get over it. When he left I loaded him down with grapes, figs, prunes, dates, raisins, and any quantity of nuts, which I thought would keep him from being homesick; he is in for it now and must stick to it. I am expecting a great treat in reading your family letter, after I get home this Evening. I presume the same steamer brought the "Deacon" some letters from Smith; his letters, I have read several of them, are more of a political character. I don't know that I ought to say political

but he appears to be observing how public affairs are managed, which with us would come under the head of political observations, in his letters he speaks of you, and Louise, enjoying yourself. I am glad you are, I only hope you will both be benefitted in health, as well as knowledge. I have had but one letter, and that very short from Louise. I was in hopes I would have had another 'ere this. We only have a French steamer leave here every two weeks, and I am not sure they carry the mail. Your Mother finds it impossible to write oftener than once a week, but I have made it a rule to write you twice a week. The Steamers make long voyages both ways and this accounts for the long intervals. I believe I have written you that I have made an engagement to meet John, and Mary E., at Savannah, and go with them to St. Augustine about the 2nd of March. I don't know how you will fare for letters when I am away, for it will be, I am afraid, impossible to sit down, and write, in a Southern Hotel; still I will not say you shall be neglected. I am so interrupted while writing the last page that really I do not know what I am writing. It does not disturb some persons when people are talking to them, but it does me. I came down this morning early expecting no interruptions, now I have been at my desk from Four o'clock, and now it is near Five, and after this I have to write Wallie, and Mary E. With much love to Louise and yourself,

Your affectionate Father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Julia V. Loew to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

January 15th, 1869.

My dear Brother :

It was agreed between Mother, and I, that she would write during the week, and I would wait until Saturday's mail, but there is no French Steamer this week so I cannot follow your advice as I intended doing. Your splendid letter, from Nice, arrived this morning. I have already heard the family letter twice & expect to hear it again this evening, for we always read

them in the evening after dinner. Fred will even consent to be a little late at his bank for the sake of reading them. I have wanted to go to Nice terribly ever since reading what you say about it. I have always longed to see the South of France, the Demmlers had relations living near Toulouse, and they used to talk very much about it. I think judging from what I have heard people say, you will find the south of France pleasanter than Italy.

The Miss Demmler you saw is the Miss Demmler par excellence, "Le chef d'établissement," I am sorry you did not know it. If you had seen Madam Demmler, who by the way, had nothing to do with the school, you would not have enjoyed it much, for she speaks no English, nor can she understand it. Miss Demmler must have made herself very agreeable, or Bourg-la-Reine has changed exceedingly, since I was there, for you seemed pleased with the place and I remember it only as a dismal kind of an old hole, but Seaux, Robinson, and several other of the villages in the neighborhood are very quaint and pretty. I have often thought it a pity Miss D. had not chosen Versailles, or some other of the environs of Paris. If she had I think her school would have done better. Didn't you think you were never going to reach Bourg-la-Reine, riding out there in the way you did? You would have reached there in a much shorter time by railroad, you must have seen the station at the foot of Chemin-de-fer street. You must have gone out from Paris on what at B. la R. is called la Grande rue. Now when you come to rue Chemin-de-fer, where Miss D. lives, if you turned to the right you could not possibly help seeing the station, it is only one block off. Miss D. will call on you when you return to Paris, if you send her word, you must give her time though, for she cannot leave every, or any day. She never goes to cheap places unless you tell her where you want to go, but of course shop keepers know better than to impose on her as they often do on strangers. In the old part of Paris you must beat the shop keepers down. Miss Amilie D., the second sister, is splendid at that, but you could not get her, she is bashful on meeting strangers. Mother is going to make you out a list of places for your use when you go again. It is a perfect wonder to me how you succeeded so

well in finding the places, and in subscribing for the two fashion books. How I would like to be with you, Mother has said that if you were not coming home so early in the Spring she might go over to be in Paris with you. I wish she would, she would enjoy it I know. Give much love to Louise from Fred, and I, keeping a good share for yourself, and remember us kindly to Mr. Smith Ely, Jr., the other Mr. E. we do not know. I am glad you are enjoying yourselves, how I wish I were with you. Good-bye, with much love again, believe me as always very affectionately your sister,

JULIE.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

January 18th, 1869.

My dear Son and Daughter:

I commence this letter today, and shall finish it tomorrow, so as to leave with Wednesday's Steamer. You cannot form any idea the pleasure your letter to your Mother gave her, and me, to think you should have met Benny so unexpectedly. To think he should have been so long in Marseilles, and just stop long enough for you to see him, then leave, and then your meeting him again at Nice. How strange are the events of Providence! how rejoiced he must have been to see you! I should not wonder if Benny was able to write a very interesting book, one that would sell well. Benny is a fine writer, designs beautifully, and is good at embellishing, etc. I hope you may meet again. The "Deacon" is quite pleased with your family letters, he looks for them as regularly as we do, and appears to take as great interest, and I don't wonder at it, for they are full of interest. He sent me one from Smith today to read. It was very interesting, but as I have remarked before, he treats of matters different from those you write of. I hope you both, I mean Louise, and yourself, will continue in health. Louise I want to see increase in flesh. She ought to come home quite a Dutchwoman, or Frenchwoman, or some other kind of foreigner, a travelling among them, and seeing so much of them one is apt to resemble them more or less. You recollect

what a Dutchwoman Julie returned home. I think your letter giving such a glowing description of the Country, and Climate you have just passed through, will make Mary E. feel as though she would prefer being in Europe to Saint Paul. I am sure from the tone of her letters they are heartily sick of so cold a climate. Thermometer 30 & 40 Degrees below Zero. I tell you I don't like this freezing to Death. We have had in New York this Winter so far quite mild weather, but it is sloppy and bad walking. I have said nothing to the "Deacon" yet about prolonging your stay for a month, or two, longer if not until fall. I don't know as it is best to speak to him for some time yet, as he may not know exactly how matters in the way of business may shape. W. H. Smith, formerly of Madison Avenue, brother to Walter, is staying in Paris, has been there some years, or more, and likes it so well he will continue there for some years yet. He is very wealthy, sold his house here, which he has re-rented, and, for want of one, is staying in Europe until some change takes place in the price, or hours, of labor. I should not be surprised if Masons, and Plasterers, get Six, and Seven, Dollars, the day next Summer, what a terrible state of things for those who want to build. I shall not know until after the first of February what Dr. Dickinson will do about our house as to renewal of the lease. Tuesday, 19th, snowed all night, stopping with the dawn of day. It came down very gentle, and quiet, no wind, consequently we have no drifts. It is about six inches deep, very dry and light, & I have no doubt will pass off very soon. Your Mother's time is taken up with her domestic affairs, she has Mrs. Hunt, the dressmaker, one day, and sometimes two, each, and every week. Whether she works for her whenever she comes I cannot say, one thing I do know, she takes up her time preparing for her, and devoting her attention to her when she is here; and then she has to write Mary E. once a week, Wallie not less than twice, so if you get a letter from her once a week it is about all you can expect, consequently I make an extra effort to scribble you something twice a week. I know that you would be only too glad if you could get one letter daily from home. If our friends only knew the pleasure their letters give us they would write oftener. I write Mary E. daily, Wallie also, so you see I have got myself in good

business. We have not returned the Messrs. & Mrs. Ely's call yet, nor do I know when we will. I had tickets for a Masquerade Ball last Evening but did not go. I also had them for a Jew Ball, but that I neglected to attend. You know I, and your Mother, are not very fond of going out. I have just received a letter from Mary E. stating they will not spend another Winter in St. Paul. I have written her if she does not like the South in our own Country they had better go to the south of France and have sent them your letter speaking of the great and pleasant change since you left Paris. We are all in our usual health. The Express has not yet come to hand. I suppose I shall hear from it, as the Messrs. Ely are on the lookout. With much love to you both, remember me with kind regards to the Messrs. Ely from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care of Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

January 22nd, 1869.

My dear Son:

Julie wrote you by last Sunday's mail, but as there was no French Steamer sailing on that day, I wrote the previous Wednesday, and, as I am writing for the Saturday Steamer this week, there will be more than a week's interval between my letters. The "Ville de Paris" made quite a quick voyage, she came in 12 days, the vessels arriving just before her had long passages, but the "Java" has beaten her. She came in ten days from Queenstown. I had to answer your very interesting letters of the 27th December, we were all very much pleased, and surprised, to hear of your visit to Benny, it was certainly very remarkable that the "Ticonderoga" should have been at Marseilles just long enough for you to get there, and have an opportunity of visiting her, if she had sailed a day or two sooner you might have missed her at all the different points. When last I heard of the "Ticonderoga," she was at Cherbourg. I wrote Benny there, and directed to the care of the American Consul, Cherbourg, France, I suppose he did not get my letters as he did not mention it. There may be other

letters for him there, he ought to write to the Consul about it, if you do not see him again you might write telling him of my letter. It was written about the 20th of November, and probably reached its destination early in December. I would like him to get that letter. I have heard nothing from Mr. Redmond, and suppose they are going on as usual there, it may be a comfort to Benny to know this much if you should see him, or write to him. I had no idea you would see him even at the time I mentioned it to you, there seemed to be so little chance of his vessel being in any port just at the time you were there, but I am very glad you, and he, met. I have no doubt he was delighted to see you. I think the best thing he can do is to try, and get promoted, then his position may be more pleasant, and, if possible, remain on the "Ticonderoga" until his two years are up, which will be in Sept., but I suppose he has no choice in the matter. You seem to be delighted with the south of France, your glowing descriptions make one feel quite in the notion of visiting that beautiful region, after spending some weeks in that warm climate I fear you will find Germany, and Switzerland, too cold for you in April. I do not know that you will find it too cold, but the delicate ones may. Your Father saw Mr. A. K. Ely the other day, and he says he told Mr. S. E. Jr., before he left, that he had better stay a year. I do not know how you all feel about it. You would certainly enjoy a visit to Switzerland a great deal more in the summer, it is cold even in mid-summer in those mountain regions. I am told August is a very pleasant month to cross the ocean. We have not received the "Moniteur" yet although we have two copies of "Mode Illustrée," perhaps they expect us to send to their agent in Walker St. for it. The first time I go down town I will enquire. How are you to be reimbursed for these subscriptions if you do not go to Duncan Sherman & Co.'s correspondent? I think they will be more polite when you go again. There will be other things we would like to have you get for us, and I know of no other way for you to get back the money, however. I would like to have a few French postage stamps as soon as you can get them conveniently, so that we can write directly to parties we wish to buy things from in Paris, and receive their answers. The stamps are for their answers, and for such things as we write for, in this

way you will only have to pay for them and bring them home. There is a book Julie would like from Madame Raymond of the "Mode Illustrée," but she wants to write, making some enquiries, and wishes to send a stamp to pay the postage on the reply. It has just occurred to me that it is not necessary to prepay letters from France, if that is so you need not trouble yourself about the stamps. The first number of the "Moniteur" has just come. We have not used the Wells, Fargo Express yet, I believe the express takes a much longer time than the mail. The "Bon Diable," I believe, a gentlemen's furnishing store, or it may be a tailor's store, the "Bon Diable" I mention is a dry goods store. I have some other addresses I will send you before you go to Paris again, if we really do go to St. Augustine in March, I may send them before long for fear I should forget them. I asked you in one of my letters to send us a paper occasionally. I do not care for newspapers in Italian, or Spanish, or even German, although Julie might like to see a German paper. I enjoy looking over the English, and French, papers very much, but you need not trouble yourself about sending Italian ones, as we do not understand that language, and whenever you do send one it is just as well to send one you have read, it would be new to us, you know. Poor Wallie is very homesick since has gone back to school, he had a cough when he came home which was not well when he went back, besides he had had the ear ache, he is very anxious to have us visit him, which is not a very desirable trip at the present, the weather being cold, and considerable snow on the ground. Your Father received a letter from Dr. Smith yesterday proposing to him to establish a "Vanderpoel scholarship." Your Father is not feeling very well, he has two sore fingers that are very painful so he does not feel like answering the doctor's letter just now. I should have thought it a more appropriate time to make such a request while you were a student of the College, for when a person has a son starting in life they are very likely to require their spare cash to assist the beginner, at least so it seems to me. I expected something of the kind while you were in College, but I did not expect he would call on him so soon after you graduated. Dr. Pearlet is to lecture the young men on the use of tobacco and alcoholic drinks, I think it is this evening. I wish

you could hear him on tobacco. I know full well he will not speak in its praise. You must not forget your promise to me that you would give up its use when you went into business. I believe I mentioned to you that Dr. Evarts of Chicago (our former pastor) had sailed for Europe, intending to visit Palestine. He is with quite a party, and I would not be surprised if you should be in Rome at the same time they are, so if you hear the name you will know it is an old friend of ours, though he left the Church a long time ago; it was about the time of Julie's birth. Mr. Martin with his two daughters (Mrs. Todd and Miss Blanche,) and, I believe, a son are somewhere in the south of Europe, Venice I think, they too will be likely to visit Rome during the Carnival. I mention these because I think it may be pleasant for you to know that some persons with whom we are acquainted are not far off, and I think you are acquainted with Miss M. I hope the fine weather which you are now enjoying will be a permanent benefit to Maria Louise's health, it will be necessary for her to be very careful of herself in Rome. With a great deal of love to you both, and kind regards to the Messrs. Ely I remain as ever

Your affectionate Mother.

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

P. S. We received a nice long letter from Genoa the night before last, and a pamphlet on Nice, yesterday.

Note by the Editor:

The meeting with Bennie at Nice was the last meeting between him, and his brother, George. Bennie died abroad, and George and he never met again.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

January 22, 1869

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

Your delightful letter of the 2nd was received on the 20th giving us great pleasure.

I was handed, by the "Deacon" one to read from Smith (from Genoa).

I was in hopes you would have seen Benny again before your final separation.

The express, we are looking for anxiously. I stopped in at the store as I passed through Frankfort St. this morning to learn what they knew about it. They said they expected some tidings tomorrow (Monday), they were sure about it. When they get their letters they will be glad to see ours.

I recollect a Jew by the name of Moise. He used to do business in Augusta, Georgia, afterwards at Charleston, S. C. I never knew of his doing business in New York.

Dr. Dickinson's brother, John, with his family are in Rome. He is a clever fellow but he loves the bottle most too well. He will keep himself all right for three, or four, months and then will go on a regular bust, but he is a pleasant fellow.

The country through which you are travelling must be most delightful. What a contrast from our own. Here we have snow, slush, and mud. You make your Mother, and I believe, your Grandma, feel as though they would like to migrate to where you are. I don't wonder our citizens like to spend the winter in the south of France, or Italy. I have heard much of Florence, and the cheap living. I presume however that has advanced all over the continent. At least I hear those I am acquainted with who speak on the subject say so, and that, within the last few years, prices have advanced greatly. I have no doubt our American people have been the cause of it. Most of the class that go from among us, go to make a display and they love to let themselves out even if they have to come back and work hard to make up. The world is made up of considerable Hot air.

I had a long conversation a few days since with Mr. Ambrose Ely about what he thought of you lengthening your stay on the other side. He said that he felt some interest in that, and was glad I spoke of it. He said that he remarked to Mr. Smith Ely before he left home, that he had better stay one year, but he said no, six months was as long as he could think of being absent, and would certainly be back in the spring. He thought, (the "Deacon") however when he once got over the broad ocean, he might change

his mind. And I understood the "Deacon" that he had but lately written him to stay longer. He said he thought as I did. You are now over there and the concern here would manage the business affairs, and it would be well if Mr. S. would only make up his mind to stay till fall. You certainly ought to visit Switzerland, and the summer months is the time for that, not only that, you are travelling entirely too rapidly. If you staid longer in each place you would have what you see rooted, and grounded well, in your minds so that you would never forget it. But seeing so much you are apt to forget, as it is impossible to retain what you see when you are crowding new matter continually on top of the old. I don't believe you will ever be able to go abroad again no matter how much you may promise yourselves. You are now away, and you are learning so much, and seeing so much, I do wish Mr Smith Ely might be prevailed on to lengthen his stay. I wish you would tell him how I feel, and ask him for me, if he does not think while he is away the business will be attended to here, being in good hands.

In July folks begin to depart for the watering places or for their country seats, consequently he would do well to make his return by the first of September. Then he would come back knowing as much of Europe as those who have been two or three years away. And you will all be in so much better health, as it is so fatiguing to travel so rapidly. I do think Edwin, and Louise's, health will be greatly benefitted while you and Smith will be acquiring knowledge. You are in a grand school. Your Mother told me I ought to see the "Deacon" two or three weeks ago and see what he thought of it but I hesitated speaking to him on the subject thinking he felt as though he could not do without his two brothers, so I was agreeably surprised when I found it was his wish and desire that they would remain. I tell you George the "Deacon" is a wonderful man. I am delighted with him and he thinks as much of his brothers as any father could of his children. You cannot imagine how pleased he seemed to be when I spoke of your staying longer just as if that might assist in their doing just what he had been wishing. William was by at the time and he said they could stay just as well as not, and he hoped they would. As a matter of course I don't wish to interfere in their

arrangements, but I thought it might do no harm to make the suggestion. I was talking with a gentleman only yesterday who returned very recently, having been absent some six months, who regrets he did not stay one year. At least he said it was so much easier staying while he was away than to get off again, and his advice was to any one going over, not to stay less than one year.

Wallie has been discontented ever since his return after vacation. His letters are doleful. For some days he complains of being quite sick. Bad cold &c. with a severe ear ache. This latter he says he has had for four days. And in his letter today he requests I would write to Col. Hyatt to put him in the Hospital which I have done. I hope he will soon get all right again.

I have been, and am still, suffering with a terribly sore finger. What it is, is more than I can tell. It troubles me very much, especially at night. It is something like a run-around. I only wish it would get round, and stop. I suppose I shall lose the nail.

I understand the "Deacon" has had another one of those Job comforters. Our family, and Mr. Ely, are all well. I suppose the Messrs. Ely will keep Smith posted up by almost every mail that leaves our port. I endeavor all I can to let you know the most important and desirable information. Mary E, if not already, will write you about one or two dresses.

Don't trouble yourself to bring home anything for me except some of Lubin's perfumery. Let me know when I had better tell you the kinds. I am afraid if I send the names too long ahead you will lose the memorandum, and consequently I defer sending them till later in the spring.

Give my love to Louise, retaining a share for yourself.

Don't fail to give my respects to the Messrs. Ely.

I do think it must be so delightful where you are now. I do not wonder that Nice, Genoa, Florence, and Rome, are visited as they are during the winter months.

We expect to leave our city about the 2nd of March to meet Mary E, at Savannah, and thence go on to Florida.

With much love to you both, and a big kiss. I am your affectionate father,

J. VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Julia V. Loew to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

January 23rd, 1869.

My Dear Brother, and Sister :

Your long looked for package has come at last, and a real treat we did have in seeing it unpacked. To me, you know, anything coming from Paris has a particular and peculiar charm, even to the paper wrapped around the articles, which I begged Mother to save, telling her it was quite different from the paper one sees here. So you can perhaps have some idea how pleased and delighted I was with your beautiful present. It is just what I should have chosen myself had I been there to choose. I see you remembered my weakness, or rather I should say two of them. One, Paris perfumery, and the other, when you sent Fred, and I, chocolate. I am going to have him express his own thanks. I am sorry you troubled yourselves as I know you did, in getting us anything. We felt confident of your kind feelings without any such proof. I have thought that nothing could induce me to take the trouble you have done, in any country where I did not have command of the language.

When I was in Paris at first, though I had plenty of money, I contented myself with looking at things. Something quite unusual with me, I assure you, because I was afraid I might make mistakes in asking for things I wanted.

I wish you were going to stay longer in Europe, and that Father, and Mother, would come over, and join you, for I think if they don't go while you are there they never will, and Father would enjoy it very much. Don't you think he would? I enjoyed looking at the book of Paris views you sent. I think them very good. The others I have not had a good opportunity of seeing yet.

When you "do" the Rhine you ought not to neglect seeing the little castle of Holtzenfels, I think it is a few miles north of Coblenz, quite a pleasant little ride, and it is a beautiful little castle entirely restored. It was a ruin. But perhaps you will have seen so many finer that it would not pay you to stop, unless indeed you intend visiting Ehrenbreitstein, the fortress opposite Coblenz.

I am afraid you will have to travel too early in the spring to see the Rhine country in its beauty. I wonder if you will find coming back to Paris like coming home as much as I did?

La Suisse, I suppose you will not visit, unless your time is extended. It would be too cold.

Cards came for you yesterday for a reception at Judge Barnard's. Mrs. B. is supposed, isn't she? to be one of your admirers. Mrs. Marks, another, you know, enquired very particularly after you.

I promised to leave Fred some space so I must bid you adieu. I shall always keep the present you sent as a souvenir of your wedding trip, and the thought that you remembered me then will make it the more highly prized. Thanking you again, many, many times, believe me as ever, very affectionately your sister,

JULIE.

Thanks, many thanks, my dear Brother, and Sister, for your goodness in remembering poor me, in La Belle France.

It was real kind of you to send Julie, and me, that chocolate. We all, including my mother, and brothers, had a taste of it, and the unanimous verdict was that it was splendid.

I was real glad to see by your last letter that you are all enjoying good health, and that you are becoming more and more pleased as you progress in your travels.

Be pleased to accept for yourselves my very best wishes for your future enjoyment and happiness while sojourning in the Old World, and believe me,

Very truly your brother,

FRED.

Please be good enough to remember me to Mr Smith Ely.
No 262 Broadway.

Corner of Warren St.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co.,
Paris, France.

28 Cherry St., New York.

January 23rd, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

I wrote you yesterday so as to be in time for the mail of this morning and I had no more than done so when along came the package you sent us by express. I took it home with

me, and your Mother, GrandMa, Julie, the Judge, and all of us, took great pleasure in opening the different packages. All came safe in good order and I assure you never was an express received with more pleasure. The charges were \$2.75. I noticed the "Deacon" paid the same. I did not ask what it was for, as I was only too glad to get it, but your Mother asked me if I paid anything, and I told her yes \$2.75. She wanted to know what it was for, as you said all charges were paid, and I told her I did not ask. Julie, GrandMa, and your Mother, are very very much pleased with what you sent them. The chocolate was just what suited the Judge, as his mother thinks so much of French chocolate; he said he would take it to her, Julie said he should do no such thing, it was just what she wanted, so he concluded he would divide give Julie half, but she said no, if his mother got one small piece that ought to suffice, it had come too far, and was too good for every one to have, so they managed she should have one of the pieces that had France on. Julie is quite pleased with her little trunk with the bottle of perfume, and as for Grandma I don't know as the old lady slept any all night worshipping it, hers was the case with scissors, thimble, etc., etc. Your Mother too, was delighted. As for Mary E. she will express her pleasure when she gets it, when that will be I cannot say, but she shall have it the first opportunity there is of sending it to her. Wallie will be pleased with his cravats, and as for myself I am the more delighted you sent me nothing, as I know the intent was good, and I am one that don't care for these little things as some do. As for gloves I have enough to last for two or three years, perfumery I shall order. It was very thoughtful in you, and Louise, in remembering the absent ones in this way and what you selected is beautiful, I am sure Mary E. will be most pleased with her Medallion Stand, it is really beautiful. I have only a few moments before the mail closes to scribble you a few lines to let you know the express arrived, and how much pleasure it has given us all. Now don't tax yourself in selecting articles to bring home, as it is attended with much anxiety and trouble. The Confectionery came safe and very fresh. I have a very sore finger, it is no better. We feel worried about Wallie since he writes he is so sick with the Ear Ache. We are all in our usual good health, and

all moves on in its even turn. With much love to you both from one and all of us, with kind regards to Mr. Smith Ely, and Brother, I remain,

Your affectionate Father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

N. B. I have had sent me a circular of Dartmouth, also the Baccalaureate Sermon, or oration, or whatever you call it, delivered by Dr. Smith, together with a letter wishing a donation for a scholarship. I think I shall do it. (over the left)

Mrs. John Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 24, 1869.

My dear George,

Father send me your letters to him so that I am enabled to follow you in your travels which I enjoy very much, having visited so many of those places myself that you write about. Of course we did not reach them in the same way, for we reached Marseilles by rail from Barcelona in Spain, having crossed Spain and Portugal from Lisbon. I should like very much to have seen Nice. We went from Marseilles to Naples by steamer; our object was to reach Italy as quickly as possible as it was getting late in the season, it was then May. We were in Rome on Ascension Day.

The Rev. Dr. Van Nest is preaching in Florence, I wish you could see him. If you go to his church, wait and speak to him after service; the Dr. is a nice man. They were in Rome when we were and we dined with them there. I know them both very well. It is not necessary for you to have a letter to them. I would like very much to hear from Mrs. Van Nest, and if you speak to the Dr. tell him so and give my love to him for Mrs. V. N. The Dr. joked with me a good deal and said that I never spoke of John except as "him", "as if there was only one man in the world"; every little while he would roar out laughing and say who is "him". I presume I said it more than I was aware of. I repeat this to show you that he must have felt pretty well acquainted or he would not speak of anything that I might say in that way.

The Beckers were registered at Norton & Co.; they were only in Paris for about ten days in all, and only two after your arrival; they were also at the Grand Hotel. When we were in Paris we remained for over a month; we went to a small hotel on the Rue Neuve St. Augustine, two blocks from the Grand Hotel. We had very nice apartments, our breakfast in our room whenever we rang for it and dinner at table d'hote. I have forgotten the name of the hotel, but it was a very good one; the table was excellent.

Since I have been disappointed in getting anything by Mrs. Becker, will you and Louise be kind enough to bring them for me? I will write Madame all about them, so that the only responsibility will be the packing, and that you can have done by a professional packer at any trunk place, for 10 or 15 francs the trunk, it seems to me I learned a great deal of the art, just watching him fold my dresses, to say nothing of the relief of having no trouble in the matter.

I have learned one thing from Mrs. Becker, viz., Madame Brignon has moved to the opposite side of the street. The old address was 71 Rue St. Honore. Mrs. B. went there and was directed to her new number. Unfortunately she does not know the new number, but I shall try to get a letter to her by directing it to her old number, so that she may have everything ready and there may be no detention. It was real provoking, Madame misunderstood my note. I limited her in the price for the silk, and she thought I expected to get it all made for that sum and of course she could not do it. I will try and make it plain this time, and in addition, I have her price—whatever she asks pay her, but I will write you again. The Mr. and Mrs. Hale from St. Paul, whose names you saw, are great friends of the Beckers. It was their house we had our first summer here. Father and Mother visited us when there, you may remember.

I have already written you, I think, about our Southern trip. I am looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure. I have never been south of Richmond, consequently it will be all new to me, and Father promises to meet us at Savannah. We are trying to persuade Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thompson to go too; they are such very pleasant people and I think that on such a trip it is so

nice to have a large party. I have always had a great desire to visit St. Augustine, and now I have strong hopes that my wishes will be gratified. I am strongly inclined to think that this will be our last winter here, that next fall we will break up and leave for good—selling off all that we will not move, and in that category will come my poor “Bessie.” I shall regret parting with her very much; also “Dandy” and “Kitty,” sleighs, wagons, carriages, etc. I shall part from our many friends here with much regret. They have shown us every kindness and attention and I have become very much attached to them. I have dear friends scattered all about whom I shall miss very much and who I know will miss me. I care more for them on this account. I feel, if they care for us at all, it is for ourselves *alone*. In N. Y. many care for us, or we do a kindness, for the sake of giving pleasure to some one who loves us, or any way, for some other reason than for liking us alone; for instance, Mother’s friends will be kind to me on her account, but here we have gained our place all ourselves. There are a great many regrets expressed, even at our absence for three months. Even my little Sunday scholars look sad when I tell them I am going away for a while; they always look so delighted when they see me coming in school. They are a nice class and I feel very much interested in them.

We expect to be in N. Y. in May. I presume that you, and Louise will be back by that time. We hope to be back here by June 1st—in fact, we must be back as soon as that. We want to rent our house if possible for the three months that we are away, but I feel rather doubtful about our finding a tenant.

We had a real nice excursion last Friday out to “White Bear Lake.” We got the party up; there were 19 of us, 11 ladies and 8 gentlemen. We took our dinner with us. The oysters, canned of course, would not thaw and in consequence our dinner was somewhat delayed. Several of us, I among the number becoming impatient, passed the time eating crackers, and peanuts, throwing the shells of the latter either at each other, or on the floor; it was uncarpeted—in fact, was swept out before by one of the gentlemen, so we felt at liberty to do as we pleased; then we all wondered, we peanut eaters, at the enormous appetites of the rest of the party. I decorated the ladies with peanut earrings,

which was a new adornment to some of the gentlemen, who wanted to know how they were fastened on. It was a lovely day and we really had a very delightful time. We left home at ten, and got back at six. It was a ride of 24 miles and is not the least pleasant part of the excursion. We have all decided that we want to go again this winter; but it will have to be deferred until we get more snow, our sleighing is about all gone. A number have out their wheeled vehicles. I use the sleighs whenever I can, I like riding in them in cold weather, one can wrap up so warmly in the robes.

They have cleaned the snow off of two long tracks on the river and made a race course and every one who owns a "fast horse" takes him there every afternoon to race, while the humbler, or less aspiring, individuals like ourselves go down there to look on. We were down yesterday afternoon; the ice was crowded. Everybody whom we knew was there, and while looking at the racing we had a chat with our friends, which I enjoyed very much. Our friends of the "White Bear Lake" party were there, and we talked over the events of the day before. You need not trouble yourself while you are so busy traveling, writing to me as Father lets me see his letters.

John joins me in love to yourself and Louise.

I remain, as ever,

Your affectionate
SISTER.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.

January 26th. 1869.

My Dear Son and Daughter

We received your very welcome letter of the 4th yesterday and I had the pleasure of hearing it read last evening. Only to think, you must have been one month without hearing from home and then getting nine letters at once couldn't have given you the pleasure that it would had they come every few days. To read so many must be monotonous, especially when the letters from me contain so little of interest, and often a mere repetition

I wrote you in my last letter the pleasure it gave me to read Dr Smith's Baccalaureate discourse. I certainly was pleased with that address and so was your Mother. How beautifully and touchingly he alludes to the young man who was drowned. Doctor Smith is a very able man.

Your letters, I think have all been received. There was a time when they did not come very regular but I am sure we have received them all. We are much pleased with your happy way of describing all you have seen &c.

Wallie has been quite home-sick, also sick with a cold and ear-ache. I wrote Col. Hyatt to let him go in the hospital at his, Wallie's, request. He writes today that he is better and we are very glad of it. He enclosed a letter in his Mother's today for you. As it was not sealed I opened it, but as the ink was very pale I had great trouble in reading it, so closed it up and shall mail it with this. I have written him to buy some better ink in Chester. I also wrote him not to make his letters so heavy. I think it spoils his writing.

I think, as you do, I got off well when attacked by six stout Pickpockets, but their getting the pocketbook with the \$47 saved me. I don't know whether I told you, or not, that I got the pocketbook back with the two checks of \$1190. It seems after they took out all they desired, they threw the book away by the Fulton Market. It was found by two small boys who went to the 4th Ward station house, told them a story of the finding of the pocketbook with the checks drawn to my order. They found me in this way, Captain Thorne of the 4th Precinct and myself being old chums. He brought two, or three, detectives to see me in order to describe the thieves. He says there being six is evident they were tracking me or in other words, watching for me. I think I should know them if I saw them together, but I doubt very much if I should otherwise, still I might.

I am sure it must be very trying for you to write such long letters as you do, and, as Benny says, in one of his letters, written when he was on the Continent with John, after one has been around all day, and comes in at night tired, they are unfit to write. None but George could do it.

The ink I am writing with is quite fashionable (Violet). I

like it very much because it flows so nicely in the pen and I think it keeps the pen much cleaner. I found with the ink I was in the habit of using, I was obliged to have a new pen almost daily, with this ink I use a pen until it wears out.

I am afflicted with two very sore fingers. Not felons but a sort of run-around. One came from running a small stick of wood in my finger. It was about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long and I supposed that I had drawn it all out, but it turns out that I left a small piece and it has had to work its way out and as it lay deep it takes time and causes pain, but the run-around, if that is what it is, is much the worse of the two. Having both at the same time has left me in rather a helpless condition. Fortunately they were both on the same hand, and that, the left. For several nights I obtained little sleep, but now they are better. Both fingers are however in a poultice.

We are all in our usual health. I enquire occasionally after the Ely family and find them all well. We ought to call on them but what with sore fingers, and the many we ought to call on, it is next to an impossibility to get there.

I am obliged to keep up my daily correspondence with Mary E., and Wallie.

Next week, after Tuesday, I shall be absent the rest of the week, as I am going to Washington; and on my return stop, and spent Saturday with Wallie. I have promised him this Saturday week I will be with him. I was very glad to hear him express himself in his letter of today that he is not only better but getting over his home-sickness. He was so petted when home I don't wonder it was hard for him to get weaned from home. Then again it seemed so long to the next vacation, 13 weeks I believe.

I do not know that I told you I moved my office out of the extreme rear building to the front part No. 26 Cherry Street over the stable where Phelps, Dodge & Co. keep their horses. The old building was so dilapidated I tore it down, and rebuilt it, which gives me quite a nice place. Then I get rid of that delightful perfumery occasioned by the tanning of Morocco. The odor was so charming I often thought of Lubin. I think if he had got hold of it he would have made it a very popular perfume, it stuck to one so well and so long. Your Mother said she could smell

it for days after I had been in Cherry St. She did not know what it was for a long time and thought it was the sewer. She told me of it, and I would get the plumber to visit the house, and hunt around, but it could not be found. After a while she told me it appeared to be confined to the wash room and after that she discovered it was my clothes. Then I was obliged to quit my quarters, when it was found that it was I who was causing this terrible commotion, and now I am in a different atmosphere.

With much love to you both from your affectionate father,
JACOB VANDERPOEL.

N. B. Give my kind regards to the Messrs. Ely.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co.,
Paris, France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.

January 28th 1869.

My Dear Son and Daughter

This is Friday which is letter day as the mail frequently closes early in the morning & if it does not, there is no time to write after I come down town in the morning. I think Julie writes you by this mail. Whether your Mother will be able to is very doubtful as she has Mrs Hunt working for her. She expected her yesterday and had she come as she should your Mother would have had the time to write you.

We are all invited to Judge Barnard's on the 4th of February. You and your wife are also invited. I wish you were here to go, as I doubt whether I shall be in the city at that time.

I want you to let me know what Smith says about lengthening his stay in Europe. I would suggest you, and Louise, staying if the others return, but I don't believe it would be advisable unless it came as a special request from "the Deacon," for if you are to have any interest in their business it is all important that you should be entirely under their influence. If Smith should say, "Now George, You and Louise had better stay. Edwin and I must return home, but you can stay" you had better tell him you do not know how you can stay any better than they, as you understand you are to have some interest in their business from 1st of January, you suppose they will require you to return and attend

to certain duties. If Smith says there is no occasion for your return, he can attend to all that is to be done as well as not, and desires you to stay, tell him you would like to know what Mr. Ambrose Ely would say to that as you would not like to do anything to displease him but would wish to be guided by what he might suggest. Let him think you feel a desire to attend to business, as you now have a wife to support, you would like to be doing something towards it. Don't let him think you are anxious to stay, but I do think it would be a great advantage to you, and Louise's health would be much benefitted and if you are here you will want to jaunt around during the summer.

If you should stay I do not intend to have you break in on any part of that Ten Thousand Dollars I have given you, but honour all your drafts so that you can keep that sacred. I don't intend to have you, if you are home, or abroad, broach one dollar of that until after the first of Jany. next, in order to let you add the first years accumulation to the principal. I want you to add to, instead of eating up, all your income. Now don't forget this whether home, or abroad, don't take one dollar on account of it, no matter if you are asked at any time if you don't wish to draw on that, or its profits, say "No, no."

You know I have always intended you to spend some time in Europe, and if it was so you could stay until next fall, and visit Switzerland, it would be a great advantage to you both. Baden Baden is a great resort, and it is interesting to see the gambling. I only hope Smith will prevail on you to stay, and write the "Deacon" to tell you to. I don't know if Smith don't urge it but you had better favour it, telling him your father says he does so wish all of you were going to stay till next fall. I want him to urge you to stay if he will, but should he not I think it would be well enough to let him know I keep writing wishing you would stay. I don't want you to think I suggest your staying because we don't wish to see you, but because of the benefit you are deriving from seeing all of Europe you can while you are away. This is a sort of confidential letter to yourself, yet I don't request you to keep it from Louise for I believe no man ought to have any secrets from his wife. I leave it entirely to yourself.

We are all in our usual good health. We often speak of you.

How we would like it if you could pop in and see us, but when we consider the great advantage it is to you to be where you are, and how much you are enjoying yourselves, witnessing what we have always longed to see, but I presume we shall never have that pleasure, makes us contented to be separated from you. I am in hopes a longer stay with less fatigue will improve Louise's health. She was very delicate before and when she left. I do hope she may return a well woman, her health established.

I have just received a letter from Wallie, and Mary E. Wallie does not say anything about his health. I have answered his letter telling him how remiss he is not to say whether he is better or not.

Mary E. writes she is well, and John is no worse, and that John, and she, are making great calculations on our meeting them in Savannah and going with them to St Augustine. We are to leave here about the 2nd of March. I am sure I shall not allow my self to stay away longer than the 1st of April. I would be glad to get out of it altogether if I could. I am the busiest person I know of. I have three plumbers, carpenters, and gas men, at work in Cherry Street, and it keeps me very busy looking after them, and then I have my two daily letters to write.

I have not seen much of the Messrs. Ely for several days but I presume they keep Smith posted and through him you get all the news.

With much love to Louise and yourself. With my respects to Smith and Edwin, From
Your affectionate father,
JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,
Jan. 29th. 1869.

My Dear Son

Your Father and Julie, have both written you lately and I suppose they have answered your letter received last week, and they have no doubt told you of the safe arrival of the box you sent from Paris. We are all very much obliged for the contents which were in excellent condition. The confectionery is very fine indeed. Certainly the nicest I ever saw. I am very much

pleased with the perfumery you sent me, and grandma was delighted with her present. It must have given you a great deal of trouble to select those things, and now that you have sent us each something do not trouble further to look up presents for us. You must not think that you must be on the lookout for other presents. We will preserve those you have sent as a memento of your trip. We may want to trouble you to bring us something in the dress line from Paris, but we will try and order it so you will have nothing to do but to bring it with you when you are coming. We will not order until we hear if you have decided positively when you will return. You may decide to remain till summer, or fall.

Your letter of the 10th from Naples has just come to hand but I shall not be able to answer it now as it is nearly dark and I wish to have this ready for tomorrow's steamer. I find the French steamers do not sail every Saturday and I suppose the accident that happened to one of them will occasion further delay. The "City of London" sails tomorrow for Liverpool and I suppose she will carry this letter.

We are having quite mild weather which is much more pleasant to me. I dislike cold weather so much.

Your Father writes so often giving you all the news that there is nothing left for me to write about.

We have cards for a reception at Mrs. G. G. Barnard's. We have also an invitation for Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderpoel. It is for Feb 6th.

Wallie has recovered from his ear-ache and also from his home-sickness, I am very happy to say. His feeling so badly was a great trouble to me. I believe he has written to you lately and he has probably told you of his home-sickness.

Mary E is making great calculations on our trip to St Augustine. I hope they will enjoy it.

As my time is up I shall have to bid you goodbye. Remember me to the Messrs Ely.

With my best love to Maria Louise, and yourself, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. John Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

St Paul, Minn.

Jan 31st 1869.

My Dear George

I wrote you last Sunday evening, and this Sunday evening having been busy writing a couple of letters, I thought that I would commence this one to you although I hardly know when it will be finished, still if no one comes in, I will be able to devote tomorrow evening to writing and so get a little ahead in my correspondence. As Father says when writing to me sometimes, you know that he writes me every day, and sometimes is at a loss for something to write about, "it is very easy to write when one has any thing to say." I must own that I feel so when I write to you, for after I have told you the state of our health I cannot think of anything that I fancy will interest you very greatly. Not a great deal transpires and certainly very little that would interest anyone unacquainted with any of the parties.

All last week passed away as quietly as possible but very quickly too. The weeks seem to run away faster and faster. Tomorrow is Feb. 1st. and Mar. 1st. we expect to leave for our Southern trip. John is looking forward to it and I am hoping great things from it. First, that he may lose his cough which has been troubling him more or less for the last three months. And then he wants to look about and see if he can find a place to locate in that he would prefer to this. He is more sick of the cold than I am, and of all the wrappings that he is obliged to wear. This year he has invested in a Buffalo overcoat, with it on he looks like a very stout man. I want him to have his photograph taken in it. You would never recognize him. It is almost impossible to recognize anyone here in the winter they are so wrapped and bundled up.

We have had considerable sleighing since New Year's but now our snow is about gone, we are wishing for more. It is so much warmer in a sleigh wrapped up in the robe. Now it is neither good wheeling or sleighing, in some places the ground is quite bare, then in places there is plenty of snow and good sleighing.

We were up to Fort Snelling yesterday to a funeral. We hesi-

tated at first how to go but finally decided to take the double sleigh and go on the river. I said to one of my Sunday Scholars today that I went up to the Fort yesterday on the River, when she innocently remarked, "Why, I thought the River was frozen." The ice is between two and three feet thick so I do not wonder that she thought the River was frozen.

The depot of the Railroad going to La Crosse is on the other side of the River and just above here they are building a bridge or rather, building the piers for the bridge, intending to have the depot on this side. They are now hard at work. It seems so odd to work at mason work in the winter, but they say that that is just the season for they can draw the stone there so easily on the ice which is covered with these blocks of stone and looks like a stone yard. A derrick is erected near one of these piers and they are hard at work. One can hardly realize that the swift current of the Mississippi is flowing underneath, and, if the season is early, in a little over a month the icy fetters will be unloosed and the strong current have full sway.

I have gotten over my cold. I found out that John would not give up doing all the coughing for the family so I have left it for him to do.

We are talking of having a card party next Thursday. We want to have about thirty. We have invited five already. I shall start out tomorrow to invite the rest. If John had been well enough and I had felt that we could afford it, we would have given a large party. I want to yet before we leave for good, for a grand final leave-taking. No one here knows that we think of going away for more than this trip. I shall feel as much regret at parting with my little Sunday scholars as with any one here. They really seem attached to me and look sad when I tell them I am going. I expect to have them up to the house for a grand leave-taking. I had a new scholar given me today. Now I have five. John laughed at first at my class. I had only three, and he used to ask me how many teachers we had, and whether mine was the largest class in the school etc. but it is very difficult to teach many because we have no Sunday school room, but each class has two pews in the church and the teacher generally sits in the front one and gathers the scholars as near as they can to them. Mine

in the back seat sit on the back benches and so come comparatively close to me. I am pleased to find that all seem to think mine a nice attentive class. I am to be away this month so I am looking about for some one to take the class temporarily for that time. I do not want to give up the class for good now unless the superintendent should think it for the best, but that won't do either for we do not want to say that we think of leaving for good until just before we go.

I cannot think of anything more that will interest you so I will lay my writing by for the present. John calls it "indicting" and says that I am as good at it as the grand jury. He thinks that I write so much. This is my third letter tonight.

Monday evening. None of my letters written last evening have been posted yet. I presume that John thought it of no use. Our snow storm has come; it has snowed hard all day and we expect that the railroad will be all drifted up and that we will be without a mail for several days. However I always hope for the best.

When I commenced this I had no thought of enclosing at this time a note to Madame Brignon, but as I have it written, I will enclose it. The two dresses are to be 700 francs. 350 each. Madame to furnish the silk. If Louise buys her silk at the "Bon Marché," she will get her dresses as good as mine, and at half the price. As you say it takes time there. I had a great many commissions, and I would go in and buy one, and then look for something for myself. The one article bought kept the clerk good-natured, and I would look a long time for myself, and probably select nothing. I got the run of the store before I left and bought a great deal there. I knew just where to go for what I wanted and the clerks knew me, and what would suit me, but a great many complain as you do, of not being able to find what they wanted.

I bought silk sacques there, and a winter coat marvelously cheap. They got so that I would select several for John to see and then they brought them to the Hotel for John to select from. I also had pieces of silk brought to me that way. Our parlor used to look as if I were going into the dry-goods business.

Tell Louise that if I can ever return the favor that I ask of her I will do so with the greatest of pleasure. You cannot realize what a favor it is to me, situated as I am. I have no dressmaker in N. Y. who could make a dress for me without fitting me, and if I wait until I go on there, I should not get it until we are going away, and to be of any service I want it to wear in N. Y. In fact I have no dressmaker there now. Those that I have had are both married.

I am writing Thursday morning. Our storm still continues. There has considerable snow fallen, but it has not reached much, if any, over a foot in depth. It may not be so deep. There has been little or no wind so that the sleighing will be very good when it stops snowing.

I shall have John post this today even if it lays in the Post Office several days, for I cannot tell when it (the train) will get through.

I think that I have already told you that I shall write Madame B. by this same mail and direct the letter to the old address, if it reaches her I trust that the dresses will be all ready when you reach Paris, but I enclose this letter for her to be given her in case she never gets the other.

I would like the two dresses even if they come to more than the price that I set her, so have no hesitation about giving more for the green silk, if she asks it. The black, she agreed to make for that price, and she must keep to her bargain. If Louise fancies my dresses she may get others like them if she wishes. It will make no difference to me.

Give my love to her and accept a good share for yourself.
From

Your affectionate

SISTER.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

February 2, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

Yesterday was rent day, and this is the time when rents are regulated for the coming year, and I have several tenants who

have leases that expire on the 1st of May, so I am anxious to know what I am going to do with them. Consequently my new office has been filled all day, and now, while I am writing, there are three gentlemen around me talking to each other, and occasionally talking to me. It is now twenty-five minutes of five, so I have little time to write, as I leave at five o'clock, and this must be mailed tonight as I certainly cannot write any tomorrow.

We received your family letter last Friday, the 29th, with one from Louise. I am much obliged to her for the one she did send, small as it was. I was very much surprised at its contents for I thought you were having charming weather, while she writes you have had it quite the contrary. The papers say it has been very mild all over Europe this year, I mean this winter. We have had the most delightful winter that I recollect in many years. Last winter was perfectly awful, but this has been quite the reverse.

I had quite a long conversation with the "Deacon" yesterday. He expressed himself as though it would give him great pleasure if Mr. Smith Ely would be content to remain away until next fall. He said there were some matters of Mr. S. Ely that he thought could be attended to even better than if Smith was here himself. He hoped you all would stay, and travel more leisurely than you have, you have been travelling so rapidly you were doing yourself great injustice. I judge from the tenor of Louise's letter it has been more of a toil than pleasure. It is bad to be hurried through where there is so much to be seen.

The "Deacon" told me that his business had been a little better since New Year. As a general thing business is very dull. It is thought after the 4th of March it will be much better. I would not send you so short a letter but I thought it would be a greater disappointment not to receive any letter, and am sending you these few lines to let you know you are not forgotten, and that we are all well and that all is moving on in the usual way.

I have now made out a list of the perfumery I want and taken it home to show your Mother, to have her revise it. When done will send it to you. My fingers continue sore but not as bad as they were.

I wrote Mary E. that Louise sent her a beautiful present. I shall not send it to her, but keep it till she comes on. I have just

received a letter from her in which she expresses great pleasure to know she was not forgotten. She says she would so like to see the article, for then she would be so much better able to express both her pleasure, and thanks; still she thinks I did well not to send it to her, as she will leave St. Paul in about four weeks for Florida, and after staying there until such time as it will do to leave on account of John's health, she will return to our city to stay with us. Then she will be able to see, and receive the presents, you so kindly sent her.

I wrote you that Julie, and your Mother were much pleased with theirs. I have never thought to ask the "Deacon" what we paid \$2.75 for, as you wrote all charges were paid. I don't think they could be for duty, or I would have known something about it. I think I have mentioned that your Mother, and I, leave here about the 2nd of March for Florida, where we expect to meet John, and Mary E. If I continue as busy as I have been, and now am, I don't see how I can get away. Still I must go as I have promised—no backing out now.

I do hope you will not make yourself sick with fatigue. There is so much to see in Rome. Judge Vanderpoel told me, when he was in Rome, he stayed there one whole month and he was going the entire time and then could not see all. As you do not expect to be there so long, if I recollect what you said, you will wear yourself out and become disgusted. We are very apt, when tired, to feel as though we have seen enough and want to go away.

I must now close, with much love to you, and Louise, with my best regards to the Messrs. Ely, from

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

N. B. If you could see how dark it is while I am writing you would wonder I do as well as I do.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoei to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

February 5th, 1869.

My dear Son:

You desired us to write by the French Steamer and ever since

you made that request that line has been very irregular, there is no Steamer of that line advertised for tomorrow. None until Feb. 20th which is two weeks from tomorrow. I am not sure that there will be any European mail sent out tomorrow, if so this will not be forwarded until Tuesday, or Wednesday. I fear you will find your letters reach you more irregularly than when we wrote by Wednesday's Steamer. Julie, and I, called to see Mrs. William Ely yesterday, she was pretty well herself, but somewhat excited at, and anxious, about her little Julia, who is quite unwell and she feared she was going to have the Scarlet fever. She had sent for the Doctor who probably came just as we left, as we saw a gentleman go there we took for a physician. If her fears were realized, they will probably write you about it, so if they do not you had better say nothing about it, as it would make them feel uneasy when perhaps there is no cause, as it may not be that disease at all. We also went to Mrs. Barnard's. I told you in my last there were cards sent for you, as well as for us, the reception was from 2 to 8 P. M. We thought we would go in the day time, so went about 4 o'clock, they had an awning up, and the stoop carpeted, house darkened and the gas lighted. Mrs. B. was in full party dress, pale green silk, with white silk over trimmed with point lace, there were not many there but those who were there were in full party dress. Your Father has decided to take the house 607. Fifth Avenue for another year, although they have raised the rent either \$1300, or \$1500. Julie, and the Judge, want to go to house keeping but your Father does not want them to yet, without them we would not require so large a house. If your Father ever intends going abroad it would be much better for him to go before we get settled in a house of our own. I think it very doubtful if he ever goes, although he frequently speaks as if he intended to go at some future time. We have all been wondering at the rapid manner in which you have been travelling; you make such short stops, I do not see how the invalids stand it. I fear they will not be benefited much by the trip if they are kept so constantly on the go. I thought when you reached the south of France, you would remain for a week, or two, in one place, to judge of the effect of the climate one should remain in one place for a week or two. Your nice,

long, letter from Rome has just come to hand. I am very glad to hear you are going to a rest for a week, or two, but I fear there will not be much rest for you while you are in Rome there is so much to see there. I hope you will see the ship fountain while you are in Rome, you know we have a photograph of it, and I have always admired it so much. Would it not be a better plan for you to have your letters sent to some point in advance of you, and have them marked "poste restante" (to remain until called for) it would save time and postage. For instance you can calculate pretty near the time you will reach some city, say Dresden, you can then have us direct to Dresden, Poste restante, and when you reach there you will find your letters waiting for you in the post office. The family all join me in a great deal of love to you both, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

P. S. Please give my kind regards to the Messrs. Ely.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

February 6th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

Your Mother saw in the *Times*, yesterday, that there would be no steamer for Europe today, consequently I did not write you, as I should have done on Friday. I sent this morning to Mr. Ely's store, to learn if there would be a mail, and Patrick brought the word that "one closes at noon." Just getting this news I thought I would write you if but a few lines.

Your Mother, and Julie, made calls at Judge Barnard's (by the by, you and Louise were invited), also at the Ely's. Found them all well. Mrs. Ely told your Mother they expected you back in May. We were glad to hear it would be no sooner, as we want you to stay as long as you can. Your Mother says they, the Ely's, think you have made your trip more a toil than a pleasure. You are overdoing the thing by traveling too rapidly. You went for Louise, and Edwin's health, I thought, but you seem to be making a business trip. Mr. Ambrose Ely has spoken to me sev-

eral times. He thinks you are travelling entirely too rapidly. It does you no good to see so much in so short a time. I am only afraid poor Louise, whose principal benefit you went for, would have been full as well off at home.

I wrote you I should visit Wallie the latter part of this week, but in consequence of my sore fingers I have deferred it until next week. He wrote he should be disappointed if I did not come but I sent him an express in my place yesterday of fruits, nuts, and other delicacies, which I have no doubt will make up for my absence. Next week I shall go and see him, leaving home about Wednesday night, I go down to Washington, return to Philadelphia, on Friday, and Saturday, spend the day with him. It makes a long day for me, and a very tedious one. I reach Chester about $\frac{1}{2}$ past eleven, get little or no dinner, no supper, arriving home about 12 o'clock at night, exhausted with fatigue & hunger. Last time I went to see him I came home quite sick. I tell him how uncomfortable it makes it for me but that avails nothing. I must remain with him until the last moment, and then he must accompany me to the cars, and we must watch each other until the train has gone several miles, dark at that. I never saw such a boy before. Since his return he has been so homesick we have felt very sorry for him.

As to our house, I thought I had an understanding with Dr. Dickinson for this coming year but it seems he is tempted by the advance in rents generally to put me up to Six Thousand Dollars, and Croton water tax. I paid this year \$4700. This makes an advance of Thirteen Hundred Dollars. I have told him I should take the house, but your Mother feels used up about it. She thinks, as I do, he ought to have kept his word. I wrote the Dr. telling him I should accept his proposition, notwithstanding I was sorry to have my confidence in him shaken. I suppose we must look on ministers as frail mortals, wanting to make all they can, like other folks.

I feel it is my duty to write you as often as possible. I write Wallie, and Mary E., daily and I certainly ought to write you twice a week.

I see by the papers that the principal, and best, hotel in St. Paul (the "International") has been burnt down. What a loss for

St. Paul! I also saw that they had a fall of snow fifteen inches deep, while we had a fall of fifteen inches of water I do believe. It poured down nearly all day, and quite all night. It cleared our streets which were much needed, as Mr. Whiting does not think it is necessary. As long as he can draw his pay I don't suppose he will clean them.

I had Mr. Robert Colgate after my Madison Ave. lot. I am in hopes he will buy it. He thought it a little high, \$45,000, but I would take Forty and I think if I call on him in a few days I may sell it to him. I wish I might.

Now my Dear Son, and Daughter, if I have not strained a point to give you this letter as long as it is I would not say it.

I am now fearful of being too late for the mail. With much love to you both from your affectionate father.

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry St., New York.

February 9, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

Your very welcome letter of the 20th of January, directed to me personally, came to hand yesterday. Your strong sentiments of filial affection are what I might expect from a dutiful son. I should be very sorry to take one day from your life to add to mine. *Mine* has been one of hard struggling with much pleasure combined. Few persons ever mixed up pleasure with business as I have, and enjoyed themselves while buffeting with the storms, and tempests, of a business life. All men in business encounter much to annoy, and distress, them but I would never allow my troubles to weigh me down more than I could help, but drive them off. My life has been somewhat a chequered one. If I had been educated as you are, I have no doubt I should have found it a great assistance to me when toiling through life, but I have made the best of what knowledge I possessed and have passed for more than I was entitled to. I have always loved, and honored the student, and scholar. "What elevates a man so much as education and sobriety?" Now to do as Tom Picton

does, keep filled with liquor, is to make a beast of one's self; but when Picton is sober his company is sought after by men of standing and intellect. Without education one has to struggle much harder. It is impossible for one not in that position to form any conception. You have an education, and you are continually adding to your knowledge, and great will be the pleasure it will afford you in this life, with means to make you comfortable in some safe business, to keep the body in healthy exercise, and permit you to enjoy life.

I hope you will live to a good old age, loved and revered by all. I was glad to hear Louise was none the worse for your *very rapid travelling*. Your Mother and I have had many conversations on the subject and I believe she has also had with Mr. Ely, and we thought you were overdoing, in sightseeing, and travelling, with lightning speed.

Your account of *Rome*, and *St. Peter's*, was very interesting. As you remark, we can read from the Encyclopedia, and other works. None of these afford the pleasure that it does to read from the letters written by those we love. You have a very happy way of expressing yourself. I don't wonder the "Deacon" likes to get your letter.

This morning's mail brought a letter to the Judge; it was while we were at breakfast. He took it to his room to read, and as I did not see him afterwards I did not hear from him as to its contents. I neglected acknowledging your last family letter, as your Mother told me she should write you at the same time I did; but I intended to have said something about Louise's letter. It was gladly received; if short, it was acceptable.

I was much surprised to hear her express herself so much dissatisfied with her trip as she did, but I interpreted it that you had moved too rapidly. There is such a thing as overdoing the matter; although "the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak." We have thought you should have taken more time and travelled more leisurely. Where there is so much to see it should not be done too hastily. I don't recollect whether I wrote you that the "International Hotel" at St. Paul was burned down the morning of the 4th of this month at about five o'clock—a very unseasonable hour. The guests barely escaped with their lives—many of

them barefooted, and in their night clothes. Snow had just fallen to the depth of fifteen inches, and the wind blowing a perfect gale. The loss of the guests was great. Gen. Beard's loss was over \$10,000; I heard of the fire by telegraph; but this morning's papers had over one column of the particulars. I do not know when I have read anything to make me feel more unpleasant. Some of the guests were intimate friends of Mary E.'s I received her letter announcing it *this day*. I have just written, and mailed my daily letter to Wallie, and Mary E. Every day except Sunday I have to write them.

Tomorrow evening I go to Washington; will return Saturday night, as has been my usual custom. I have made it my business to write you twice a week. I do it because I feel it a duty, and besides I know the pleasure it gives to receive a letter from home, when so far off.

I think to visit the streets of Pompeii, and Herculaneum, must impress one with wonder. As you remark, to tread the streets of a city that has been buried so many hundred years is a strange experience. With what interest every nook and corner must have been surveyed by you. It appears to me I should want to pass weeks in looking at these places. I don't know of anything that would interest me more than a visit to those two cities. Do they have any workmen engaged in removing the debris, and how do they do it? *just as we dig into an embankment?* Are all the excavations examined in hope of finding valuables? There must have been much wealth, and treasure, buried in the ruins. It was impossible to have carried much, if anything, away.

I saw both the Messrs. Ely a few days since, but not for the last two days. The "Deacon" told me when I saw him last his business was a little better than it had been. You say you can account for every dollar you have laid out since your departure. I am glad you can. I think it will be a satisfaction to know where your money has gone. One wants to make the trip once or twice to learn where one can economize. I saw registered in Florence, R. W. Martin and daughter, etc.

I have been three hours writing you what I have. You can see from this how much I have to labor to accomplish a little. You would write it in fifteen minutes. We are all in our usual

health, often talking about you both. Your letter looks as though you had been using the new ink, but it is poor, if it is intended for the violet. I have seen some, however, of that same kind, but condemned it. I like the violet very much; it flows so nicely, and the pens never corrode as with the old black ink. I have supplied your Mother and Mary E. with it and they both like it well.

I am fitting up a nice office in Cherry Street over the stables. When finished it will be very comfortable. I never had a decent place to sit in, and spending as much time as I do at the office, I think I ought to have a nice place, and now I am going to have it.

Give my respects to S. Ely, and brother. Tell Smith he had better not be in any hurry to get back to this wicked city; business is very quiet and all moves on in its even tenor and his brother, the "Deacon," says he will do all in his power to have matters go right in his absence.

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

P. S. Wallie, I suppose, will be delighted to see me on Saturday. I am sorry you will get no letter owing to my going. It cannot be helped. I must go. *Adieu!*

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

February 11th, 1869.

My dear Son and Daughter,

It is now one full week since I wrote you last. Since then I have been to Washington. While there I endeavored to obtain accommodations at "Willards" for the 4th of March for your Mother, and myself, from the 3rd but it was no use, everything was taken, and in some cases rooms were locked up, guests paying for them weeks in advance to occupy them on the 4th. So I could obtain no Rooms. I then went to Georgetown, as I was told I could be accommodated there beyond a doubt, but I met with no better success. I however have succeeded in finding a friend who has consented to put up a bed in his Parlor for us, and we take our meals at "Willards." Although your Mother has wit-

nessed an inauguration (James K. Polk) still as we have to pass through Washington about that time your Mother thought we might as well see the inauguration of General Grant. I have just rented two floors in the stable building for \$1600 per annum since I began this letter and now I have Smith Baldwin & Co. to converse with. Their lease is out and they want to talk about a renewal. Oliver is out also, and he is bothering about terms, etc. On my return from Washington I stopped to see Wallie; he was perfectly delighted to see me. I spent all of Saturday with him. I reached home Saturday night about eleven o'clock. Your Mother's first words was that she had a letter from George. I asked if you were all well, when told you were, I said I would wait till morning before hearing it read. It was a treat, I sent it yesterday to Mr. Ely, and he has just returned it, with one from Smith Ely which I have not yet read, nor shall I until I get home tonight. I received yesterday three letters from Mary E, but I had not the time to open them till after I got home. I am exceedingly busy with carpenters, plumbers etc., besides preparing to go away, which all combined almost makes me crazy. I am sorry I committed myself to visit Florida but there is no alternative, go I must. I shall be back before the 1st of April as I must be here. Your Mother, and myself, do wish you would stay abroad and spend the summer. I don't see what there is to call you back. If Mr. Smith Ely insists on you staying I would advise your doing so until fall. I intended to have seen the "Deacon," and asked him if you had not better stay away, but I have been too busy. I am now going to give you a list of what perfumery I should like to have you get for me, better buy of Lubin as we know just what his perfumery is, you have one bottle with you of the size I prefer, I think it is so much better to have the larger size. I don't know how you will manage to pack so many bottles in your trunk but I suppose you can put some at the top, and some in the bottom. If you know of any other than the kinds I have mentioned, get a bottle providing it is not of a high color. I don't like a high colored perfume as it discolours the handkerchief. The Frangipani I believe is a high color, if so, you may omit it. I think the Bouquet de Caroline is a high color. Now I wish you to exer-

cise your own discretion, if you can learn of some other kinds that are good, & a light color, discard some I have named, and take them. Jockey Club I would just as leave not have as that is high color. Violet is light and very good. Your Mother likes Patchouli, so I order two bottles.

Wednesday 11th. I read Smith Ely's letter last night. I don't believe Smith would thank the "Deacon" for giving it to me, although I do not know as there was anything in it that S. would have objected to my reading, still I don't believe he calculated on my reading his letters. I do think if you could spend the summer on the other side, it would be of unestimable benefit to Louise's health and to your general knowledge. You know we have always wished you to make a European trip and spend at least three years. Now if you could remain for nine or ten months it would give you much general information of European life. If you should conclude to remain, don't you suppose you could get Edwin to bring the dresses Mary E. has ordered, and he might pack my perfumery in his trunk. I think in buying the perfumery you would do well to go alone and ask them what they want a Dozen for the perfumery assorted of such size. In that way you may be able to buy at a better price. If they wish to know how much you want, say all depends on price two or three dozen bottles and you can make two Dozen assorted, as I will take the whole if you and Louise don't wish any. In that case you could make two bottles each of those I have marked with a cross. Endeavor if possible to buy at the trade price, I have said Mary E paid \$12.00 the dozen of the size you have. Prices may be higher now but she bought at retail, perhaps Smith & Edwin may want some and in that case you might buy three dozen. With much love to you, Louise, & the Messrs. Ely, retaining a share for yourself from your affectionate father

J. VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Feb. 12th, 1869.

My Dear Son

Yours of Jan. 24th from Rome reached us yesterday. We

were delighted to hear from you, and I know not how to express our thanks for your very full and explicit letters, they contain so much of interest. I thought Benny used to write us interesting letters, the first time he went abroad, but yours far surpass his. I know you must find it very troublesome to write such long letters but it certainly is very pleasant for us to receive them. I feel that mine are not an adequate answer to yours, but I console myself with the thought that the rest of your correspondents will make up for my deficiencies. I generally write in so much haste and have so many interruptions that I frequently omit things I intended to mention.

Your Father has not seen your last letter yet. He left home the night before it came, to go to Washington and to visit Wallie, intending to return Saturday night. I believe Wallie has gotten over his home-sickness. He has a short vacation at Easter. At that time your Father and I will probably be absent on our trip to St. Augustine. I hope he will not be homesick again after that vacation.

I think I told you in my last that there was no French steamer last week (in fact I believe there was no steamer at all on Saturday) and there is none this week but there will be one on the 20th which is next week. The French Line appears to be rather irregular and very likely the accident to the "Perière" has made it more irregular.

Grandma continues to feel uneasy about burglars, and talks about them as much as ever. A week or two ago Mr. Tucker's house was entered through the kitchen window, which opens into the yard. They bent the iron bars apart so as to get in between them. Mr and Mrs T. sleep in the 2nd story with the doors all fastened. Miss T. sleeps in the 3rd story front room with the hall door locked but the passage-way doors to the back room, where Clarence slept, were left open. Towards morning Miss T. heard some one in her room, and the little room. At her bureau the drawers were locked but she heard some one feeling around on the marble. She thought it was Clarence and said, "Clarry, what do you want?" Getting no answer she turned over so as to look at the person (the gas was lighted) and she saw a young man who crouched down to get out of sight and

crept toward the door. She screamed and the burglar ran through Clarence's room to the hall. He, and his confederate, who was in the hall, then ran down stairs as fast as possible, making a great noise which aroused Mr and Mrs T, who came out of their room to see what was the matter. The burglars ran down to the kitchen, and out, the way they entered. So Grandma feels more than ever afraid of burglars.

I was quite sure you had paid your subscription for the "Nation" but I thought it was well to ask you in case they sent the bill again.

I am sorry that Louise has not benefited more by her trip but I suppose you have travelled too rapidly for her and hope you will be able to take it a little easier hereafter. You must not go so fast as to make her sick.

Give my love to her and remember me to the Messrs. Ely. With a great deal of love I remain as ever,

Your affectionate mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

February 19, 1869.

My dear Son and Daughter,

I am exceedingly busy getting ready for my southern trip. You know I am a poor hand with the pen—certainly a very slow one. Now I shall be some three hours (with interruptions) writing what little I shall get in this sheet. Grandma and Julie feel very badly about our going away. Grandma is as big a coward as Julie; she imagines continually that burglars are after her. She is so very different from what she used to be. Julie, and the Judge, want to go housekeeping. We do not want them to go, for we are sure Julie's health is not good enough, and she will want us with her all the time, or she will be with us, and in that case it is hardly worth while to incur the expense and bother of another establishment. If her health was better we would not make any objection.

I wrote you that I had taken the house 607. Fifth Avenue for

another year, which will be the last. Your Mother, and I, are on the lookout for a house already. I was talking with a builder yesterday about a house he is finishing on the corner of Madison avenue, and 54th street. I wanted to know his lowest price. He said \$100,000. I asked if he did not think he was making a sacrifice. He said very seriously, he did not know that he was. I told him I was afraid he was; I thought he had better look into it. It is surprising the price they are asking for houses.

I should not wonder if we should have another eight hour strike this coming spring. The papers are filled with the subject, and the mechanics talk it very freely. It will be a calamity if it should come, as it will stop building, and we need houses greatly. Thousands are driven from our City by the want of houses. Many who intended to build, stopped last year on account of the strike, and if it is begun again it is difficult to tell what will be the consequence. There seems to be a strong disposition to make eight hours a day's work. Labor now controls capital. When that is the case it is not so well for the community. We have all been looking for a change in matters generally, but the long-looked-for day does not come. A commercial crisis has been prophesied for the last three years, but it still keeps off. Real estate is becoming inflated although not yet as high as it will be, it is fast approaching to the conditions preceding 1836.

Speculators are now turning their attention to lots and, as in '36, every man has his hat, and pockets, full of maps. At that time cities were laid out on paper all over the country. It is getting so now. If one wished to see the great excitement in real estate, it was only necessary to have been at an auction sale last Monday of one square bounded by Eighth, and Ninth, avenues, 70th, and 71st streets (64 lots at the Exchange), to get a tolerable idea of the great excitement going on.

We have had *Morus Multicaulus*, Rock Oil, or Petroleum, silver mining stocks, and real estate—whether the next crash will be brought about by real estate inflation, or something else that may spring up, is hard to tell. We are bound to have something. As a nation we are such a go-ahead people we are necessarily bound to rush into one extreme or the other.

I doubt whether your Mother will be able to write you by to-

morrow's steamer, as she is so very busy preparing for her journey. I don't think it is worth while to apologize for what I write, for you must take what I give you or nothing as I have nothing better to offer.

I have not seen any of the Ely family since I wrote you last. I don't pass through Frankfort street as often as I did. I am sure they are well, or I would have heard of it. Business is not very brisk; every one I meet complains bitterly—no business. I have not made any enquiries among the leather men for some little time, consequently know nothing about their business. I am in hopes you, and Louise, will remain until Fall even if the Messrs. Ely return. I think Louise will be much better off spending the summer on the other side. In that case you would get to Switzerland, Baden Baden, and other gambling places. I only hope you will not become fascinated with the vice, and lose your money. I am told the temptation is great—ladies, ministers and all join in.

Wallie in his last letter, says he has a swollen face. He is bound to have something to keep your Mother, and myself, uneasy. The fact is he likes his home, and he tries to see what he can trump up next, with the hope we will come and see him. Mary E. and John are well; often mention you both in her letters. It will be but a few days before she starts on her Florida trip.

With much love to you, and Louise,

Your affectionate father, JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

February 19, 1869.

My dear Son,

We have not heard from you yet this week, and I acknowledged yours of January 24 in my last. I presume this letter will be carried by a French steamer, as there is one advertised to sail tomorrow. There has been no *French* steamer for several weeks. As you were looking for letters by one of them I fear you were disappointed.

The time appointed for our trip to St. Augustine is approach-

ing (March 1st), but we shall not be absent very long. Your Father speaks of two weeks, as the length of time he can spare, but I do not think we can get back as soon as that, and he will probably be more anxious to extend the time after he gets away, than I shall.

John has let his house in St. Paul during their absence to Mr. Cochran, a brother of the one you met in Nice, who has been in St. Paul with his wife, and her sister, for the health of one, or all, of the party. Mary E. has mentioned them frequently during the winter. They are only to have the house for a few months, four, I think. John and Mary E. will visit us on their return from St. Augustine. They will probably stay south longer than we do. Your Father will not content himself long in any one place. You must not allow our absence to interfere with you writing to us, we shall not be away long, as it is too late in the season to make a lengthy stay.

There was an article in yesterday's paper on the winter in Italy, which it said was unusually mild so that the orange trees blossomed earlier than usual, and everything looked beautiful; when there came a great change in the temperature, the whole country was covered with snow (which I believe is very unusual there) and ice of considerable thickness formed. I imagine you reached there during the cold spell, and consequently were not much pleased with the climate of Italy. But we have had cold weather on this side of the Atlantic. We have had accounts of severe weather, and heavy frost, in Florida. The orange trees there are said to have been very much injured by the late frosts—the crops almost destroyed.

In this city we have had a very mild winter, not near as much snow as we had last winter. I am frequently asked now when you are coming home, and I hardly know what to say. I fear, if you return early in May, the weather will be too cold for you to enjoy visiting Switzerland, and it may be too cold in Germany. I believe it has been suggested to you to remain a month or two longer in order to have pleasant weather in which to visit the colder countries of Europe, but I have not heard what you think about it. I suppose Mr. S. Ely, Jr.'s opinion, and feelings, on that subject will have considerable weight with you. I suppose if

one is going abroad for six months the spring is the best time to start, but then one could not go to Italy.

And now, Georgie, do not trouble yourself to get presents for any of us. We were all delighted with the confectionery, perfumery, pictures, etc., you sent us from Paris, and will consider them quite sufficient as a memento of your trip. Besides I may want you to get some things when you are in Paris, which will give you trouble enough. As soon as I find out when you have decided to start for home I will make up my mind what I wish you to get for me.

Mary E. has written to Madame Brignon to make a dress or two for her, which she wants you to bring home for her. I may conclude to send to one of the establishments for a dress for myself, if I think it can be done without giving you much trouble. Mary E.'s, and mine, could go in one trunk (you could buy a *second-hand trunk*, it would be less expense than a new one, and would look more as if you had had it in use, to the Custom House officers) which you could say was *Mrs. Vanderpoel's*, and contained her dresses.

There is one thing I want very much but I am afraid it would be very troublesome for you to get, unless you have learned more French. It is a braid, or switch, of false hair. Julie brought me one when she came which is not long enough now.

Give my love to Louise, and remember me to the Messrs. Ely. With a great deal of love to yourself, I remain,

Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

February 23, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

Yours of January 31st was just handed me. We have been anxiously looking for a letter from you since last Thursday (18th) as it was just one week then since your last was received. We noticed the steamers have been encountering bad weather, which caused them to be considerable past due, but seeing the arrival of the "Cuba" last evening, was sure there must be a letter

from you and I waited at home a little later this morning in the hope of getting it, but none came before my departure though I am sure I will find one on my return tonight.

Yours containing one from Benny was gladly received by me, and will also be by your Mother. I am always delighted to hear from you, and now getting one from you both makes me doubly pleased. You acknowledge the receipt I sent you of the Ten Thousand Dollars. I presume it was put immediately to work, as the "Deacon" told me Smith had told him what to do when it should be handed to him. And I had it invested where it was bringing \$2.00 per day *on call*. Before drawing it I went to see the "Deacon" to know whether I had better call it in. He spoke as though he would invest it at once if he had it, consequently I called it in at once and sent it to him. This makes me think it was put at once to work; but as I have said in my previous letters, whether you conclude to remain on the other side or return, I don't wish you to draw one dime on your anticipated profits this first year. I want you to begin in the second year with your full capital and profits. I shall hope after that, your profits will more than exceed your expenses, for if you are obliged to spend your entire income for your support and not add to the principal, your prospect of ever acquiring a competency for sickness or your declining years, will be gloomy. Make it a determined rule when you once know your income, to keep within its bounds. Here is where the advantage is of marrying just as soon as one can see one's prospect clear to maintain a wife, for if she be the right kind, she becomes truly a helpmate. Marrying when one first begins the world makes your entire position in a pecuniary point known to her, and she becomes more economical, and endeavors to save every dollar, feeling that what is your interest is hers; but when a lady marries one who has been in business some time, she imagines her husband to be better off than he really is, nine times out of ten. The consequence is she wants everything she puts her eyes on, and if he is indulgent, it leads to bankruptcy. If he is not indulgent it makes bitter feelings and quarrelling, and *finally a separation takes place*. I am a great advocate of early marriages. *The wife makes the man, the mother the child*. Your Grandmother was the making of your Grand-

father. And where would I be if I had had a different kind of a wife than I have. Your Mother, although an only daughter, doted on and petted from her cradle, *her every wish gratified*, was always *economical* and *prudent*. I have known intimately *five or six persons* who were wealthy (their wealth was great); they married poor girls, but as soon as they were married they would have all the heart desired; the result was they died poor. One was an own cousin of mine. If his property could have been husbanded, *spending all that was necessary, and no more*, he would have died leaving an estate worth some millions. As it was he died in grief leaving a small portion of his wealth. His wife, with one daughter, lived till the mother spent every dollar, and became, I may say, a beggar. Her daughter, a fine young lady, brought up to have every wish gratified, died with a broken heart. Truly a wife can carry out of the window faster than a husband can bring in by the door.

I do think the best wives, as far as my experience goes, for a young man if he marries young, are from the better class. They have had their desires, and wishes, and when they marry, are not so apt to want everything, but a poor girl builds castles in the air. When she gets married she tells what she is going to have, and she wants it, and if the husband cannot give it to her, then their troubles begin.

I have given you quite a dissertation. If it takes you as long to read it as it has me to write it, you will have a good time, for I have been interrupted so many times that the day is almost gone; I began this at eleven o'clock and it is now four, raining cats and dogs and quite dark at that; still I hope to be able to see a little while longer.

The grateful expressions from yourself, and Louise, are duly appreciated. I hope you both will be spared to live a happy and blissful life. You both are surrounded with well wishers. The "Deacon" is a noble man, and I always liked Smith; as for the younger, and William, I have not seen much of them.

I had an invitation to attend a ball last night given by the Washington Grays. If you, and Louise, had been here you would have been invited. *I did not go*; the Judge did. William Ely, and his wife, were there.

There is a Mr. Secor and his family who sit immediately behind us in church, who inquire for Louise, and you, every Sunday. They are old friends of Louise. When writing let me know who they are, and what Mr. Secor's business is.

I have no doubt that seeing you made Benny feel homesick. Benny might make himself quite well to do in this world; he has talent and certainly, experience. I received a letter from Wallie yesterday stating he has the mumps; his face is swollen to double its usual size, and there are some twenty boys down with it. This letter I did not take home as I thought it would worry your Mother to know it and as she is arranging to get off one week from this day on her Florida trip, I thought best not to let her know it. Wallie has been full of trouble all this last quarter; the boy is full of aches, pains, homesickness, and now mumps added to his list. I write to him daily. This, however, does not answer; almost every letter comes wailing, "do come and see me"; I never saw such a boy before.

I am glad you are husbanding your means as you do, and that you can see for yourself the foolishness of buying because it may appear cheap when, in reality, I believe you can do better as a general thing at home and then buy what you need as you want it. I cannot but think you have a charming wife. I judge the more so from the tenor of your letters. Most ladies, in going to Europe, cannot but think they must buy, buy, so they can say their purchases came from Europe, while in reality they get woe-fully taken in.

With kind regards to the Messrs. Ely, and much love to you and Louise, from,
Your affectionate father, J. VANDERPOEL.

N. B. I forgot to say we are all well and all join me in sending much love to you both. Adieu; next Tuesday, if nothing happens, we go on our journey.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Feb. 26th, 1869.

My Dear Son:

Yours of Jan. 31st from Rome reached us on Tuesday last, Feb. 23rd. You see it was over three weeks coming.

You seem to have decided to return home in the spring but you do not say how early in the spring. I judge from your former letters you will not leave Paris until the middle of April and, if so, we shall have a month longer to consider and to write you what we wish you to get for us.

I think I will send you the addresses I promised in this letter, or I may wait until I write again. Most of these places are recommended by the "Moniteur" and I mention them that you may go and see what they are like, and then judge for yourselves. I will write them on a separate piece of paper that you can put in your pocketbook and have them convenient.

Julie has written to Madame Delacroix for me inquiring the price for a black faille dress for me. We have not yet received her answer, but I suppose when we get it there will yet be time enough for me to write her if I am satisfied with her terms. I do not want to trouble you to buy the dress, but if it is ordered you might pay for it and bring it home for me.

Mary E., and John, are to start from St. Paul for St. Augustine on Monday. They will make several stops on the way. Your Father, and I, are to start for the same place next week, about Thursday, March 4th (if he does not change his mind). We are to stop at Richmond, and Charleston, and expect to meet them at Savannah, and go on to Florida together.

It has been snowing hard all day but the snow is so soft and wet that I suppose it will not obstruct the travelling very much but it will make plenty of mud for the inauguration.

I was very much surprised and pained to read of the death of Mr. D. S. Valentine in this morning's paper. He died yesterday afternoon after an illness of four weeks. I suppose it nearly broke his heart to give up the office he had held so long. Probably his death was hastened in consequence, but he has gone to his reward.

I am very much obliged to you for Benny's letter, but why does he not write to me? It is a long time now since he wrote. I would like him to get the letter I wrote him and directed to him in care of the American consul at Cherbourg, France. I also put on it U. S. steamer "Ticonderoga."

I think he was right in advising you to visit Venice. Mary E.

was more pleased with it than any other city she visited. She remarked on her return that it was the only place that exceeded her expectations. It is so very different from every other place.

I thought from your letters that you were shaping your course to leave Venice out.

I fear you will find the weather cold as you go north. That it is rather early in the season to go to Germany &c. You must all be very careful to protect yourselves against taking cold, which it seems to me you will be more liable to, going from a warm climate to a colder one. The delicate ones should be particularly careful of themselves, although I have written this in the plural I mean it more particularly for Louise, who I suppose is the most delicate one of the party, and as the main object of the trip was to benefit her health I am anxious you should take every precaution to secure that effect. Give my love to her and tell her I expect to see her looking strong, healthy, and rebust, on her return.

I really wish you could remain until June, or July, in order to enjoy some pleasant weather and a smooth sea on your voyage home but you may have a smooth passage in May.

Remember me to the Messrs. Ely. With a great deal of love to yourself, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

P. S. Julie wishes me to ask you to bring home as much perfumery as you can, and what her papa can spare she will be very glad to take.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry St., New York.

February 26, 1869.

My dear Son and Daughter,

I had the pleasure of hearing your family letter read when I went home after mailing you my last. It was a *masterly letter*. I don't know how you could take the time to write so lengthy a letter. It certainly was very full of interest. I should suppose it would take one entire day to commit it to paper. You must

keep a diary, and note as you go along. You could never remember so much, I am sure it could not be done from memory. No matter how it is done, we all find your letters very interesting. Mary E. writes of the pleasure she, and John, have in their perusal. She says she hopes you will visit *Venice*—there was no place pleased her so much. One steps out of the house into a boat and is carried around in that way. I do wish it was so you could see it before you return.

I am writing you under great difficulty and I doubt very much whether I shall be able to fill the sheet, small as it is. I have two carpenters working at the very desk on which I am writing and as they drive a nail, or saw a piece of stuff, I am obliged to stop; consequently I get down a word or two and then come to a halt. I have been fixing up offices over the stable and now I am lining my desk round with narrow stuff, black walnut, so as to have it in keeping with the other parts; and it so happens that they began this morning before I got here and I don't like to tell them to stop—consequently suffer the inconvenience. The only thing I regret is that it will certainly prevent my writing quite as much as I should wish, yet I have but little I can think to tell you.

We are all well. I stopped in to see the "Deacon" day before yesterday; saw him and William. I gave him your family letter to read. He returned it yesterday afternoon after keeping it all night. I asked him, and William, if all were well; he said yes. I asked him how business was; he said it had been better since the first of January. There was no trouble now in selling; the trouble, however, was to obtain much profit. He said if they had to buy their stock now at the present market prices, and sell for the prices they sell for, they could not make anything; that the unfinished stock had advanced, while the manufactured had not. I am in hopes what stock was bought with your money will turn out well, as they say the unfinished stock has gone up and they cannot buy at old prices, or rather, what they did buy for a short time back.

One need not go to Italy, for this winter is very mild as yet, We may, however, have cold weather yet. I have known of some of our worst storms, and disagreeable weather, occurring in March.

Next Thursday we leave for Florida. You will get one more letter from me before we leave, and I am going to take some envelopes and paper with me and if I cannot do more I will send you blank letters. You will know by this you are not forgotten, and it is pleasant to get a letter when the mail comes in even if it is a blank; but to go to the office and ask for letters and be told there are none, makes one feel homesick if one has any feeling of home about him. Knowing this I intend to mail you the form of a letter even if it is without the substance.

I am in hopes your Mother will write you today. The mail closes so early in the morning we are obliged to have them in the office over night.

Wallie continues quite unwell with the mumps. Your Mother does not know this. Wallie wrote to me the fore part of the week telling me he was sick, and unable to write as he had the mumps, and there were some twenty boys down sick with them. This letter I did not take home, and your Mother is worrying all the week to think we do not hear from him. The Judge, not being in the secret, remarked this morning at the breakfast table (when your Mother and Grandma began to worry about him—no letter one whole week) he thought it was a sure evidence he was well, and full of play, consequently did not think of home. I believe your Mother thought well of this suggestion, and no more was said. But the fact is I feel uneasy about him, for I think if he was not too sick he would write. I have written him in my last three daily letters if he was too unwell to write, to get his roommate to write, and if he did not do so I would write to Col. Hyatt. What will be the result, time will tell.

I have hammering going on both sides of me. The carpenters just remarked to me they could not see how I could write with such hammering—you see what the letter looks like. It looks as if it was written by some one with the palsy, or nervous.

It strikes me you are seeing, in the short time you give to the different objects, about as much, if not a little more, than any one else ever did. It seems a pity you did not have at least one year; that was little time enough. I hope you, and Louise,

will continue to enjoy yourselves and be returned to us and our friends, in good health. I don't want to see Louise returning looking as delicate as when we parted with her.

Remember me kindly to the Messrs. Ely. Tell Smith all moves on quietly both in business and in political affairs,

With much love to you, and Louise, from

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

March 2, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter :

On Saturday afternoon your family letter was received and I had the pleasure of hearing it read Saturday night. Yesterday, Monday, I sent it to the "Deacon" to read and he returned it to-day, and now it is on the way to Chester for Wallie to read.

Yours of the 10th of February, directed to me, I received on my arrival at Cherry Street Monday morning. I was glad to hear from you. It is always a treat to get a letter from you. They are full of interest. We have often spoken how singular and how fortunate, it was that you met Benny. I can assure you Ben has some excellent traits. If he had some good man in business who would take hold of him and lead him along properly they would get good service out of him, and find him very useful. But he is not capable of managing or doing business by himself. He allows himself to be led off by every one that comes along. If he has a dollar in his pocket, and anyone asks him for it, he will part with it no matter how much he may want it himself.

We are all delighted to think you are going to *Venice*. It is one of the attractions of Europe. As I have remarked in a former letter, Mary E. said she admired it more than any city she was in.

I do hope if you go to *Cologne* you will see the two horses' heads, protruding from the windows of the 2nd, or 3rd, story of some dwelling near New Market and learn its history. Julie saw the horses. Your grandma says her grandmother told her the

story when she was a little girl, which was this, or something like it. I am not a very good hand at relating any story but I will tell it to you as well as I can. It seems the family who occupied this house had the misfortune to lose the mother; she died and was placed in the vault. After being in the vault three, or four, days, a robber entered the vault to steal. He went to the coffin of this woman, with a lantern, which he set down beside the body, and undertook to take a ring from her finger. Not being able to get it off he cut her finger in working at it. The pain, or the bleeding, revived the woman, as she was in a trance, and she moved, or sat up. The fellow got frightened, and ran off, leaving his lighted lantern. She took the lamp, and came home. The house being shut up, she knocked at the door. The housekeeper, or some member of the family, said the knock was the knock of the Mistress. The old Husband said he would not believe it unless the horses should come out of the stable, walk up the stairs and put their heads out of the 3rd story windows, which they did. In memory of this remarkable event, when the horses died, they were stuffed, and put up in the room with their heads out of the window, and there they remain to this day. Julie says she saw the horses, and Mary says she did also, but persons in the immediate vicinity did not seem to know, or think, much about it. Julie says she never heard the story; but saw the horses' heads out of two different windows up in the third story of a dwelling house and asked what they meant, and they told her. When she came home her Grandma was asking her if she saw or heard anything of, the two horses that went upstairs, etc. She then related what she saw, and Grandma told her that her Grandmother, who was a German, had told her of the story. Now I have told you this queer story in order that you might learn what it sprung from. I know you will say it was too bad to devote one full page to this tale, but I doubt if I had not done so I should be able to fill this sheet, as I have so little of interest to communicate.

Yesterday morning at 6 o'clock your sister, and John, left St. Paul for St. Augustine. Wednesday night, tomorrow, I, with your Mother, expect to leave to meet them. I know you look for a letter from home on the arrival of every steamer leaving our port Wednesday, and Saturday, and I don't want you to be

disappointed, consequently I shall do my best to write you often.

The Judge has remarked several times how kind and considerate you are to think of him, and to send him the photographs you say you have sent. I know I shall be pleased with those you selected for me.

Your remarks as to Benny when he reaches our shore I shall attend to. I believe our Government don't send them out again if they have only about one year more to serve. But be that as it may I will see to it. We do think it was very singular you should have met Benny, for one day later and you would have missed each other.

March has set in, winter in earnest. The very coldest weather of the whole winter has been since Saturday morning last. Instead of leaving to-morrow evening we shall wait, and start the next morning at 8 o'clock and forty minutes, reaching Chester at 3 o'clock. Stay there about 2 hours, and then move on as rapidly as possible to Richmond, where we shall remain one day, and then start for Charleston, or Savannah, where we are to meet Mary E. and John.

My sore fingers were very tedious as well as very painful, but now they are much better. So near well that I feel like myself again. Having so many little things to look after occupies my mind, and body, so much that I cannot give your letter the attention I should like. I am going as soon as I finish this, and it is now four o'clock, to look up some Agent to see to the Renting of John's house while I am away.

I have just heard that Brother Edward's second daughter is going to be married; Annie Octavia. She is going to marry some young man in the jewelry business.

We are all well and wish to be remembered to you both. I told the Judge, Julie, and Grandma, they should each write you for themselves. I was sorry on your account the Carnival in Rome was petering out, as it used to be one of the features of Rome. Without masks must do away with all the fun.

In New Orleans they keep Mardi Gras, which I believe is the beginning of Lent. They wear masks one day, and it is very amusing. I always felt anxious to be in N. O. on that day. I have always had a desire to be in Rome during the Carnival

season but since abandoning masks I should not care so much about it.

I have read your ideas of business and going to it with a good heart. Perhaps it may be as well, for I suppose it will not be many years before you both will want to go again, and will be the better prepared to go having gained some experience, and, in the meantime, acquire the French, which is very necessary in order to get along with pleasure.

With much love to you and Louise. With my regards to the Messrs. Ely.

From your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. John Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

Lexington, Ky., March 3, 1869.

My dear George,

It really seems as if in our correspondence, that the effort to compose a French letter had quite exhausted me: I am ashamed to own even to myself that a month has elapsed since I wrote you last, but I console myself by thinking that Julie is as poor a correspondent as I, and she has not nearly as much to do. I think that she would be better if she had something more to occupy her mind, and keep her from thinking of her ailments.

You see that we have started on that famous "trip" about which we have talked so much. We left St. Paul last Monday morning, I came near adding, bright and early, the latter it certainly was, but it was so dark that one might have mistaken it for midnight. With the exception of a delay in Chicago of three hours, we have travelled continuously until this morning. Today we have "rested from our labors." We purposed this afternoon driving over to New Albany, and visiting our relatives there, but it has been stormy, and I thought it best on John's account to remain within doors, and we have passed the afternoon quite quietly within doors, chatting with a St. Paul friend who is now residing here. They are coming in this evening, so I cannot finish this before I leave. We will stop a while in Nashville and may be able to write a little there. We hope to reach Sa-

vannah next Tuesday morning (to-day is Wednesday) nearly a week off, and there we hope to meet Mother and Father.

Several of our St. Paul friends, when we proposed to them to join us, seemed to think very favorably of it, but being in business found it impossible to get away, so we are by ourselves; but we are so used to travelling about by ourselves that it seems quite natural to be trotting about alone. You know that now we are prospecting, looking for a pleasant place for us to pass our next winter. One would have imagined from our leavetaking, that we were leaving St. Paul never to return. I thought it so very kind of one lady, who walked two miles Sunday afternoon to bring me some rusk, and sponge cake, that she had made for us the day before. I thought the more of it because my laziness would, if obliged to walk so far, have eaten up the things myself, and contented myself with telling the person that I had them all ready, and could not get them to her. I never walk a step if I can help it, and often ask John to come after me at Sunday School to save me the trouble of walking home.

We let our house to a Mr. Cochran, a brother of your friend, whom you met at Nice, the family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, and Miss Walsh, Mrs. C.'s sister. We leave our three dogs with them; the dogs went with the house, and they could not have the one without taking the other. Two of our horses were sent into the country; the third, mine, Bessie, was left at the house, or rather in the stable, but not to be used. I hope the man will take good care of her. We leave the Cochrans the use of our linen, but not of our silver—that was sent to the bank, where it will be in fireproof storage anyway.

I presume Father has written you about the burning of the "International Hotel," where we passed our first winter in St. Paul. I always feared fire, while there, and feel thankful that it did not occur during our stay, for besides losing everything, it is dreadful to pass through such a scene as those must have witnessed who were living there, and many of whom barely escaped with life. Of course but little clothing was saved, many of the ladies being in their night clothes.

We did not have a very cold winter at St. Paul, but John thinks that he feels better already in this milder climate, and we

are hoping that he will improve very much after reaching Savannah, where it will be much warmer, and where we can travel a little more slowly. He was very tired this morning, but today has rested him somewhat and I trust that a good night's rest will make him feel quite strong again. We have been two nights in sleeping cars. We will have a couple more before reaching Savannah.

John wants to go to tea, and as I have gotten thus far I will post this from here, only waiting to send our love to yourself, and Louise. This is the fifth letter that I have written today. I think that is doing pretty well for a traveller. However, I do not expect to get at writing very soon again.

Again sending much love, I remain,
Your affectionate

SISTER.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.
March 5th, 1869.

My Dear Son and Daughter:

We leave this day for Savannah, via Richmond, we shall reach there Saturday, & leave there Sunday night, if there is a train leaving, if there is none, we shall remain till Monday morning. Your Mother, and I, both have a desire to see Richmond since the War, consequently we make it so as to spend Sunday there. I don't know where from, or when, my next letter will be written, but I assure you I shall not forget you, and I will write you as often as circumstances will permit. We shall stop at Chester on our way and spend a couple of hours with Wallie. Your letters received in our absence will be forwarded to us but at what place I don't know now, consequently we shall not have the pleasure of hearing from you as soon as we should if we were at home but I shall write you just the same. We saw the death of a Mr. Cochran whom your Mother thinks is the one you went to school with, and met when on your travels. I have sent word to Mr. Ely I was going to Florida that he would know the reason I do not call, or bring to him your letters. I don't see how he can see

any of your letters we receive while absent, and I have no doubt he will miss them, for he appeared to take pleasure in their perusal. Your GrandMa, as well as Julie, and the Judge, feel very bad at our going away; your GrandMa is so worked up about Robbers, and has also influenced Julie, that it is perfect misery to be where they are. Your GrandMa beats all I ever heard, or saw, in the way of a coward.

Grant was inaugurated yesterday but I am writing you so early in the morning that we have not yet received the morning papers. We leave at 8:40, so you can see what an early start I am taking to write you. The Judge is going to attend to the paying of my Carpenters every Saturday while I am absent. I leave behind three Carpenters, and a laborer, to be paid. Carpenters \$4.00 per day, Patrick \$2.50, and in case I am not back on the 1st the Judge is to collect Rents, etc., I have given him receipts which he is to make out and have ready, business is very dull, nothing appears so brisk and commands such prices as Real Estate, it is rising day by day. It is surprising to see the immense crowd at a Real Estate sale, mostly Jews. They will eventually hold a large part of the whole Island. It is surprising to know where the Jews all come from. They have Sunday school every Sunday at the synagogue in 5th Avenue and I am told they are advocating very strongly a change in their day of worship from Saturday to our Sunday, so as not to lose two business days and thus be more like us. I suppose they think when among Romans best do as the Romans do. I have said all along I must be back by or before the 1st of April, but I thought I might find it more pleasant than I anticipate, consequently I have made arrangements to stay from home till after the 1st. It is very difficult to get me from home but when I get once away your Mother says it is difficult to get me back and I think there is some force in her remarks. I have, since your departure, had a man in Cherry Street by the name of Bruza, he was with Phelps Dodge & Co. several years. I thought he was a good man but I found him a poor worthless vagabond and I sacked him on the first of March and now I have made an arrangement with Patrick to give him Rooms for himself, and Father, (he having lost his Mother) without charge, and fifteen Dollars the week, and I now think

I shall get matters working in Cherry Street so I can get away occasionally if I should want to. I have been wanting Patrick for a long time to go to Cherry Street to live but I could not prevail on him until since the death of his Mother. He takes entire charge of keeping the Houses clean, attends to getting tenants, etc., he is very reliable and a good fellow. In my absence the Judge is going down to Cherry Street every Saturday to pay off the men. I forget to tell you that Mr. Ely sent me yesterday a letter received by him from Smith dated Bologna, Monday, February 14th, he says the Carnival follows you. On Sunday a week ago the Carnival culminated at Florence with a grand exhibition in which the Aristocrats of the place joined. The same thing occurred at Bologna, in masks, and fancy dresses. Smith's letter was full of interest, he says the weather is fine, this adds greatly to the pleasure, I think you must have a delightful time. I only hope you have nothing to mar your pleasure, everyone that goes across the ocean speaks in such glowing colors of the pleasure they have had. If I was ten years younger I would go at once but I feel that I am too old, still on your Mother's account I have no doubt I shall go. I think I could get away better if you are in "the swamp" where you could get around occasionally and see how things go and attend to making out the tenants Receipts, collecting, etc. In this way I might get off but when it will be I cannot tell now. I told you Edward's Daughter, Octavia, was going to be married, it appeared to me after I had written you I called her name different. It is Annie Octavia, the second daughter. I cannot tell you when it is to take place as I did not hear the time, nor have I asked. Give my regards to the Messrs. Ely with much love to Louise and yourself from your affectionate father,

J. VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Julia V. Loew to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

March 5th, 1869.

Dear George:

The folks left this morning at half past seven o'clock, they did

not seem very happy about going and certainly we were far from happy to have them go. Father received a splendid long family letter from you yesterday which he has taken with him. Mother wanted very much to write to you before she left, but as it was quite impossible for her to do so, I told her I would write you a few lines explaining why she did not. She wanted too to send the names of two books we would like to have from Paris, I want them and as it will be safer to have a name written in them, write mine, they are, first, "La Civilité non puerile mais honnête etc" 4 frs. second "La bonne Menagère" 3 frs, to be had at Fermin Didot Rue Jacob 56 the same place you went for the "Mode Illustrée," of course it is all the same which of us has these books, but I think Mother would not think of getting them if it were not that I want them so much, so put my name in and we will arrange money matters when you return.

Please thank Louise very much for the kind and welcome letter I have received from her. Tell her the answer is half written and now that the folks are off, will soon be on its way to her. I really have not had time to write during the last few weeks. I coaxed Mother to send off Lizzie, so as to lighten our cares while she would be from home, and felt in consequence that I must help her all I could to get ready for her trip, so she would not miss Miss Lizzie, but now, I feel so lonely during the day until Fred comes home, I shall be glad enough to have Louise's letter yet to answer. Mother, and I, have been so much together of late, I miss her terribly; today after making a great effort I started out, but it did not seem a bit nice to be alone, I was glad to get back to the house. You know I used to go out so much alone, well I suppose I shall have to get used to it again, for there is no telling how long before they will be back, at least there is no time settled upon, and, if they find it pleasant, they may stay six weeks, I think the change will do Father good, he has not looked well since you left, dear Father I wish I could express my feelings as you do, but all I can say to your letters "Me too." Your letters have pleased and touched Father more than you can imagine, he says you are one of the old fashioned sort of boys, and by that he means a great deal, how I have envied you your faculty of expressing yourself. I cannot bear the thought of his

growing old, yet it seems to me as if he thought himself he was. Gladly, gladly would I do as you said you would like to, give twenty years of my life to lengthen out his, and Fred said he would too. Father seems to enjoy life so much. May he be long spared to us. Mother is just as usual, but Grandma has grown very old I think, I wonder if you will think so, to me she seems quite changed in every respect. Now, dear Georgie, I must bid you good night, and good bye. Please excuse this letter, I know it not fit to send, but trust you will look at it with partial eyes. My love to Louise, and kind remembrance to Mr. S. Ely Jr. I have left my "Hubbie" to send his own love in a few lines, but as he is to leave this at the Post Office on his way to court, he will not be able to, so I send his best love to you, and Louise, and respects to Mr. Ely. Hoping you will pardon this badly written letter and with much love my dear brother, Very affectionately,

Your sister,

JULIE.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

Richmond, Va., March 8th, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

We arrived here on Saturday, with the wind blowing a perfect gale. The weather has been very cold since we left, consequently it is anything but pleasant. On our journey we stopped to see Wallie, spent some two hours with him, he was delighted to see us, found him quite well & I think taller than he was, he has improved very much in his manners & I tell you he is going to make a fine scholar. He is much liked, his deportment is most excellent, the professors are all fond of him. He has just got over his homesickness, and all other complaints, and is himself again. On the 23rd he has one week vacation. I doubt whether we shall be home when he is there. We have promised him if we are not, we will stop and see him as we return, I should not wonder if this will cause him to return more contented. I find it exceedingly difficult to write you while from home. I am willing to pay the postage if I can write but a line or two feeling that the bare envelope would be something to receive, & remind you

that you are thought of,—smallest favors I am sure are thankfully received. You Mother, as well as myself, are quite well, I have forgotten whether I acknowledged your last family letter, but I believe I did the day I left home. I don't know when we shall have the pleasure of reading another, as I cannot tell when we shall be at St. Augustine, and it is to that place we have instructed the Judge to mail to. I hear from so many you have had very cold weather in Europe. Presuming you get our New York papers, and hear the news for yourself, I have written nothing at any time that I thought you could read in print. Smith in his letter to his Brother spoke as though Louise's health was better. We were glad to hear it. We hope she will continue to improve. I cannot tell now how long we shall be absent. Your Mother says it is hard to get me from home, but when I once get away it is hard to get me back. It is now so dark I am going to stop till the gas is lit and then I am not sure you will get any more, as I find it extremely difficult to write by gas light, I will close and if I say anything more it will be in a postscript; with much love to Louise, & yourself, with kind regards to the Messrs. Ely, from your affectionate Father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

Savannah, Geo., March 10th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

We arrived here about half past Five this morning, leaving Richmond Monday afternoon, riding two nights all night, and one whole day, and part of Monday, we reached here safely but tired out. Still my thoughts are led to my Dear Son, and Daughter, who are so far separated from us, and I feel my first duty is to write you, if but to say we are well. We found John and Mary E. waiting our arrival. They reached here Monday night, having traveled about sixteen hundred miles. We are now where the weather is quite warm and delightful. How long we shall remain here before leaving for St. Augustine is more than I can tell. John does not appear as well in health as I should have hoped to have found him. I am doubtful about the climate

of St. Paul, and I think John has become dubious of that himself. Mary E., and John, say they have been so much pleased with your letters, it has brought to mind so many things of interest that they saw, and had forgotten, when they were abroad. I have been with your Mother, John, and Mary E, to get weighed. Your Mother weighs 128, Mary E., 119, John, 145 and I, 210. I have weighed more than this, but it has been when I have had an over coat on, and thick boots. We have the country through which we have traveled dull and monotonous. We saw considerable of the destruction caused by Sherman, and the War, There is much poverty throughout the South. Many Northern men are settling in the South, and it will be by Northern enterprises that the South will rise, and blossom like a Rose, they have the climate, and the soil, for such products as are always needed and command big prices. Cotton, Rice, Naval Stores, Turpentine, Pitch, Rosin, and also the heavy pine for timber, masts, spars, as well as sugar, Sorghum, Cotton, Hemp, and tobacco, the latter of a better quality than any where else except Cuba. While these other products cannot be raised in the Northern States, it will take the people of the North to develop the wealth of our Southern States. The time will come when the entire South will be benefitted by the War. It is death to the present generation the taking away of their slaves, yet eventually it will be a help. There is much feeling among the Southern people towards the North, but it will subside in time. They are very glad to get our money, and they say none but Northern people have any. This will cause them in time to overcome their prejudices. It is not very agreeable for persons to travel through the South for pleasure on account of the miserable accommodations they find. The hotels are not kept as they were before the war. It is a great pity they are not, as so many of our best citizens are going South seeking health, and this calls very many well ones for company; but they become so disgusted with the accommodations that they make their stay much shorter than they otherwise would. I hope this letter will reach New York in time for the Saturday Steamer. I have made it my first duty on reaching here to write these few lines in the hope it will reach New York Saturday morning. I just asked your Mother if she would not add a line

or two. Mary E. said she would, and I am in hopes your Mother will, so I close with much love to yourself and kind regards to the Messrs. Ely, from your affectionate Father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

My dear Son

I feel quite tired from travelling all night for two nights, consequently do not feel much like writing, but I will write you in a day or two when I get rested. We stopped at Chester for an hour or more to see Wallie. He was well and glad to see us of course, Julie will mail your letters to us at St. Augustine so when we reach there we shall probably get some both from you and from home, with a great deal of love to you both, I remain

Your affectionate Mother

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Dear George:

I have not read the letters from Father, and Mother, and probably may repeat. They arrived here this morning, we reached here Monday evening: we were perfectly delighted to see them, we have not met before for nearly one and one half years. I wanted to write you with regard to the dresses that I would like to have. We will have to buy a new trunk, in returning to St. Paul, and you can buy one, and let me take it, you will not need it probably after you return, and we like those French trunks very much: ours has done us very good service and we have more need of trunks than you will be likely to, for we are on the move a good deal now, next Fall we expect to break up, and leave St. Paul for the Winter any way, if not for good. I have received the letter from you, and Louise, I cannot now wait to answer it, for they are waiting to take a walk and I wish to join them. I shall not explain who the "they" are, for probably Father has written you how we are situated here. I must now close, John joins with me in love to you both

Your affectionate

SISTER.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7. Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

Savannah, Ga.
March 12th 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter :

I thought I would commence a letter to you, write a few lines, and tomorrow add a little more, and mail in time for the steamer Saturday, the 20th. I could get it off in time for Wednesday steamer but my last letter will not reach New York in time for the steamer of the 13th, as I desired, consequently it cannot go before Wednesday, the 17th, and it will not be so pleasant for you to have two from me by the same mail. We find it extremely pleasant here and meet many we know. Our accommodations are fine. We have some New Yorkers with us. They, with John, and Mary E., enable us to fill a house all to ourselves. The Hotel being full, we are obliged to room out, and this house, which was a private house, was hired by the Proprietor, furnished most elegantly, and as I was an old friend of the proprietor, and had telegraphed to him from Richmond we were coming, he reserved this place for us while he was turning off many. Twenty-seven were refused admittance this morning. Yesterday we rode out to Bonaventure, one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw, about four miles from the city. Tomorrow we are invited to visit a plantation down the Savannah River. This evening we call, all our party, on one of the three gentlemen who surrendered the city to Genl. Sherman. A very fine man, and he has quite a desire to have us come and spend the evening with his family. We are enjoying ourselves very much but as I know you are seeing much more of greater interest I do not say I wish you were with us. We shall remain here till Monday or Tuesday before we go to Florida. We are told every Hotel, and private house, are filled to overflowing at St. Augustine, Jacksonville, and Enterprise, and the table is miserable, but I am bound to go no matter how it is. We started for Florida, and notwithstanding the gloomy accounts all give, and the comfortable quarters we leave, we feel we must go and see for ourselves.

Friday Afternoon. Having an engagement to go riding tomorrow morning, and to the markets in the afternoon, I doubt

whether I shall be able to write any, consequently think I had better close this, and mail it, even if it does reach New York so as to go in the same mail as the last. I think we shall leave here Monday night. I will write you again before leaving here as I cannot tell when an opportunity may offer to write again, but I assure you it shall be the first opportunity. Dr. Lathrop, his wife, and daughter, are here in Savannah. Your Mother, and Mary E., called on them this afternoon and had a delightful visit. Deacon William Phelps, of our church, also Mrs. Evans, Dr. Evans' wife, are here. It is surprising how many we meet here we know. After we leave we shall write you after we have seen the orange groves of Florida. We have not heard from home since we left. Nor do we expect to till we reach St. Augustine. This makes us anxious to get there.

Friday 13th. I did not mail this yesterday as I thought it was a pity not to write more fully and I thought I would take my chance of writing a few lines before our ride. The weather is beautiful. I only hope it will continue. I will see if your Mother, or Mary E., would like to add a line of two.

With much love, from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

My Dear Son,

I suppose letters are awaiting us at St Augustine, and therefore feel quite anxious to get there. I feel too that our visit here is over, as we were only to spend a day or two here, and this is our fourth day. It seems to be hard to get your Father started. I feel anxious to see Florida. Savannah, I have seen before. It seems a very long time since we have heard from you but I hope to when we reach St Augustine.

I hope the commissions for us will not give you too much trouble. You will only have to go to Mad. B.'s for Mary E.'s dresses. You will have to buy a trunk, I suppose, but I think that will not be very troublesome. Mary E. says you can get one of those drab ones for about \$5, or a little more, and that you will see them exposed for sale in the stores. We would be glad to have one about 28, or 30, inches long and about 24 inches high. I would like it a convenient size to use. Julie may have

ordered a dress for me from Mad. Delacroix, if so I would be glad to have you pay for, and take charge of it. Pack it in the trunk with Mary E.'s, or rather get a packer to do it for you. Mary E. had a packer. She obtained his services by telling the waiter she wanted one. They charged her about 8 fr. for two trunks but the waiter can tell you how much you ought to pay.

But I must now close. With a great deal of love to you both.

I remain, Your affectionate mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

Savannah, Ga., March 15th, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

We are leaving for Florida, and as I do not know what conveniences I may find after leaving here for writing, I make it my last duty to write you. This will reach New York Thursday night, or Friday, in time for Saturday steamer. We have had a most delightful time in this place. We have been on the go since we have been here. The weather is truly charming, and everything has contributed to our pleasure and comfort. Last Saturday we visited one of the largest, and most beautiful, Plantations on the Savannah River about four miles from this City. This is a beautiful place, not injured by the War as was Charleston and many other places. We are much interested in looking at the fortifications about the City. We spent last Friday Evening with one of the City Council who surrendered the City to General Sherman. It was well they surrendered for Sherman would have shelled the City, and that would have been a pity. Now at Richmond, the confederates, supposing we should confiscate their property, destroyed the greater part of the City, which they much regretted when they found there was no thought of confiscation. John, Mary E., Mrs. Randell, and a Mr. Robinson, are with us. Tomorrow we shall be in Jacksonville. Our stay there will be one day, then we take the boat up St. Johns River to Pickalata, Enterprise, and thence to Pelatka, and St. Augustine. How long we shall stay in Florida I cannot now tell. We shall return to

this place and then go to Charleston; stay there a few days and then return home. We attended the Baptist Church here yesterday, and heard Dr. Lathrop, who is here with his family, he leaves tomorrow for Florida. We have not heard from you since we left our City and I do not know when we shall, nor have we heard from home. This morning we received a letter from Wallie. It was unexpected and very thoughtful on his part, he directed it to Savannah and if not called for in two days to be forwarded to St. Augustine. We may find a letter from you in St. Augustine, as we told Julie to mail us there. We meet here many New Yorkers, which makes it very cheerful, and I suppose we shall find it so in Florida. I am going to see if I cannot get some one of our folks to add a few lines—in hopes I shall be successful, I will close with love from your affectionate Father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Monday, March 15th, 1869.

My Dear George:

We are very comfortably accommodated here. The Screven House being full, they lodge us in an adjoining house, giving us the parlor floor; consisting of two rooms connecting with sliding doors, Mary E., and John, having one room, and your Father & I the other, but there are so many in and out, and they keep such a talking that it is difficult to write. When we arrived here we had four more in our party (Dr. Van Doren's family) who occupied the floor above us, and every time either of them went out or came in, they stopped in for a few moments. They left for Florida Saturday evening, we may meet them there, or at some other point on our way home. I hope I made it plain to you about the trunk, for Mary E.'s dresses. You see I need a trunk, and I suppose Julie will order a dress for me from Mad. Delacroix and I know you will need all the trunk room you have for yourself, besides it will be much less trouble for you to buy a trunk, and hire a packer to pack it, and I suppose there will be room in it for something more, perhaps for some of Louise's dresses. I would like the trunk to be smaller than our Saratoga trunks and considerably larger than our sole leather one. Mary E. thinks they ask about \$5.00 or \$6.00 for them, the trunk Julie

had on her wedding trip is a good size, but I am not very particular, I shall be suited with whatever you get, I have written so much about it to save you the trouble of studying over the matter. I am very anxious to reach St. Augustine as I expect to get letters there from you, and from home. Give my regards to the Messrs. Ely, and my best love to Louise, with a great deal of love for yourself I remain as ever

Your affectionate Mother

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

St. Augustine, Florida,

Mar 18, 1869.

My dear George:

We were very glad to get your letter from Milan, it is the first we have had since leaving home, and we have been away two weeks today. Julie says she has written to you to get us two books from Mad. Raymond of rue Jacob ("Mode Illustrée") office. She will write the names of them, and the price, so all you will have to do will be to hand them the slip of paper and pay for the books. The weather here is cooler than I expected to find it. Yesterday we visited the fort here, it is a very old affair, is said to be over two hundred years old, and was built by the Spaniards. I believe that St. Augustine is the oldest settlement in America—there is no good hotel here and very little attention is paid to cultivating the soil.

I hope you will not have any trouble in getting a trunk for us I wrote you in my last I would like one about the size of Julie's new drab one, the one that has the india rubber corners. I think it is almost as long as the one you used to take to Hanover, but it is higher and has two trays, which is very convenient. Remember me kindly to the Messrs. Ely. Give my best love to Louise, and accept of it yourself, hoping soon to see you both in very good health and spirits, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate Mother

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

P. S.—I was very glad to hear from Benny.

St. Augustine, March 18th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

We arrived here last night about Eight o'clock, and I went to the Post Office and obtained several letters from Wallie, Julie, the Judge, and one from you to me, dated the 21st of February. I was glad to hear from you. We had a letter from Benny, also a card de Visite which I gave to Mary E. We were glad to get it. As to what money you lay out for me, you can use a circular note, or make a draft, just which you like, I should suppose the circular note the best. We spent one day at Jacksonville, Florida, shall remain here until Monday, when we leave for Enterprise, on the St. Johns River. How long we shall stay there I cannot tell. We shall return to New York soon after the first of April. I am not as well pleased with St. Augustine as I had hoped to have been; yet it is quite amusing as everything is so entirely different from any other place I ever saw. The streets are quite narrow, ranging from about eight feet, to twelve, in width. The accommodations are very poor. They say there are two thousand strangers in the place. I have not seen one of your family letters since we left home. Whether any has been received in our absence I do not know. We shall get one more mail from New York before we leave here, that will be tomorrow night (Friday), if we should get one from you it will be quite a treat as your family letters interest us so much. About coming home I presume you will act wisely, as it is best to get a knowledge of the business as soon as you can, and if the business is dull you will come in without so much labor. I think you will find the "Deacon," and William, very pleasant men and no trouble to get along with. The "Deacon" is a very worthy man and one I think you will like. As for William I think he is one you will never find in the way. Julie in her letters says she misses us so much the days pass like weeks. I have no doubt it is so. I expect if GrandMa could give vent to her opinion she would mourn our departure more than Julie, especially when Gray's day comes. The climate of this place is very fine, but the society is rather lacking. If there were some good Hotels here it would bring many more here, and be of vast benefit to the place. Friday, March 19th, The mail does not leave here till six o'clock to-morrow morning. We are

all well; weather fine, we leave here Sunday morning for Enterprise on the St. Johns; our stay there will be short. I doubt whether I shall be able to write you again till we get to some settled place. With much love to you both, from your affectionate Father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. John Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

St. Augustine, March 20th, 1869.

My dear George:

Father has become a wonderful correspondent, I think he writes you quite regularly, and feels real badly if he finds a mail goes out without taking something for you, and since we have been together I feel that he tells you all the news, and so leaves little or nothing for me, which has made me more negligent than I would otherwise be: besides I become very much fatigued by traveling, I presume because I was very tired and worn out when we left St. Paul and then travelled very fast until we reached Savannah. I have hardly felt like myself since, but I trust that I will soon get rested and be myself once more. As it is I feel tired the whole time. John is improving and enjoys the air here very much: in fact so much so that they have gone out to look at some place that is offered for sale. I did not go, feeling more like keeping quiet, and besides John knows that whatever pleases him suits me, so that he was satisfied to go without me. Father talks of buying it, but of course consults John about it, for if he should get it I presume we would be here the greater part of the time, and they very probably come down Winters: but this is only the conversation: they may not decide upon anything. It only reminds me of the air-castles John, and I, used to build evenings in St. Paul and may be as durable as they were viz: gone by morning. We are very much pleased with the air of St. Augustine, it is a very quaint old town and reminds me of places we visited in Spain. There are a few pretty residences here: it is only a small place. Mr. Robinson tells me that it has 1500 inhabitants, so you may imagine that it is not very large: part, and the greater part, of the town is very old and looks probably much

older than it is, because it is all moss-grown, the walls and houses, and even some of the trees. The greater part of the town is build of a curious substance that is quarried here in blocks like stone, on "Anastatia" Island; these blocks are formed entirely of small shells. I have looked but do not see any substance holding these tiny shells together: it is soft when taken out, and hardens by exposure to the atmosphere: it is called Kokeina, spelling it as it is pronounced, I presume that it is spelled Cochina. Then they often stucco over this. They had a severe frost at Christmas which destroyed a great many oranges here, and I believe delayed the trees in flowering, they are now in full bloom, the odor is perfectly delightful, we get some blossoms, when we go out and have them in our rooms, which are scented with them: These are only the bitter orange, for of course they never pluck the flowers from the sweet orange trees: they cultivate the bitter orange, and then graft on the sweet orange. I believe they think they do better than to cultivate the sweet orange, although they do both. It takes five years for an orange tree to bear, a lemon tree requires but three.

I hope that the commission that I have troubled you about will give you no inconvenience, it should not. I wrote you about the "Bon Marché" for Louise's benefit, not my own. I should not impose on her good nature so far as to ask her to go to all that trouble for me, besides as she does not know my taste she would be troubled lest I might not be pleased—now the responsibility of the whole rests upon Madam Brignon. It costs much more to get a dress, I mean the silk, of the dress-maker, and Louise might prefer to get her best one in that way, but if she asks at the silk counter of the "Bon Marché" for an "occasion" (do not pronounce it as if it were English, remember a is r, and the i, as if it were y) and has patience, she will find some very cheap things, if she has my luck, "occasion" means a bargain. I found, or I should say I bought, a silk dress for \$11.00, another for \$13.00, both of which did me excellent service, they were what the French call "fantasie" that means fancy—one was a purple, and black plaid, and the other lavender and white striped: any silk, *not* a plain color, I believe they call "fantasie". I got the run of the stores so well that I wish that I could assist her in her shopping; remember we

were there over a month and I did very little sight seeing, or in fact anything but shop, either for myself, or my friends. It is now five, and I have promised to be on the Plaza at half past five, and I wish to change my dress, so I must stop my scribbling, which by the way I find very tiresome for the table is either too low, or my chair too high, and I have to stoop over so that my back is almost broken, I am sure it must be cracked a little, this is my third letter—

With much love to yourself, and Louise, I remain,

Your affectionate,

SISTER.

Jacob Vanderpoel writes to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

St. Augustine, March 21st, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

We did not leave here this morning as we had contemplated, and this gives me one more opportunity to write you from this place. We are in the place of all others we have visited that I like the climate of the best. That is why we have lengthened our stay. Thinking John might like to come here another Winter we concluded to stay a little longer, and endeavor to make some provision for him in case he does come. Your Mother as well as myself feel that we like this place for a winter resort better than any place we have seen, and before I finish this letter I may be able to give you some further evidence of this. We have not seen one of your family letters since we left home; it has been quite a disappointment to us, we do not know, if they have been received at home, why we have not had them mailed to us unless the Judge, and Julie, think them too valuable to be trusted to the mail. Night before last we had a light mail, and the Post Master thought only a part had come through. We hope tonight all will come, including the omitted portion, and the regular mail, in that case I am sure we shall get something. I have begun this letter before breakfast Sunday morning and I will now cease my labors till I strengthen the inner man.

Monday 22nd, your family letter of the 21st of February was received last night. We felt confident that mail would bring us

some letters, sure enough, it did, for it brought us no less than four: one from GrandMa, one from Julie, and the Judge, and your family letter. Mary E. was appointed reader by general acclamation. She did her part nobly, your letter was quite a masterpiece; it certainly must have taxed your brains to compose so elaborate a letter. You cannot imagine the pleasure it afforded us all, and especially John, and Mary E., as they had gone over most of the ground, visiting the same places, bringing to their minds past but pleasant remembrances. I began the letter before breakfast because this will be our last day here and when breakfast is over, having many things to attend to, business and pleasure, I am sure I will not have the time to write one word. The climate of this place is delightful. I might say, charming. The accommodations are miserable, you would be astonished to think we would remain here if you could see the House we were at. We have Rooms out. John, and Mary E., are in one House and we in the other. Ours opposite the Hotel, and John, and Mary E., are three, or four, houses below the Hotel, although fronting on the same street, they have to turn the corner of another street and enter from the rear, go up quite a flight of stairs, and pass along a corridor to enter their room. We both have the benefit of balconies which extend out over the street. There are no side walks, and all the streets are narrow. The Houses are built up to the line, the entrance, or front, door, is level with the streets, the streets average in width from seven to sixteen feet and none of them have regular sidewalks, the streets are very sandy, very frequently the sand is several inches deep. Notwithstanding all I have said against the place, it is visited by hundreds of our very best, and wealthiest, families, and were there decent accommodations, thousands would flock here and spend their winters. Those from Jacksonville and the interior of the country came here in the summer. I shall carry this letter with me to Jacksonville tomorrow, and mail it from there, as the mail does not leave here so soon by one day. From here the mail departs and arrives three times a week while from Jacksonville it goes daily. Remember me to the Messrs. Ely, with much love to you, and Louise, your affectionate father,

J. VANDERPOEL.

Tuesday 23rd—We thought of leaving this morning but concluded to remain a little longer. I bought this day one of the nicest pieces of property that was for sale in this place, although the house is poor and small. I am going as soon as I get my dinner to look at an orange grove which, if not sold, your Mother will purchase. So you see we are bound to have some place in St. Augustine where we can pass the Winters. An orange tree ought to bear from five hundred, to four thousand, oranges and this place has over thirty large, sweet, orange trees besides some sour ones. Also Peach, and Fig, trees. John expects to buy a piece adjoining which will make, with mine, quite a nice property. We are not able to get the grove, but shall make the plot we have answer. It has several fine orange trees on it, which bear nicely. Adieu with love J. V.

Dear George:

Your Father has left room for a few lines for me: he is very much pleased with the climate here, in fact appears to be in no hurry to leave I have asked Julie to write the "Grand Marché" rue Turbigo 3, for a black silk costume for me for 280 fr. Mary E. is going to send for one also, we want you to be pay-master, I hope it will not give you much trouble, with love to you both I remain your affectionate Mother

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

St. Augustine, March 26th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

We are still here, but shall leave in the morning for Jacksonville, thence to Savannah. We have been much pleased with the climate of this place. We are in hopes it is just the spot where John will be benefitted. I have bought a plot to build on, which is one of the most desirable in the place. It has several fine bearing sweet orange trees, very many figs and, Pomegranates. The Oranges, and Pomegranates, are now in blossom. There is a small cottage on the place which will answer to live in till I can build. The paper on which I wrote was given to me by Mary E, who has

kept it since the first breaking out of the war, and it has the American flag on it. Your Mother is looking I think much better than when we left home, and I hope she will return benefitted. I found it very difficult to leave home, and suppose I shall have to go to work to make up for it. As I wrote you last we have had one family letter from you, and I suppose we shall not see another till we reach home. We feel the disappointment but look forward to the time with pleasure when we shall be home to read them, this letter was began immediately after breakfast, and now it is Twelve o'clock, so you see the labor it is to me to write. I have just been down and seen the Captain of the Steamer on which we sail tomorrow morning, my object was to learn the exact hour we must be on board. He said we must be on board at 6 o'clock. I will not stop writing myself, and leave it to the care of Mary E. Remember me to the Messrs. Ely, with kind regards, and with much love to you, and Louise, I remain your affectionate Father

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Dear George:

Father commenced to write you this letter yesterday & promised to leave room for me to add a few lines. They have been talking of leaving every day this week: and we persuaded them to remain longer, but this morning they left (Saturday) by steamer from here to Jacksonville and expect to be in Savannah tomorrow. We have been together for over two weeks, we have enjoyed it very much: our accommodations here have not been as pleasant as they were in Savannah, in fact our visit there was so very delightful that it will always be a bright spot in my memory. We had been separated for so long, that our meeting was very, very delightful and both John and I have enjoyed every moment that we have been together. I try to imagine that they have not left, but only gone out for a walk. They disliked going by steamer, fearing sea-sickness, but there was no alternative, all the places in the stage were taken and they would have to delay their departure for another day, which they were unwilling to do. There are two ways to get here from Jacksonville, either by steamer directly, or else by steamer up the St. John's to Picalata, and then from there here by stage, a ride of only 14 miles, but

which takes four hours at least to accomplish the journey: it is the most travelled route, because there is only one steamer a week direct, and one can come every day by the other route.

Mother has written to the "Grand Marché" in Paris, "No. 3 Rue Turbigo" for a costume, which she wishes to have you bring with you. At any of these places, all you have to do is to call there and let them know your address. Mother having written that you will call, and they will send the dress to the hotel you are stopping at with the bill. It is to be 280 francs for the dress. Mother thinks that I would not be asking too much of you if I should send for one also, but I have not yet decided what I will do. I should be very glad to have one when in N. Y. but it will be of no use here.

I have not of course read what Father has written you, neither have I seen any of his letters to you, and consequently do not know what he has written you about his Florida investments. He has brought a lot here with a tiny little house, and some orange trees, and now talks of building a house here, with the intention now of coming down here part of each Winter. The lot is 225x100 ft. I think: the little house is so very small that it will not be of much use, except as a kitchen, store room and servants room, if he should build. They have also, he, and John, together bought another lot for an investment. They think that in both cases the prices were cheap and therefore were led to invest. This climate seems very delightful, coming as we have from our frozen North, and everyone here, considers the summers more pleasant than the Winters. But no place under the sun is perfect, all have their draw-backs and St. Augustine is not exempt. Housekeepers here have their trials with servants; for since the War, the negroes are almost worthless. I cannot wonder at it, poor creatures, their liberty must be a great boon to them, it is no wonder that they are almost crazed by it. I trust that in time this evil will be remedied. We have already made some pleasant acquaintances. we are invited out to tea this evening, and in my own mind I keep revolving the serious question, what shall I wear? for St. Augustine is not so warm as I expected, and the greater part of my clothing is too thin, and will reach St. Paul next summer without ever having been out of my trunk.

I made up my mind to write several letters today, this is my first. John joins myself in sending much love to both yourself, and Louise. I hope that you will reach N. Y. before we leave. I may not be able to write you again before we start for the North.

I remain,

Your affectionate Sister,
MARY.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

Savannah, Geo., March 29th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

We left St. Augustine Saturday morning 6 o'clock for Jacksonville. A more beautiful day, or pleasanter trip, could not be desired, there was not a ripple, or a wave, after once we crossed the St. Augustine Bar, until we reached St. John's Bar. Notwithstanding all that, I was sick while your Mother, and no one else, was. I really feel ashamed of myself to think so little motion should affect me, we were only about six hours making Jacksonville, a very quick trip. We remained in Jacksonville the rest of the day, leaving at night, arriving here at breakfast time yesterday (Sunday) morning. We shall leave here tomorrow morning by steamer for Charleston. I suppose I shall be sick again. We expect to spend two or three days there, after that our stops will be few and short. We shall reach New York before the 10th of April. We are in hopes to hear from you at Charleston. I left an unfinished letter for you at St. Augustine; Mary E. promised to fill it, and mail you, last evening which was as soon as the mail left there, or I would have mailed it before I left. Although the weather is pleasant yet I do not find it so balmy and delightful as at St. Augustine. I never felt so delightful a climate elsewhere, it was so pleasant and mild. I mentioned I believe I bought a small place with some orange, figs, and pomegranates, on it. The house is small. I shall have to add to it. If this climate should benefit John, I shall build, if not, I will make the house now on the place answer. It is already rented. It is a small, one story and a half, cottage with the roof extending over the Piazza, it has two rooms down stairs and two up stairs with

the kitchen at the end; the building sets in the centre of the block or plot. It has a frontage of about two hundred and thirty feet on one street with an L on one side. It is about one hundred and forty feet deep on one side & the other one hundred and ten feet; most beautifully situated, within one hundred yards of the Plaza. It is the handsomest piece of property in the town.

Charleston April 1st. We arrived here night before last, from Savannah. Yesterday, we visited Fort Sumter, Fort Moultry Castle Pinkney, passing Fort Riply, James, Johnson, & Morris Islands. A steamer was making the excursion, the first of the Season, starting from Charleston, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity and were much pleased. The only letters we have had from you were those already acknowledged. Yesterday your Mother received one from Louise, which she will acknowledge. We arrived in this City night before last, had a very pleasant passage from Savannah. The weather is fine. I don't know whether I have said to you that we left John, and Mary E., at St. Augustine. We left St. Augustine on Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, taking the outside passage, arrived at Jacksonville about Twelve o'clock, called on Louis Burrell's Widow, got some oranges to bring with us that were raised on their place, which we find very nice, left Jacksonville Saturday night, and reached Savannah Sunday morning. We staid there till Tuesday morning, and arrived here the same night about Ten o'clock. We have been absent almost one month, and have not had one rainy day since we left home. The climate of Florida is beautiful, and I am told it is more delightful in Summer than Winter, the thermometer seldom going over eighty. Thurlow Weed is at the same Hotel with us, the Charleston Hotel, he is quite feeble, he took hold of my hand last evening with both of his and remarked he was so feeble. I had quite a conversation with him in the morning and recommended St. Augustine, he said he started expecting to get there, but heard terrible accounts of the miserable accommodations. There was said to be no place to sleep, and the living was poor, and he was deterred from going there and went to Aiken, S. C. He will return there as soon as he can conveniently. We intended to have gone to Aiken, but shall not, John, and Mary E., will. We have a most delightful trip, and

next week will bring us very near, if not quite, at home. We expect to find some of your family letters waiting our arrival. I am now writing John to examine a place I liked very well on the River front at Augustine for a summer place, good bathing, fishing, clams and oysters, at the very door. I think it would make a delightful place to pass the summer as well as the winter. The place I bought is a half mile, or quarter, of a mile from the water and about two hundred feet from the Plaza. We have just received a letter from Mary E. from St. Augustine telling us of the arrival of Dr. Evans, and his wife, after our departure. I will close, for your Mother to finish. With much love to the Messrs. Ely, retaining a large share for yourselves, from your
Affectionate Father

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Charleston, April 1st, 1869.

My Dear Louise :

Your very welcome letter from Venice, enclosing a photograph for Julie, reached me yesterday, I was delighted to hear from you, and to find you had visited Venice, I have no doubt you found it very different from any other city you have visited, and quite interesting in many respects. I hope you will have pleasant weather for travelling through Germany, and Switzerland, though I fear you will find it rather cold, in Switzerland. I think your brother acted wisely in deciding to remain with you instead of going to Paris, it would be a pity to break up the party, four makes a very pleasant party to travel with, and he would have been very lonely in Paris without the others and you would have felt anxious to have him there alone. I suppose you wish to see as much of Paris as any of the party and if he did not go to Germany he would not know what objects of interest there might be, and when he heard your account of what you had seen, he might regret that he had not gone with you, I am very sorry to hear you have been troubled with the tooth-ache, it is bad enough to have that when one is at home, where you can try different things for its relief. I hope you will not be troubled with so unwelcome a visitor again. I have no doubt George is in good health, and that you take good care of him, as long as

he has such an appetite, I hope he takes as good care of you, and that you are blessed with an equally good appetite.

We have had a very pleasant trip south, we have visited Richmond, Savannah, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and here we are at Charleston, on our way home. Richmond, I think, bears greater evidence of the ravages of War than any other place we have visited. We were all very much pleased with the climate of St. Augustine, it is a very quiet place, probably more quiet since the War than ever. We were there almost ten days, and as we met some very pleasant people, we enjoyed it very much, although we had nothing to boast of in the way of accommodations, there is certainly room for improvement in that respect.

I see by the New York papers that ex-Mayor James Harper was thrown from his carriage, and sustained injuries, which resulted in his death on Saturday, 27th March, his daughter who was riding with him was also thrown from the carriage but she was not seriously injured. What a dreadful thing it is to lose a friend in so sudden a manner. With kind regards to your brothers, and a great deal of love to yourself, and George, I remain,

Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Frederick W. Loew to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. Rothschild et fils., Frankfort on the Main.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

April 2, 1869.

My dear George:

After trying all week to find time to write to you and not being able I concluded to take advantage of this Sunday evening. We have received several of your family letters since the folks left, at first we sent them on to them, but now we keep them, as we all thought them too precious to run so much risk of having them lost. Your letters, now from Germany, are exceedingly interesting to me, more than while you were in Italy, because I knew so little of the ground you went over, but in Germany, like Paris, I can follow your letters better, and almost imagine I have been travelling with you even in cities I have not seen, as Vienna for instance, but I have heard so much about it from the Ger-

mans I knew, who seemed very proud of it, that it quite seems to me as if I had been there. I wish you were at least a month later, you would be so much more pleased with the country than you can possibly be now. I am anxious to know how you like Dresden, it is a great contrast, in its dull sleepiness, to the life, and activity, of Vienna, it looks dull enough in summer, I cannot imagine what it must look like in early spring. Berlin seemed to me more like New York than anything I saw, it was so new and modern. I used to live in the Bruderstrasse number 5. Do you remember seeing the street? It, and Lieberstrasse, start from the place in front of the old palace, I was so pleasantly situated in Berlin I shall always remember the place with something very like affection. You will find it very cold and disagreeable there now, they told me it was not pleasant in winter. I think Paris will look splendidly to you after seeing these little German cities.

We had expected to have the folks home with us today, but they have not come nor do we know when they are coming as they do not tell us. You can't imagine how dull, and lonely, it is without them; I am tired enough of it and have been ever since they left. Give my love to Louise, and with much to you dear Georgie, and thanking you for your kindness, I am as ever very affectionately

Your sister, JULIE.

Chas. H. Chandler.

Class Secretary, Class 1868, Dartmouth College.

To Geo. B. Vanderpoel.

Friend Vanderpoel,

I wish to call your attention to our class reunion to be held next summer in accordance with our vote before graduation.

Arrangements have been made for feeding the multitude at a large victualing tent on the common. Class tents from Concord can be procured for the expense of transportation. Do we want one? I think that was the general opinion last summer. In fact it seems our only course as I hear that every room is already engaged.

The Class committee wish to know how many intend to be

present that they may procure a suitable tent if any. Will you be there? Please inform me before May 1st if possible.

If you cannot come a letter to represent you in the meeting is desirable that we may hear from all our number and know how wags the world with them.

CHAS. H. CHANDLER.

Meriden, N. H., April 5, 1869.

Hathaway was married Feb. 27.

My dear Brother George:

I cannot omit adding a few words of thanks to what Julie has said respecting the papers you sent. It was real good of you to think of me, when you must have had so many more important matters to think of. I don't know how I shall ever repay you.

I have read them much more carefully than I ever did any German papers, while travelling in that country. Judging from your letters, you have had a splendid time thus far, and I sincerely hope such will continue to be the case till we welcome you home. Please give my love to Sister Louise, and remember me very kindly to Mr. Smith Ely.

Truly yours, FRED.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

April 9, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

We arrived home late last night, making our return just one day sooner than we had expected in order that your Mother, and I, could write you by tomorrow's steamer. The mail closes so early on Saturday morning that it is necessary to mail our letters over night. It was very late when we got home last night, and I left the house so early this morning that I could not take the time to read your three, or four, family letters which we found waiting our arrival. Your Mother was only too anxious to sit up last night, and read them, but I told her it would not do, for it was midnight then.

This morning I told her there was one of two things to do—one was to take the time, and read the letters from you, and not

write you, or write you first, and read the letters after. She concluded we would write, but I doubt very much if she does not do some of both, for I found her with your letters in her hand, reading some portions. I told her I did not think it was fair play for her to read them before we both had an opportunity. She said she was only looking to see what you said about Venice, but I don't believe Venice alone would satisfy her.

It seems like an age since we left our city, although it has been only about six weeks. We have had a most delightful trip, returned in good health, and spirits. I with a few pounds more of flesh than when I left, and I think your Mother has not lost any. We left John, and Mary E. at St. Augustine; they were to stay nine, or ten, days after we left. I have just read a letter from Mary E. in which she says they found it very pleasant after we left, the few families from the north residing there had been very sociable, and Mary E. writes that they had been invited about to take tea, which invitations they had accepted, and found their hosts *exceedingly kind*. John is much pleased with the place, and thinks the climate just the thing for him. We spent nearly, or quite, four days in Charleston, one and one-half in Wilmington, N. C., visiting the battle grounds, etc., all of which we found very interesting. We stopped, and passed the day, with Wallie at Chester. He was delighted to see us. He has grown quite a big boy, and as Col. Hyatt says, one of the best, *very best*, boys in the Institute. He *stands very high* in all his studies; he is an excellent student. You cannot imagine how he has improved, but he is *awfully homesick*. He likes his school, and professors, but he likes his *home better*. I feel very sorry for the poor boy. He bears up with it nobly, but you know he is of a nervous temperament, *very affectionate*, and he longs for home. He says but little, but keeps up a *terrible thinking*. Col. Hyatt speaks so very highly of him; he has the confidence and respect of every professor, and he would not violate one of the rules for any consideration. He wants us to come and see him every week if we could. John and Mary E. have promised to stop and see him. I am afraid his ambition may affect his general health. He is anxious to have the Col. push him ahead. The Col. says it will not answer, he is too studious. I never once

thought he would take to his studies so. He is very quiet and reserved in his deportment; *straight* as a *reed*, has the *military step*, etc. You might be with him an hour and he would say but little to you unless you did to him. *He thinks much, and says little; his affections are strong. All your sayings, and doings, he quotes as the highest authority*—anything George says is so, and George knows.

I am told in our absence they have had a miserable month in New York. The month of March has been the worst part of our whole winter. Nothing but snow, sleet, rain, cold high winds, etc., while your Mother, and I, have had the most beautiful weather, and not one rainy day since we left. We returned home much pleased with our trip. Not having read your last three or four letters, I cannot make any reply to them, nor can I answer any enquiries, if there are any to be answered; nor do I know what your movements are, or have been, nor when you expect to be home. When I write you on Wednesday, or rather Tuesday, for Wednesday's steamer, I will be better informed. My first business on my return home is to write you. I have not seen, nor heard, from the Messrs. Ely, nor shall I before tomorrow, and in my next will tell you what I may learn, if anything.

Your Mother was delighted to get a letter from Louise; it was very acceptable. I took with us some thin paper and envelopes to write you when we were absent, and I thought I had taken full as much, if not more, than I could possibly use but I found my supply ran short. I used all the envelopes, and had to get one sheet of thin paper in Savannah to write my last letter on. I either stayed longer than I expected, or wrote oftener, than I thought I should, or I would not have run out. It will, however, teach me to supply myself better another time.

I cannot tell with what regularity you got my letters, for they had to be trusted to our Southern mails, which I imagine are not the most regular, and you may have got two or three at a time, and then be without for some time. Mary used to write me from St. Paul that she would often get two or three letters from me at once, and then be without almost a whole week, when she should have had one daily. Now, as I am home, I shall be more regular. I made it a rule to write you twice every week.

I did this because I did not see who else there was to write you, and I thought you ought to have at least two letters a week from home. I will not ask you, as Julie did us, to hurry back as I know you will come full as soon as you ought to, for I do not know when you will have another opportunity to travel in Europe, and I wish you to see all you can, and enjoy yourself as well as you can.

I must now close. Give my respects to the Messrs. Smith, and Edwin, Ely, and with much love to you and Louise from
Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

CLIPPING ENCLOSED IN LETTER OF APRIL 9, 1869.

"We noticed, in our last week's issue, the purchase of a lot on St. George street, belonging to Dr. Anderson, by Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel, of New York; we are informed that he has also purchased the lot lying south of this property, separated from it by Artillery Lane, owned by Hon. George Burt.

"Mr. W. S. Pendleton, of New York, has purchased from Mr. Francis Triay, a pleasant cottage residence, opposite Mr. Vanderpoel's purchase.

"Mr. A. A. Barber, who recently bought the Douglas tract known as 'Macariz', is beautifying the grounds, preparatory to erecting a handsome residence. He has sold a forty-acre tract, on the north side of him, to a gentleman from the north, at an advance of 100 per cent on his purchase.

"It is needless to repeat our warm welcome to our City, to these gentlemen. Every issue of our paper chronicles the settling among us, of some of these stirring, energetic Northerners, who are threatening to buy out the 'Ancient City', set it on the wheels of progress and run it, in a twinkling, out of the dark ages, right into the middle of the nineteenth century. Truly our City is waking up to the advantages in health and climate and productions of this romantic, charming old spot.

"The North City is the place where we will have some space to erect a new and beautiful City, with straight and wide streets, beautiful walks and drives bordered with orange, and lemon trees, perhaps a little park or so, with the waving plumes of the

banana, the tropical date-palm, the luxuriant grape vines beautifying it, with the Coquina gravel the prettiest and cheapest in the world, the sod of Bermuda grass the firmest and tightest possible, and all in full view of the beautiful bay glittering and dimpling beneath the skies that rival Italy's own in loveliness. By all means let the ancient glories of towers and gates, of grand, crumbling ruins, haunted by medieval memories, let them remain. They are what nothing on this continent resembles or can replace, but build a new City beside the old one, that all the 'Northern comforts and conveniences,' may be enjoyed, while the taste and imagination of the sight-seer and the antiquarian may be gratified at the same time.

"We understand that less than one acre was sold outside the gates a few days ago by Mr. Ora P. Howard, for \$800."

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry St., New York.
April 10th, 1869.

My Dear Son and Daughter,

I wrote you yesterday. When I got home I found the enclosed letter for you which I send you with a line or two. I expected your Mother to write you by this mail, but just getting home after an absence of six weeks, she found so much to talk about with Julie, and was so anxious to read your letters that she could not write to you. Will do so on Wednesday.

I had the great pleasure of hearing two of your letters read last evening, from Venice, and Vienna. They were exceedingly interesting. I cannot imagine how you could take the time to write so much. It took the Judge from immediately after dinner until our time for retiring to read two, and I believe there are two, or three, yet to read. Two, I am sure. Your letters certainly do you credit. I am sorry that Edwin should wish to separate, as four makes so much better number to travel with. The same conveyance that takes three will take four. Then again you started together, it would be so much better to keep together. I hope you will be entirely influenced by Mr. Smith Ely as he is older, and it was his entire project, consequently I

should let Mr. Smith Ely understand that you are but a passenger. Any way suits you. Harmony in the camp.

The Judge was saying last night, but I don't know as it ought to be repeated, that he met Mr William Ely in the street while we were absent and he said to the Judge, they, Smith and Edwin, had got at loggerheads about which way they should go. Smith wanted to go to Turkey, Edwin to France. Your name was not mentioned. I only hope it will not be. I read your letter to me personally. I thought I had it with me. I stopped to see the date, and where written, and found I have left it home. I intended to have it with me so as to answer some of your enquiries. I now only recollect one thing. That was the perfumery. Should you pay over one dollar per bottle, was it in gold, etc.? It was in gold, I meant and I mean for you to buy what I order as cheap as you can, but buy that quantity paying whatever the price may be. I only mentioned what Mary E. paid. It may be higher and it may be cheaper. I did not know, but if you take two or three dozen you might buy it lower. Dr. Gorringer, my tenant, would like half a dozen, or one dozen, to sell again so if you bought with that in view you could buy at the trade price, and mine could be bought for the same price. I like the large bottles. I would not care if they were larger but then I would not want so many. However that was a good size of which you have one bottle.

With much love from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

April 13th, 1869.

My Dear George.

Your father wrote you by Saturday's steamer informing you of our return home, we had a very pleasant trip, and we both enjoyed it exceedingly. We kept you pretty well posted as to our movements during our absence. We wrote you so often that we used up all the thin paper, and envelopes, that is, all we had with us. On our return we found four or five letters from

you awaiting us. They were very interesting indeed to us. They were written from different cities, the last, I think, from Vienna. No, I am mistaken, it was from Berlin. You would have found it more pleasant in Germany in the summer time. You must feel the cold very much, going from the south so early in the season. We found the weather very warm in Savannah, and Charleston, and we found it much warmer in Jacksonville than in St. Augustine, where there was always a good breeze from the sea. We were all very much pleased with the climate of St. Augustine.

We expect Mary E., and John, here in about a week. They will make us a visit, and visit Albany, and return to St. Paul by the first of June. They have rented their house up to that time.

You seem to feel troubled about your sister's dresses. You have only to pay for them, and buy a trunk to pack them in. I suppose she has given you the address of Mad. Brignon. I have ordered two dresses from the "Grand Marché" Parisian, Rue Turbigo 3, which I would like to have packed in the same trunk with Mary E.'s, and I shall have to trouble you to pay for them. One is a short costume of black silk at 280 f., the other a brown, the same price, for a short suit, but I wanted it long, with some sort of an outer garment and I do not want to pay much over the 280 f. for it. If there is any trouble about that dress I am willing to do without it. The black one, too, if you find it too much trouble. Julia wrote for me ordering the two dresses last Saturday. I shall be very glad indeed to get the dresses but if they should give you trouble by not having them done in time, or in any other way, I shall be satisfied if you do not bring them at all, and if you think you will have more dresses than you can conveniently bring home, you can write to them, or get somebody to write them in French, telling them it will be impossible for you to bring the dresses, and that they need not make them until your sister comes to Paris, which she expects will be soon. You see I am trying to arrange it so that you can get rid of the matter if you find it troublesome. George Street Jr is to sail for Paris in the steamer of Wednesday (tomorrow) The one that will carry this letter. He goes on business for a short trip.

You may meet him. You had better buy yourself a few handkerchiefs when you are in Paris. The "Bon Marché" is a good place perhaps, and would it not be a good plan for you to buy two or three shirts? perhaps they will want you to buy them by the dozen. I see they advertise ladies' undergarments at reasonable prices at the "Magasin du Louvre," Rue de Rivoli, under the Hotel. My cousin, Mrs. I. T. Williams, thought undergarments were cheaper than any thing else when she was abroad but it is not a good plan to buy many.

With much love to yourself and Louise and respects for the Messrs. Ely. I remain, Your affectionate mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

P. S. I enclose patterns of the silks my dresses are to be made of.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, Esq., care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry St., New York.

April 14th, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter,

I should have written you yesterday as I have so little time to write you, and mail, in time. The mail closes at eleven o'clock, and it is now after ten and I am a very slow writer. I now have your letter of the 7th of March before me, the one I alluded to in my last as leaving at home. I don't see anything in it to answer except about the perfumery. Dr. Gorringer says you may buy it all for him as he is in the drug business, and he will let me have it, or in other words he will allow me to use his name. Consequently, if you wish to buy two or three dozen assorted perfumes to sell again, the article should be bought much cheaper. I don't restrict you as to price; only buy it and that on the best terms you can.

Geo. W. Street, son of Geo. O. Street, leaves this day on the steamer for Paris. He goes out to see what he can see. I hope you will meet him. I told him the only way I knew for him to find you was to enquire of John Munroe & Co., so when you arrive in Paris leave your address there; also at the same banker you have a credit with. As soon as I finish this I am

going to see him, and get him to buy for your Mother two diamonds, single stones for ear drops. I have talked with him on the subject but have not furnished him with the means; shall do so when I see him. I hope you will fall in with him. He will be in Paris for some little time. Endeavor to find him; he is a very quiet, nice young fellow, married and has one child. I presume he will go alone. Don't fail to find him. I shall tell him to leave his address with the different bankers. He will travel as economically as he can; he has no money to throw away. I told him I should allow him \$50 for his trouble, and judgment, in selecting me two good single stones. I shall tell him not to go over \$500 in gold. You can talk with him on the subject if you wish. I don't expect him to buy them in a hurry, but look around and buy one in one place, and the other in another.

The weather with us is delightful—business somewhat better. I have had so much to do since I have been home that it has been next to impossible for me to have one moment's rest. When I left home I left three carpenters at work and laid out their work. To my great surprise I found on my return that they had left me three weeks before I got back, because they could get more wages. I should have paid them more had I known they wanted it, but they pretend they thought I would not, so quit. You cannot imagine what a fix I am in in consequence. Everybody expected their places in order, instead they are all out of order. Now this very letter I am writing on nettles for I ought to be off looking up George Street. I don't know but I shall fail of seeing him altogether.

You cannot imagine what a pleasure we had last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, evenings reading five of your letters we found on our return. They were worth reading, I assure you. How in the world you ever wrote them is more than I can tell. It took us three evenings to read five. Now they are with Mr. Ambrose Ely, and I sent for them today but did not get them as he said he had not yet done with them. I wish I had the time to write you more, but I think I had better close, and go in search of Mr. Street and if I see him and get through and have any time left, add a postscript for I am writing under such disadvantages it is with difficulty I write at all.

I have just heard from John, and Mary E. They are at Charleston, greatly delighted with the place. They expect to be in our City the last of the week. Mary E. writes that John appears to be much better. I do hope he is. It is bad to be stricken down with bad health in youth—bad enough in old age, but to see a young man with flattering prospects, as John had, broken down in health, is terrible. Mary E. says once in a while he gets the blues, but as a general thing he bears up well. He spent three winters in St. Paul without much benefit. He thinks he was benefitted in St. Augustine last winter. I found it benefitted me, or at least, I enjoyed it very much.

I will now close. Remember me to the Messrs. Ely with kind regards and much to yourselves, from

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

P. S. I have just seen George W. Street, and gave him a letter of credit for One thousand Dollars, or Five thousand Francs, to get your Mother two diamonds. I am in hopes he will not have occasion to use all of that in procuring them; still, I have left the matter entirely with him, and to his discretion. He is worthy of my confidence in this particular. He has an experienced person with him whose assistance he expects in aiding him. I want your Mother to have a nice pair of solitaires. She is worthy of them. I got from young Street where he would stop in Paris, and enclose it in your Mother's letter. He does not leave till Saturday in the "Ville de Paris" *direct*. He expects to return about the first of June.

As to perfumery, I don't think it will be best to get more than two dozen, it will encumber you so much. I can then spare one dozen, for one dozen will last me five years and before that time I will be able to buy for self. With much love, from

Your affectionate father,

J. V.

Lubin Extracts

1. Fifth Avenue	1 Bottle
2. Frangipani	1 "
x 3. Honeysuckle	1 "
x 4. Magnolia	1 "
5. Maréchale	1 "

x 6. Mignonette	1 Bottle
x 7. New Mown Hay	1 "
9. Patchouli	2 Bottles
10. Verbena	1 Bottle
x 11. Violet	1 "
12. Bouquet de Caroline	1 "
13. Bouquet de l'Impératrice	1 "
14. Bouquet du Jockey Club	1 "
x 15. Bouquet du West End	1 "

If any new kind offers, get it, if not high colored. No high colored kind.

John and Mary Elizabeth paid for the size bottles you have \$12 a dozen. Julie brought home those half the size for \$6 a dozen.

Omit these marked x

Make up new light colored ones.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

April 16th, 1869.

My Dear Son and Daughter

I wrote you by Wednesday's mail telling you of the intended departure of George W. Street in the "Ville de Paris," tomorrow (Saturday). I also send you his card, with his Paris address. George W. Street is a worthy young man, he goes out on business and pleasure, to see and learn all he can. I have commissioned him to buy me two single stones, Diamonds, which I wish to have set for your Mother as eardrops. I am in hopes he will be fortunate in being able to pick me up a couple. . . . I have given him a letter of credit for One Thousand Dollars. I am in hopes he will not be obliged to expend much over one-half, or two-thirds, of that.

I have, however, given him full discretion in the matter as he is worthy of my confidence. If you should wish any information in regard to jewelry he is the one you can rely on. I hope you can see him. His father is one of my oldest acquaintances. Very honorable and strictly honest. His son is a pattern for any young man.

We have had no letters from you since our arrival home, unless one has been received since I left this morning. If so I shall have time to mention it in the morning, as the mail does not close till the middle of the day.

The weather with us is very fine but business generally is very dull. We have had some heavy failures and it is thought that we shall have many more. For my own part I don't see what sustains our Merchants. To give you a Bank President's remark, *they are literally drying up*. Their expenses enormous, with no profits. We must have some change before long. In the face of all the dullness our mechanics are striking for *more wages* and *less hours* with less work. They are doing great damage to our city. Thousands are driven out to the suburbs. I never knew so many houses to let as there are at this time. Still the Landlords are firm with their rents.

I received a letter from Wallie this morning wishing me to send him a sheet of thin European paper, and Envelope, to write you. I have sent it so I suppose next week's mail will carry one from him to you. Mary E, I think, used her last sheet of paper while we were with her. I suppose I shall soon hear from you that you received my first letter sent you while absent. I have been so very busy since I have been home that I have had scarcely one moment's spare time. I have the hardest work imaginable to write you one letter during the entire day as I have so many interruptions, consequently you can imagine how it taxes my time to write you two letters each week. You would write what takes me all day in one-half hour. It takes me about Four days to prepare for my Monthly tenants and make out their receipts, and, for the 1st of May, rents will take me somewhat longer as there are many changes. John's house in 25th Street has no tenant yet from 1st of May, nor do I have any applications.

I have not seen either of the Messrs. Ely since I have been home. I am going to defer my visiting till Mary E., and John, are here to go with me. We look for them next week and they will stay when they do come till after the middle of May.

I wrote you, I believe, that Brother Edward's daughter, Annie, is to be married the 19th of May to a Mr Hibbard, whom they

have known for many years. I am going to stop writing until tomorrow morning as I shall have some time before the mail closes to finish.

All I have to say is I am in hopes in the meantime to hear from you. Fridays used to bring a letter from you. We have been home one full week. It seems longer.

Saturday 17th. No letter from you yet. I left home so very early this morning that one may have come in my absence.

Your remark as to the prices of Bohemian ware is correct. I can buy cheaper of Shaw than you can where you are.

George W. Street sails this day for Paris direct. I have told him when he buys the two single stone diamonds to get them set.

Your Mother thinks the French very tasteful and would prefer to have them set them. The settings should be quite plain, not expensive.

I have told him after they were done *to give them to you*, as you can bring them as your wife's, at any rate you can manage to get them over without duty. There is no use for Mr Street bothering with them. It is enough for him to take the charge of buying them. I would like it if he gets stones not less than *two carats. Pure first water.* He has full instruction, and I have the fullest confidence in his doing all he can, and the best he can. He himself is very little acquainted with diamonds in quality, or value, yet possesses some general knowledge. What I mean to convey is, *he is not an expert*, but there is some friend with him, or whom he expects to meet, whose judgment and assistance he expects to have. One who is acquainted with the places, and where to buy. Perhaps you can make yourself somewhat acquainted with the places, value, etc. through them. It may be of use to you. This Mr Street you must know. I am of the opinion, as a general thing, you can buy, if you take advantage of the market, quite as cheap here, as very few diamonds ever pay the duty. They can sell them quite as cheap here as in Paris, but whether they will, or not, or whether you can be the lucky one to fall in with them, is a question. I have been wanting a pair of drops for your Mother for some time, and I have adopted this course to get them, and I only hope it will prove successful. In writing your family letters make no allusion to

it, as I don't wish Grandma to know about it. She has a pair which she has thought of giving to your Mother, and if she should learn that we were endeavoring to buy, she might give them to some one else, and then possibly I might fail to get the ones I am now hoping to secure in Paris. Don't say anything except to me in a private communication on the subject.

The weather continues charming. I hope you are having good weather as it adds much to the pleasure. Old Steffen the barber has moved his shop to the rear of the Rum hole on the N. E. corner of 49th St. More convenient for me but he is going to die, his health is miserable. He keeps his bed half the time and will soon keep it altogether. I saw Jesse Vanderpoel this morning. He inquired after you. Our friends, I believe, are all well. Don't fail to give my respects to the Messrs. Ely.

With much love to you, and Louise, from your affectionate Father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

N. B. I have told Mr. Street to have the stones set for *ear drops*.

Waldron B. Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 7. Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

Penn. Military Academy,
Chester, April 19, 1869.

Dear Georgie,

It has been some time since I last wrote you, but I have been unable to write you for two reasons, and very good reasons they are too; one is because I have been unable to take the time, and another because I have not had the European paper on which to write you.

The weather with us is very pleasant though very warm for the season. It is very unpleasant marching to church when the weather is so warm. We have to march by twos with only sixteen inches between us, which is very warm work, even in winter, so you can imagine what it must be now when the thermometer is at eighty.

I am anticipating a very pleasant time tomorrow, as I am expecting to have sister, and John, to pay me a visit on their way to New York from St Augustine, where they have been staying

for the last month, or so. They expect to get here at half past eleven in the morning, and stay until six o'clock in the afternoon, so, of course, I will get off from all my lessons, and best of all from drill, which I dread more than anything else we have. When I first came here I liked it very much indeed but now I am tired of it. We have to drill twice a day, once early in the morning for only half an hour, and again in the afternoon for an hour.

We may have dress parade while sister, and John, are here, on their account. I hope we do for I should like to have them see dress parade. Father had expected to be here, and meet sister, and John, when they came here but they are coming sooner than he thought they would, and consequently I don't think he will be here. I hope you get home before this term ends so that you can be here for commencement, for I would like very much to have you come.

Monday, April 19th. I have enjoyed myself very much today. I have been down town twice and the last time stayed all the afternoon. I went down to the eleven o'clock train but it seems they miscalculated how long it would take them to get to Chester and consequently did not get here as soon as they had expected. Colonel Hyatt would not let me go down to the two o'clock train, for he said he thought if they did not come on the eleven o'clock train they would not come until tomorrow. But it seems they did come in the two o'clock train, and John had to leave sister at the depot, and walk all the way up here after me, which he must have found very fatiguing, as it is a long walk, and it was not only very windy today, but exceedingly warm, which must have added to his discomfort considerable. After he got here it took about half an hour to get word to me. After he found me it took me some time to get ready. So that a great deal of the time they had to visit me was spent before I got down town. It was so windy that we stayed in the depot all the time. They stayed until six o'clock, when there is a train to New York which they took and will get home about ten or eleven o'clock tonight.

We have had two deaths this year both within the last month. One was a young man named Post who had graduated last year

and who had returned to review some of his studies, after which Colonel Hyatt got him a position on the rail road, and telegraphed him to come on, and get his papers, for he had gone home as soon as he had completed his reviewing, and as he jumped from the car at Chester, it being in motion, he fell under the car, and was run over.

The other named Bastibul, was here last September and returned home on account of his having the consumption, and only a week or so ago Colonel received a letter from his father announcing his death. We may wear crape on our arms for him, I don't know.

Tuesday, April 20th, I did not sleep well last night and consequently do not feel very well this morning.

Today is going to be a splendid day only I think it will be quite warm. It comes very hard to go out and drill for an hour or more in the hot sun. I am afraid that either we are going to have a very warm summer, or else Chester is very warm, for I have never suffered from the heat before in April as I have since we came back.

Have you heard or seen anything of Benny? John said he thought he would be home in a little while, as he had seen a notice in the paper that the "Ticonderoga" was about to return and I suppose he will return with it, will he not?

I am writing this letter in study hour, having my book in front of me and pretending to be doing sums. The letter is blotted in some places. That comes from my putting a piece of paper with some sums on it over the letter when the professors look in the door to see if I am studying. As I have to put it in a great hurry I can not let it dry, and that accounts for its being blotted. I am writing in somewhat of a hurry as I want to get this letter of today so as it will go in tomorrow's steamer.

They have just begun to make preparations for commencement. Yesterday they chose those who are going to speak and I suppose they will give them a subject today. They have to write a piece and then speak it. I have dreaded to stay here and graduate, and then go to college, as Colonel Hyatt says it will take me two years besides this, to prepare for college and that would bring me within one year of graduating so I think I might

as well remain, and graduate, and then see about going to college. They say that boys who have graduated here have entered the junior class at college. I am in hopes I will get an office next year. I am in hopes I will get something higher than Corporal. Father is quite certain I will.

I am afraid I will have to close now for I feel quite tired, and I have also written you all the news I have.

With much love to all, I remain as ever your affectionate brother,

W. B. VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care of John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

April 20th 1869.

My Dear Son.

Yours of April 4th reached us yesterday, and that of March 28th we received on Saturday, the 17th. You will see the latter was a long time on the way.

I was just going to write to Benny when your letter came informing us that he expected to be here early in May, and, of course, it was too late to write. I have never heard whether he received my letter directed to Cherbourg or not. I expected he would reply to it if he received it, but he has not and you have never told me whether you mentioned it to him.

I feared it would be troublesome to you to get me a braid of hair, so concluded to wait until Julie, or someone else, visited France. I hope you will not find the dresses much trouble, if you do I would rather do without them. You can ask to see the silk and then compare the patterns, by requesting them to give you a small sample, which you can take home with you, and compare at your leisure. I wish you would keep the little pieces I sent you, and bring them home, so that I can compare them with the dresses. I want to see if they have done me justice, so that I would be willing to send to them again. When the trunk is packed you can say it contains Mrs Vanderpoel's dresses. If I had not had the idea of sending to them again, I should not have given you the trouble of these dresses, so you can tell them I am

pleased. I shall send to them again, you see I could do so very easily by getting Miss Demmler to pay the bill.

About the perfumery. I think one dozen of the large size will be as many as you can possibly stow away. If you bring more than that you will probably have duty to pay, for no one would want more than that for their own use. I have told your Father, and he admits that I am right. Julie expects to visit Paris next year, and she can obtain a further supply then. A dozen of those large bottles makes quite a show.

About the dresses for Mary E. You will only have to pay Mad. B's bill and have the dresses packed in the trunk with mine, that you buy for the purpose. I suppose it will be necessary for you to call at both places as soon as you can after reaching Paris, so as to inform them of your arrival, and to let them know when you are to leave, that the dresses may be ready for you.

Mary E, and John, arrived here last night. They stopped at Chester to see Wallie yesterday. Of course he was delighted to see them.

John does not look quite as well as when we parted at St Augustine, but he is very tired from the travelling and will probably look better when he gets rested.

I suppose there will not be time to write many more letters to you, and really I want to see you very much indeed. It seems so long since you left, but I think you have enjoyed your trip, and you certainly deserve great credit for what you have accomplished, in sight-seeing, in the full and interesting descriptions you have given us, and the manner in which you have kept your accounts. You certainly have been very industrious.

Your Father has written you about the commission he gave Mr George Street to buy a pair of ear-rings for me. If he gets them he may wish you to bring them home, as he has no lady with him, and consequently could not bring ear-rings very well.

Give my love to Louise and with best respects to the Messrs Ely. With a great deal of love to yourself.

I remain as ever Your affectionate mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

P. S. Grandma sends her love in which the family all join.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co.,
Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.
April 20th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

Just after I had mailed my letter on Saturday we received your family letter from Berlin. I acknowledged it in your Mother's letter as I had not the time in mine. Since then we have received another letter from you, from Mayence, of April 4th. I also received from you Benny's letter, all of which came very acceptably. Your two last family letters are with the Messrs Ely to read. The last received, of the fourth of April, I sent them two hours ago.

I called at the store yesterday morning, saw Mr. William Ely, and the cousin. Ambrose was out. Business is very quiet, still I observed they were busy. I think they always do something. As a general thing our merchants are suffering very much for want of business, and from small profits. My impression is from what I can learn, our merchants have been losing money for the last three years.

John, and Mary E, got home last night. It was some few days sooner than we expected them, but they had turned their faces toward our city, and when once turned that way, were only too glad to reach it as soon as possible.

John, poor fellow, does not look well, but I suppose the fatigue of travelling has affected him more or less.

I have already written you about George W. Street so I will not say more.

Your Mother thinks you had best not buy more than one dozen of the perfumery, especially as they are large bottles. She thinks, and so do I, that one dozen will be more than we shall need before another opportunity will present itself to replenish. Six bottles would last me two years, and before that time I shall cross the big pond myself. Julie, and the Judge, go next spring. And your Mother, and I, are fearful if you have your trunk full of perfumery, you will be obliged to pay duty on all the little nicknacks you may have, so instead of three, or four, dozen, don't get over one, or one and a half, dozen at the most.

I hope George Street will not fail to get two solitaire stones for your Mother, and have them set for ear drops. I think he had better buy, even if he finds they will cost more than we talked of. I want your Mother to have a pair, and I cannot but think this will be a good opportunity. George Street, I have no doubt, would have bought, and taken all the pains he could in price, and selection, as he feels under great obligations to me, but I told him I should give him fifty dollars for his trouble if he would procure them, as a matter of course this helps sweeten up the affair a little. This trip of his is not so much to buy, as to see, and learn, all he can about his own business. One thing is very certain, he is a very conscientious young man. One you can depend on.

I suppose when this letter reaches Paris you will be there.

We were very glad to get Benny's letter. We are now looking for the arrival of the vessel at Boston daily. I cannot see why it was he seemed to have such forebodings in crossing the ocean, for he never appeared to mind it, and he has crossed at so much worse seasons of the year.

I am agreeably surprised to find when you acknowledged the receipt of any letter that I am always mentioned. I have tried to keep you posted as to your home, and I have felt, for several reasons, if I did not make an effort to write you, that you would not hear very regularly from home, and it might mar your enjoyment. Your Mother, I think, was formerly a better correspondent than she is, or has been, of late. I have felt the want of a letter so much when I have been absent from home, and know how every little incident was news, that it causes me to feel that the trouble it gives me to write is more than made up in the pleasure it gives to you to receive.

The sudden death of James Harper I have never mentioned, as well as some other circumstances that our newspapers report extensively, I am sure you see New York papers and read for yourself, and I have thought you might have some one corresponding with you like Grandma who thinks of and mentions all the little incidents of the day.

Julie's health I don't think has improved much, if any. They want to go to housekeeping this spring very much, but we have

opposed it for several reasons. We would like to see her health established for one thing. If her life is spared, she will visit Europe next spring, to be absent some months, and it will be far better to defer housekeeping until after their return.

I was at Mr. Shaw's this morning looking at his Bohemian glass ware, and I am satisfied from the prices he offered me that you could not buy as low where you were, and you would have all the bother &c, and I am told that Stewart is selling Lubin's perfumery so low that the druggists all say he's ruining their business; since I heard this I have changed my mind about your bringing so much, as I know you are only making yourself liable to pay duty when you have so much, and if you were to pay the duty I could buy for less here. Such men as Stewart could buy perfumery enough cheaper of Lubin to pay the duty and then sell all most as cheap as you will be able to buy. I have known of so many bringing things home from the other side, thinking them cheap, when they found their trouble and anxiety was all for nothing; they could buy as cheaply here. Our merchants just now are selling many things less than cost.

My carpenters, including Jacob Beers, all left me while I was absent as they were offered more wages, and now I have two greenhorns and they take nearly all my time looking after them.

First of May is near at hand and I have much to do to get ready for my new tenants. I have let some sixteen hundred dollars' worth in the new stable building I have been erecting, and I could let more if I had the building entirely completed. The difficulty of getting men prevents me finishing.

Give my kind regards to the Messrs Ely. With much love to you both from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

This goes by Wednesday steamer but I have to mail over night.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

April 23, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter,

I am obliged to write you, and mail today, as the mail closes

very early tomorrow morning. I have but little news that I can communicate as nothing is transpiring worthy of note, and I am not feeling in a very pleasant mood. I went this morning to look for our miniatures to show Mary E. and I find two of them are among the missing. They have always been in my drawer of the wardrobe, but, as they are not there, your Mother has ransacked every part of the house, but they are *non est*. I have been to George Street's to see if he had them, *but it seems not*. They have taken, (whoever has done it) one of the originals, and one of the copies. It makes us feel very unpleasantly, in fact I feel clear sick about it. Money could not have bought them. The strange part is they have taken odd ones, I mean one original, and one not. If I had been left the two originals I would not feel so unpleasantly. "*Have you seen them, and when was the last time*"?

We are now having the most delightful weather. I hope you are having the same. I will mention once more, for the last time, don't get more than one dozen bottles of perfumery of the size bottles you took one with you. Be sure and have one of *Patchouli*. I don't think it advisable to load yourself down. You will have trouble in carrying one dozen, as that is a good many, and your Mother says that I never had but six of those large ones that John, and Mary E., brought me, and I have *one* left, and quite a number have been using from them. How many years it is. *Surely three, if not four*. I don't think it best to bother with an article so cheap.

I think I told you Brother Edward has a daughter to be married the 19th of May to a Mr. Hubbard. He is in the silver ware business with his father.

Real estate is very dull, and difficult of sale, just now. John has no tenant yet for the Twenty-fifth street house and I am afraid he will not get one very soon. I never saw so many bills up as there are at present. The exorbitant prices have driven thousands from our City. Notwithstanding the dullness of all kinds of business, mechanics are getting from \$4.00 to \$6.00 a day of ten hours, masons and plasterers \$6.00 a day of eight hours. They are the most unreasonable class of men we have to deal with.

I hear from Wallie almost daily. He has become a member of some base ball club; also of a gymnasium. Recently he was placed on the committee of some benevolent society—I don't recollect just now what—I only know he calls for \$5.00 for his fee of membership. He has got to be a young man of importance. I expect to find in every letter I get, some new office, or position, he has connected himself with. I am not sure but we shall soon find him filling the important position of carrying round the plate in Church. I am afraid he will not find that as profitable in the country as it is thought to be in the city, but perhaps he will not care till he gets his hand in. He wrote home recently that he was filling the position of fourth, but did not say of what, and we concluded he had been promoted to fourth sergeant, consequently I wrote him congratulating him on being fourth sergeant, when he wrote back that he was not fourth sergeant but fourth delinquent. It seems they had none entitled to that honorable position so he was detailed for that duty. (*Very honorable and very complimentary, don't you think?*) What their duties are I don't know. It seems for certain grades of punishment they have certain duties to perform, ranking 1st, 2nd, and so on. It seems they had none of those bad enough to enter the fourth, so they select the best to fill the position. I am not capable of explaining the duties until I see Wallie.

Your Mother's letter of last Saturday was too late for the mail. This I did not know till I saw George Street this morning. He started his man with it to the steamer, but she was off. Your Mother was saying this morning that she thought I was writing you oftener than you wished, but I told her I knew better. She said it was making it very expensive for you, as they all had to be remailed. I did not think of this till she mentioned it, but I presume by the time you get this you you will be in Paris and in that case you will not have extra postage. I think if she knew how little of interest there was in my letters she might well say what she does, for I have often felt like burning them instead of mailing them, but on reflection concluded it would do no harm to send them.

I have had a bait fixed—some arsenic to poison the rats, of which we have no small quantity. Wrote a letter to Wallie and

have now taken hold of yours, but I don't think of anything to say; consequently I shall have to stop. John, and Mary E., had dinner with "Gus" Brown last night, and John went alone to Aaron's to dine the night before; they had ten or twelve lawyers, Senator Rice from Minnesota, and some three or four others—no ladies. John, and, Mary E., are on the go all the time. They will remain with us till the latter part of May.

I am now interrupted by a call from young Fletcher Harper, and Mr. Ricords, so I may as well close this epistle. Give my respects to the Messrs. Ely, and with much love to you both,
Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

N. B. I forgot to mention that Mary E. and John wished me to convey their love to you both. Mary E. says she wrote you, as she supposed, her last letter at St. Augustine.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28. Cherry St. New York
April 26. 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

Having a few leisure moments I begin this letter to you, and tomorrow will finish it. I am very busy at this time, as the first of May is approaching, and new tenants coming in, and the old ones going out, which keeps one busy to show premises, etc. We found the miniatures we supposed had been stolen, and quite a rejoicing we had over them; for we never expected to see them again, presuming they had been stolen for the Gold in the locket, but it seems they were not stolen, but had been removed from the new cases, and put in the old ones. The loss if there had been one, was one that could never have been made up. This we all felt, but as the Dutchman said, "all is right." Your Mother was saying this morning she wonders if you would have any trouble with so many dresses. I told her some ladies, in going to Saratoga, took with them thirty, or forty, dresses and I did not think there could be any trouble in your having one Dozen, but with several Dozen perfumery I could imagine you might have trouble. We have had no letters from you to acknowledge since the last

I mentioned; we may receive one before I close this, if so I will mention it. John, and Mary E., are with us, and expect to remain until latter part of May. John is not very rugged, we feel very uneasy about him, he is not looking as well as he did. Today he stays home, not going out the entire day. We are glad of it, for we think rest will do him good. She (Mary E.) was in hopes she would get her dresses before she left for Saint Paul, but now she knows that cannot be done, consequently is satisfied to take things as they come. We continue to have pleasant weather; the high winds make it very dusty. Yesterday was an awful day for dust, today it is more agreeable and aside from the dust the air is charming. I should suppose you must be troubled in Paris with dust as the streets are so broad, and unless sprinkled are exceedingly dusty. Mr. Runyan W. Martin, with his Son, and Daughter (Mrs. Todd), are still in Europe, and their family here don't know when they think of returning, they like it so well. We saw the marriage of the Rev. Dr. Evarts in Berlin a few days since, he is bound for the Holy Land, and I believe Mr. Martin intends visiting it before he returns. I am of the opinion, from all I can learn, one can live cheaper on the other side than here if you do not have to pay rent here at the same time. Mr. Martin, I am told, rents his house furnished for enough to pay all his expenses on the other side. W. H. Smith I understand has a house in Paris by the year and is living there with his family. Mr. Smith formerly lived in Madison Avenue, opposite Madison Square, sold his house, and would not buy another, as he felt the day must come when he could buy much cheaper. Thousands are without houses, either travelling in foreign lands, or boarding, waiting for the tide to turn. When it will come is hard to tell, our Mechanics of some trades are now standing out for an Eight hour day. The Brown Stone workmen, I believe, The Carpenters and Masons are preparing for the same. The Plasterers work but Eight hours, and have not for some time. Mercantile business is uncommonly dull, and so is building, and, if this strike takes place, it will come to a stand still, for the bosses say it is a good time for the men to strike as they will be glad to suspend operations until some change takes place. I wonder there is any building going on at all, there being so many

houses for sale, & to rent. It appears to me there cannot be found at present many purchasers for Houses, unless at a low price for the middling class, and in fact we are driving them from our City, and I really do not know what will be its future. It appears now very much as though we should have but two classes with us; the rich, and the poor. It is a great pity we should lose the middle class, they are of great benefit to any city. I now close for this day; Tuesday, April 27th, we received your letter of the Eleventh of this month just as I was about leaving the house this morning, shall not have the pleasure of hearing it read until I get home this evening. Julie was casting her eyes over it while I was getting ready to leave. She said, as she had been to Cologne, she wanted to see whether you had seen the Horses' heads. She made the discovery that you had, the circumstance was such a singular one that I quite wanted to see if you could get the truth of the story, for my own part I had always looked on it as a romance. GrandMa said her GrandMother told it to her when she was a little Girl, and Julie said she saw the Horses' heads. I thought it would take you to find out what it all originated from. As I have already remarked I did not hear any portion of your long letter read consequently I can only acknowledge the receipt of it. I suppose it will be necessary for me to keep up my semi-weekly letters until such time as I think it will be necessary for me to stop, as I presume I will be the only one to do any writing. Mary E. while here is so much employed in shopping, visiting, and receiving calls, from her friends she will not have one single moment to devote to writing, and, as for your Mother, she is kept busy by Mary E. & John, and by Julie too. Consequently all devolves on me, and after I have said we are all well, the state of the weather, etc., then I am at a stand still. John has not let his 25th St. House yet, but I believe he has an offer. I parted with him this morning to go and see a party who is nibbling. I suppose about this time you must be in Paris; the City of sight seeing. I am told there is ever so much in Paris for one to see. Still it is said, after a couple of months, one becomes satiated, and very willing to returned to our wicked, dirty, City, contented for a while, and then you begin to wish to return once more to Europe. My

idea is you will find it more pleasant in Paris now than when you were there before, the weather has much to do with the pleasure, every thing looks so much better in fine weather, take for instance such a day as we had last Sunday when the wind blew a gale, the dust so thick as to almost blind one, ruining good clothes, no place looks well then. Our streets being so dirty, and not thoroughly sprinkled, makes it very disagreeable when the wind blows and it blows very often with us. I have not seen the Messrs. Ely since I wrote you last, nor have I seen Ambrose since my return home. I am now paving the passage entrance, and yard, in Cherry Street with the Belgian Pavement. It is quite expensive; I suppose, before all done, will cost close to one thousand Dollars. It seemed to be a work of necessity. I have been dreading it but I found I must do it so I concluded to go at it.

I have just been interrupted for three long hours by Mr. Smith; Dr. Dickinson's Son-in-Law, he brought a lease for me to sign for the House, 607. 5th Ave. for the coming year, but I would not sign it. It is too near the first of May for him to make any trouble. I am determined he shall not put any bill on the house for sale, or let, next year. This was his object in wanting me to sign a lease. I am greatly disappointed in getting my carpenter work done. The men I had, left in my absence as they were offered more wages, and those I get are such miserable creatures. You will excuse my writing more with much love to you both, from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

P. S. My respects to the Messrs. Ely. I have not the time to read it over, if there are errors guess at what I intended to say.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.
April 30th, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

It was not until this morning I had the great pleasure of hearing your last letter read, and now it is with the "Deacon," for him to read. We thought when it arrived we would all have

the pleasure of listening to its reading in the Evening, as it came in the morning, but when evening came we found ourselves overstocked with visitors, and it was so late before they left that we concluded to let it go until the next Evening, when we found that much worse than the last. So last night we thought there certainly would not be any one to interrupt us, especially as it rained, but we were hardly through our dinner when Jesse came. After he had been in a short time, his Sister, Mrs. Wendell, and Miss Van Schaack, came also. After that Brother Edward came in, and staid until nearly eleven o'clock, so there was no chance that night, and we went at it this morning immediately after breakfast. It took nearly one hour to read (Mary E. was reader) and it almost broke her jaw in endeavoring to pronounce the many hard names; for pity sake where did you find such beautiful names as many of the places are called. GrandMa was much interested in the Cologne Horses. I mean the horses' heads, she was told that story by her GrandMother when she was a little girl, but did not suppose when she grew older, and knew more, there was much truth in it, but thought it was merely a fable. When Julie told her she had seen the horses' heads, then she felt the more desire to learn about them, so when we came to that part of it in your letter she was delighted to hear it all, she swallowed it down and wanted more, was very sorry when the subject changed, how in the world you ever found the time to write so lengthy a letter I cannot see, really I feel as though you are making your trip one of labor, instead of pleasure. It must have been one day's manual labor, and a hard one at that, to write such a letter. Benny has arrived at Boston Harbor, and we have had a letter from him, and I have answered it this day, he is well; don't know what they intend to do, makes no request except to send him some clothes; which we shall despatch at once. Wallie has just written me that the Cadets have made a visit to Philadelphia, and had a dress parade, he, Wallie, was much delighted, the day was fine, they marched through several streets, dined at the "Continental," had a good time in general and got back to the institute late in the evening quite tired but much pleased with the day's trip. I wrote Wallie I thought the little excursion quite beneficial. It is bad to be confined too much to

their Study, as all work and no play would make Jack a dull boy. Wallie is too great a student, I am only afraid he will break down in health unless some check is put on him. Wallie said they went in full dress, with Guns, and Side Arms. I have no doubt the display was worth witnessing, he says the Philadelphia papers have quite a puff about them, he hopes I will see it, I have written him I should like to, but I did not see how I could see it, as we have no Philadelphia papers in our City that I know anything about. I suppose now you must be in Paris, enjoying yourself. This I am told is the most pleasant season, the fall I should think the most pleasant on account of the grapes. I have always thought I would prefer to be there during the season of grapes than any other time, they have them in such perfection. You must tell me when to stop writing you, for you know I am not so partial to writing as to be willing to lose any letters after they are written, even if they do not contain much of interest, it takes me just as long to write them as though the matter was of the greatest importance. You say you wish to remain, in Paris about three weeks, if you are there now your three weeks will be up by the time this letter reaches you. I shall keep on writing until you say stop, so don't forget me. The invitations are out for Annie's wedding, it takes place the 19th of May, your invitation is at our house. They expect to have a very fine affair. The young man she marries, Mr. Hubbard, has long been known to the family (I mean the Dr.'s family), we have seen him several times but never had much to do with him. I saw him only yesterday. I believe the young man pleases both Annie, and your Uncle Edwards family, if so, that is all that is requisite. I forgot to say the "Ticonderoga" arrived at Boston Harbor last Sunday the 26th. Benny says a few days will tell what will be done; he does not ask me to do anything. Tomorrow is the first of May, it will be a very busy day with me as I have made several changes. The first of May another year, if we live, will bring its changes with it, as I shall then break up housekeeping in this City, for a while at any rate, I feel as though I want to be at liberty for once in my life to go and come when I please. Next Winter if nothing happens I shall spend the Winter in St. Augustine. John, Mary E. your Mother, & I

were perfectly delighted with what little we saw, and experienced, of the climate, etc., the place itself is a decayed, old city, very little to interest, except its ruined walls, and old Coquina buildings, the buildings have been standing most of them over two hundred years. The streets are narrow, from ten to sixteen feet wide, no side walks, and the sand three inches deep. The climate, and the fruits, are delightful. I shall get out the materials for a frame house, and put it up, next Winter. I shall get out the doors, sashes, frame, etc., here, and send down in the fall, and John will go down early, and see to the building being put up. We shall erect quite a small house, as we do not expect to take boarders, or keep a public House, although we boarded with a family part of the time when there, that had but four sleeping rooms in the house, and they had over thirty boarders. So you see they do not have spacious accommodations in St. Augustine. As I have written you I bought a small piece of ground in the city of St. Augustine, not over two Hundred feet from the Plaza, it has already a small house of four rooms, two down stairs, & two up, with several large, bearing, orange Trees on the grounds with Pomegranates, Figs, etc. I am much pleased with its location and now I intend to add to the building already on the place, so we can be comfortable. I am told the climate is delightful the year round, the summers are very pleasant and the Thermometer never going over 85, and that very seldom. The trade winds set in about 1st of June and; that makes it delightful. Not a night in the whole year but one can lay comfortably under a blanket. The Oysters are abundant & delightful, hard clams, and all kinds of fish, are to be had, deer abound all over the State. The Neat Cattle are poor, must depend on the North for that, but the only way is to come North and eat your beef, and rely on Florida for your fish. We are all well and all join in much love from your affectionate father, J. V.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.
May 4th, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

I was in hopes I would have the time to have written you

leisurely, and tell all I could think of, but I have been so busy with one thing and another that is nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before I am able to commence. What kind of a letter you will get now is more than I can predict. We received from you yesterday, while we were eating breakfast, your weekly epistle from Amsterdam. We all thought it one of the most interesting letters we ever read. For my own part, I was perfectly delighted with it. We cannot see how you can find the time, and patience, to write such letters as you do, it is true we are delighted to get them, but the tax on you must be terrific, we certainly ought not to find any fault, as they interest us so much, but we do feel it must detract from your pleasure to be obliged to consume so much of your time in writing. The Messrs. Ely have your letter and I suppose it will be two, or three, days before I get it. John, & Mary E. take great interest in your letters, as they have been over the ground, and it brings back past remembrances when they come to hear them read. I wish you could have obtained some more information of the Vanderpoel family while you were in Holland. We received a letter from Benny this morning wishing us to send on his clothes, which I presume his Mother has done. Benny is somewhat uneasy for fear he may not get his discharge, he is not on board the "Ticonderoga" now, he is on board the "Ohio." I have just had your Mother to see me bringing the things for Benny; this has made another interruption, and she says I must write to Benny so he will know about the things going, this will occupy more of my time, so you see it is not intended I should write you much of letter. Your Mother was speaking, while she was here, knowing I was writing you, that I had better tell you that Mary E. brought home only Seven Four-ounce bottles of perfumery for which she paid Thirty-five Francs and I have one full bottle now, and have given away at least two bottles, and that it was four years ago since she brought it home to me, consequently half dozen bottles will be enough for you to bring; at any rate do not make it over one dozen. I was under the impression she brought home one dozen, and Julie one dozen, but Mary E. has the whole thing in her diary, and has referred to it, so after that, order only one dozen. If you are in Paris now, which I presume you are, I

suppose you have seen George Street, he will be glad to see you. The weather has been so unpleasant, and John not being very well, has prevented our calling on the Messrs. Ely. I don't think John is as well as he was when he went from our City. I don't know what his own opinion is of himself, but we are all satisfied that he is not nearly so well. GrandMa is not well, she had Dr. McClellan to see her; nothing serious only a little bilious attack—she gives up now-a-days for almost any little thing. I hear from Wallie almost daily, he is well and I think more contented. Saturday they make great calculations on having a parade, and I was sorry that last Saturday should have been so very stormy on his account. Jacob Beers, I believe, I wrote you, struck for higher wages, and I have allowed him to depart in peace. We are having the dulllest time in business we have had in many years; our Mechanics are, many of them, striking for Eight hours with the same pay, it is a terrible thing the way our Mechanics are conducting themselves. I do wish there was some way to correct them, they are the cause of much trouble. They are not one iota better off with five dollars a day, which they are getting, than when they got their two dollars. I notice in the transfers this morning that Mr. Ambrose Ely had bought 6 lots on 43rd Street East of the 1st Avenue of Edgar Ketcham; an old school mate of mine, for a little over nineteen thousand dollars, this is not very dear, for property has advanced very much on the east side. I wonder what he wants them for, fat boiling I suppose as it is among the butchers. I now close, I am sorry I could not fill the other page, remember me to the Messrs. Ely, with much love to you both, from Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

I have not the time to read over what I have written.

Mrs. Jacob Vanderpoel writes:

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

May 7th, 1869.

My Dear Son

My time has been so much occupied of late that I have not been able to write you as often as I did, but I know your Father has kept you posted as to what is going on here.

I suppose you are in Paris by this time, and hope to see you home before long.

Benny reached home this morning. He is looking very well, but I think he is a little thinner than he was when I saw him last. Your Father has not seen him yet as he did not reach home until near eleven o'clock.

I think that your Father has decided that half a dozen bottles of perfumery will be sufficient. I find that is all Mary E brought and he has a little on hand yet.

I hope you will not find our dresses much trouble to you. Mad. Brignon fits Mary E beautifully. Louise might like her for herself, but I have mentioned that before.

Ladies are wearing a great deal of false hair here. Curls, braids, and all sorts of arrangements. Louise had better take a look at those things. I enquired the price of a braid, or switch, the other day and it was \$25 and weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. There is a heavy duty on hair. 60 per cent I believe, so there would be no saving unless one could get such a braid for \$10, or less, in gold. They have braids arranged on combs. The hair is crimped which makes it appear thick, so as to dispense with the topseys. They are very light. They are called here patent chignons. Mary E bought false hair quite reasonable at 61 rue Neuf St Augustine. I do not intend to trouble you to get any for me.

If you want any shirts you may find them at the "Magasin de Louvre." Julie says you can rely on what you buy there being all right. But I am not sure that they have gentlemen's shirts. It may be they only have boy's. You had better only get three, or, perhaps, try one first. You may not like them. I think for gentlemen's clothing, the English styles are preferable to the French but I suppose if you go to England to take the steamer you will not stay there long enough to get any clothing.

John gave Muller an order for a coat today, price \$65. By reducing that to gold you will be able to tell whether you can save the duty on the cloth by purchasing clothing abroad. John's coat is to be a black broadcloth frock coat.

English hosiery has the reputation of being the best. WE

pay here about \$4 or \$4.50 a dozen for those heavy socks your Father wears.

I have endeavored to give you some idea of the prices here so you would not give more for an article than it could be bought for here.

I am much obliged for the papers you have sent. Those in German are not very intelligible to me but Julie, and the Judge, can read them. I can do better with those in French.

Beach Vanderpoel's third son; Eugene, is to be married to a Miss Tiffany on May 13th. I do not know whether the older son is in Europe now or not. It was a friend of his who called on you when you were in Germany.

I presume Paris will appear much better to you now than it did when you were there before. The weather is probably very fine there now. It usually is in the spring.

I fear Mary E., and John, will have to leave New York before your return. They are desirous of reaching St Paul by the first of June and wish to visit Albany on their way there. That will give them only about one week more here.

Give my love to Louise, and respects to the Messrs. Ely, and a great deal of love to yourself.

I remain ever, Your affectionate mother,

C. A. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.
May 7th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

I am obliged to finish this letter, as well as begin it, today as the mail closes so early in the morning it is necessary to mail over night. I notice by the papers we have had snow all around and about us, even in Philadelphia, but none with us, although sufficiently cold. Once in a while the sun pops out but it does not stay long at a time.

I have taken a severe cold and it quite uses me up.

Yesterday I had a call from Jacob, Brother Edward's son. It seems he has had the Guillotine applied, and it throws him out of employment. He came to see if I knew of anything for him to do.

I told him at present I did not, as matters were looking rather gloomy. I told him however that I would be on the lookout and see what opportunity there was.

We received a letter from Benny yesterday saying he had got his discharge, and would be home today. I expect to see him when I get home. What he will do I can not imagine. He is not capable of managing for himself, or I would be able to do something for him. I wish I had some position for him even if I had to assist him some myself. He has talent, and ability, if he only had someone to take hold of him and manage for him. I do not recollect at the present of anyone I could make a proposition to take him, and I make up part of his salary, for the sake of keeping him employed, and not disheartening him. Perhaps something may present itself.

I believe I told you Beach Vanderpoel's son, Eugene, is to be married on the 13th of this month. Annie on the 19th, about one week apart.

Grandma Burrit is complaining. She has had the doctor two or three times. She keeps her room, and has for over a week. I don't think any thing serious is the matter but she appears to me to love to have occasions when she must call herself sick, it being more pleasant for her to have her meals sent to her room, and have us in to see how she is &c.

John appears about the same as when I last wrote you. He is far from well. In fact, we feel quite uneasy about him. That is we feel somewhat discouraged as to his gaining his health. His loss would be the death of Mary E. for she is so wrapped up in John, and well she may be, for I do not know a more worthy young man. If John's health had continued all right a few years longer he would have been very wealthy, as he had most excellent judgment in his business. and as it was he made considerable. It has been a terrible affliction to him to be obliged to give up business, break up housekeeping, leave our city, and relations, to go among strangers in pursuit of health, and after an absence of nearly three years to find himself not much better than when he went, if any. I tell you this is a hard case and if it were not for Mary E's cheerfulness and consoling disposi-

tion I have no doubt he would have been in his grave today. She is a wonderful woman. I never saw one so happy and cheerful under the most trying circumstances as she is. They remain with us only about two weeks longer when they start for St. Paul.

They were down to Judge Vanderpoel's to dinner yesterday and had a delightful visit. The Judge thinks much of John, and Mary E. Ernest, you know, spent several days with John at St. Paul last summer and had a pleasant time. I should not wonder if he should go again this summer.

I am sure when this reaches you it will find you in Paris as you expected to be there by the middle of this month, if not sooner.

I hope you will see George Street, and I do hope he will be able to procure the diamonds for your Mother. Street is a fine fellow. If you can show him any attention without putting yourself out I am sure he will appreciate it.

You do not of late say anything about returning home. I suppose it must be that you do not know what course Mr. Ely will take, and you are governed entirely by what he says and does.

I am sure that now you must be enjoying yourselves as the weather is more pleasant.

I suppose you will see Fernando Wood in Paris, as well as others of our distinguished dignitaries, who have gone over. Fernando Wood is one I have always liked, and I suppose it is because he is smart, and *I do like smart folks*. I think him one of the greatest politicians of the day.

I am now painting my office. The smell of paint, with Mr. Malone knocking about, does not make it over inviting to remain very long in my new office. In fact until I get through painting and furnished up, it is anything but pleasant. All this week I have been staying out of doors as much as possible. Yesterday it was two o'clock before I reached Cherry Street; the day before, one o'clock and today about the same hour.

Julie, and the Judge, expect next spring to go to Europe, if their health is spared. Julie's health is no worse than when you left. If anything she is better.

I am very busy in Cherry Street. Painting, paving, carpenters working &c. Every thing is rented and at fair prices. I had to rebuild Phelps Dodge & Co.'s stable. I was at that before you left home, but I worked at it leisurely until now I have rented it, so I am obliged to finish it, and the strike of my carpenters and those who left in my absence has bothered me much, as this is the hurried season of the year.

In my next I shall be able to tell you how Benny appears &c. We shall be glad to see him. His life has been an eventful one. Poor fellow, what he must have suffered when in the army and while a prisoner of war no tongue can tell. I would like to see him established in some suitable place where he would do well.

I was speaking to your Mother last evening that I did wish we could get down to the Elys' in 23rd Street. She said yes, but just then in came a friend to spend the evening, and Mary E, and John, being here seems to prevent us visiting, as we have more calls.

Give my compliments to the Messrs. Ely. Tell them business is quiet all over our city, and I don't believe they are much needed as far as business is concerned.

With much love to you both from your affectionate father,
JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, Langham Hotel, London, England.

28. Cherry Street, New York.

May 11th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter

We yesterday morning received your very acceptable letter mentioning your arrival at Paris. Your account of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Vanderpoel family, &c were all interesting to us. We certainly shall not expect any more such lengthy epistles, and glad as we were to get them, and notwithstanding the great pleasure they afforded us, it was marred by the idea of the immense tax it was on you to write such lengthy letters. The little time left for you to be on the other side do not consume

in any more such lengthy letters, as it is only calculated to make you feel glad when you get home to be rid of writing. Then we want you to enjoy yourself, and have it a pleasure trip instead of a toil, as I fear it has been.

John as well as myself were much interested in what information you could collect regarding the Vanderpoel family &c.

Your Mother says there was but one trunk she intended to order, and as to the perfumery, one half dozen is enough for me. John says the circular notes are the best for you to use, and I should think so too, especially as you have them.

I am delighted to hear that everything looks so well in Paris. Your Mother and the rest of them have said spring or fall was the best time to visit Paris. When you were there before it was cold, disagreeable, weather. From all accounts you have had worse weather on the continent than we have had and it was rather unfortunate on your account that it was so, being your first, and perhaps last, visit that you may ever have the pleasure of making. I have no doubt that you could spend a couple of months very pleasantly in Paris, and profitably as well. It takes time to do the city justice, there being so much ground to go over, and so much worth seeing.

I would have been delighted to meet you in Paris, but it was impossible; my cares and labours are many and I don't have a moment's leisure time. I am continually looking forward from fall to spring, and spring to fall, thinking I shall get through with some of my troubles, but I only find as the time comes around, new ones presenting themselves.

This coming winter I am however arranging to pass at St Augustine. I shall make arrangements to add to the house already on the place I have bought, and make it so we can accommodate you, and Louise, if you conclude to go down there another winter.

Persons visiting St. Augustine don't expect much in the way of accommodations. If they do, they don't get it. Neither in the way of sleeping accommodations, or eating. It is sufficient to be in so delightful a climate, and enjoy the salubrious air, where one can see the oranges, pomegranates &c, grow, and

have the satisfaction of eating them, and inhale the fragrance of the orange blossom, the whole air being impregnated with them. Still they have cold weather there at times. They lost their orange crop last winter, the like however has not occurred before in thirty years, when they lost trees as well as fruit. This time they only lost the fruit. I believe, however, the trees of the limes, and lemons, were injured last winter as well as the fruit.

John feels quite elated at our going with him to St. Augustine. Your Mother and I, feel it a duty to do all we can to prolong his life, if we cannot be the means of assisting him in entirely recovering his health. John is a very charming fellow, and, if he had his health would make his mark, but being deprived of it he must do the next best thing, and prolong life as long as he can. We feel very uneasy about him. I don't believe the three years in St. Paul have been any advantage to him and I am fully satisfied he thinks so himself.

Benny arrived home last Friday looking rather careworn. We were delighted to see him. He has improved in his manner very much. I am in hopes after he has been home a little while he will look better. His eyes appear sunk, and he looks as if he had seen much trouble, and hardships. I am going to have him go next Saturday and spend the day with Wallie. It will delight them both. He will take your two last letters with him, and read to Wallie.

I have been particular about keeping all your letters. I shall treasure them up.

Your Mother thinks you will not get this letter, as you speak of leaving Liverpool on or about the 29th of this month but I don't believe you will leave Paris as soon as you mentioned, consequently I shall keep on writing until I hear from you telling me not to write more as I am sure you will notify me when to stop.

On Thursday I expect to go to Newark to a wedding of Beach Vanderpoel's son. It will take the entire day. I shall have to leave our house by 12 o'clock, and by the time I get shaved and dressed it will be too late to go down town, consequently I will devote the entire day to it.

Mrs. Ely, with her daughter Julie, called at the house yesterday. She says next week they go to the farm.

She says some relative of the Elys here received a letter from Mr. Smith Ely saying that if he, or they, would come over and meet him, he (Smith) would take the trip over again, and go to St. Petersburg. I thought this showed he was much pleased, or he would not be willing to go over it again. I presume you would have enjoyed yourselves more if you had been favored with good weather.

Mrs. Ely says from some cause, or other, they had no one to work their farm this year. She supposes they will have to work it themselves. This she thinks will not be pleasant. She thinks she will have to see to the cows, making the butter &c. Last year they had six cows. This year they will not have so many.

We must endeavor to get down, and see them, before they leave the city, if we can.

I have just received a letter from Wallie begging for Benny to come and see him stating that it is two years since he has seen him. I have stopped on your letter to write him that Benny will come, and spend next Saturday with him. This will delight them both.

Benny is very much improved in his whole person. He has the look of one who has seen much trouble. I am in hopes there is a brighter future before him. Poor fellow, how he must have suffered in those Rebel prisons and while exposed on the Battlefield.

The weather has apparently become settled. I hope so. At any rate we have had a few pleasant days to make up for the many unpleasant ones.

The 19th Annie Octavia is to be married. They expect it to be *une grande affaire*. They are laying themselves out for it. The invitations are numerous.

With kind regards to the Messrs. Ely, and much love to you, and Louise, I bring my epistle to a close.

From your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Geo. B. Vanderpoel to Mr. Geo. W. Street, care Jno. Munroe & Co., Paris.

Grand Hotel, Paris,

Mr. Geo. W. Street.

May 11th, 1869.

My dear Sir:—

As you have not yet returned here, and I am leaving early tomorrow morning for London, I am obliged to say in writing what I would rather have said verbally. My father has been writing me in regard to the little commission you have kindly undertaken for him. It seems he would like to have the diamonds *set here*, for *ear-rings*, in a *plain*, but *neat*, and *handsome* manner.

My father, when writing me, had the impression that I was going to return to America on, or about, the 22nd of May; and accordingly he wrote me that perhaps after you had bought the stones it would be a relief to you if I would take them and bring them over to New York.

As things are, however, I am not intending to return to our City until about the first of July; and as I suppose you will be going back yourself before that time, my father will receive the diamonds quicker through you than if I took charge of them. Diamonds are so easily put out of sight in one's pocket that the Custom House officers can't give you very much trouble.

My address for ten days will be "*Langham Hotel, Portland Place, West, London*," but a letter sent to me in the care of Jno. Munroe & Co., at any time, will reach me.

Hoping that you are having a very pleasant trip, I am,

Yours truly, GEO. B. VANDERPOEL.

NOTE ACROSS FRONT OF ENVELOPE.

Mr. G. B. Vanderpoel:

Mr. Street has returned to America. See letter from Mr. Vanderpoel, rec. 16/6/69.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.

May 14th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter:

Your Mother thinks I am wasting my time in writing you,

as she is sure that you are out of France, and in England, before this can possibly reach you. I tell her I shall continue to write until instructed to the contrary, although if you are in England it would cost one half for Postage to mail you there, and would reach you more speedily than to go to Paris, and be remailed to you in England. However as I know you do not know your course, or time, being under the control of others, I shall continue to write you as I have done until otherwise advised. I am just called on by Duncan & Sherman to pay a ten-pound Draft; the amount I am called to pay is \$68.80 this you see is what a ten pound note costs. I thought I would let you know, then you can make your calculations accordingly—this will enable you to tell whether some things are cheap or dear. Almost seven dollars to the pound. I think in future you had better use the circular notes. I went yesterday to Beach Vanderpoel's house to the wedding of Eugene, he married a Miss Tiffany; there were two sisters married at the same time. I don't recollect the name of the other groom. Beach told me he saw the notice of your arrival in Paris, but did not know whether it was you, or some other Vanderpoel. Beach has five sons; one is a Doctor, two are Lawyers, one is an Engineer, and one a Minister. Beach, the lawyer, is now traveling in Europe, the Engineer, Eugene, is the one who was married yesterday, he is the fourth son; William, the oldest, is a lawyer. Beach is the second son, the Dr. James comes next. Winant, the younger, is the Minister, an Episcopal Minister, very high Church at that. Winant was named after one of the three original brothers, who first came over to this Country. His family do not know where he gets his Episcopal high Church ideas from. Benny goes in the morning to Chester, to spend the day with Wallie, I have no doubt but it will be very gratifying to them both, Benny carries with him your two last letters to read to Wallie. You cannot imagine how Benny has improved, he is more sedate, and steady, than he was. John leaves us next Tuesday for Albany, and after spending a few days, leaves for St. Paul. Mary E. may leave with John, or she may conclude to leave one or two days after John, and so rest in Albany, as John wants to spend a few days with his Brother, Dr. Sam. We drove out to Newark to

Eugene's Wedding yesterday, just after we started it began to rain, and it came down in torrents, we however were comfortably enclosed in a Clarence, we could through the glass see the rain come down, while we were perfectly dry, but the poor driver, and horses, had to take it. When we reached the house it stopped raining. We received a letter from one of your class mates who is in the Treasury Department at Washington wishing you to call on some young man, a friend of his. Your Mother thought we had better open the letter which we did, and Benny wrote the young man, at Washington, telling him in your absence we had opened the letter, and mentioned your being in Europe, and, when you would return was more than we could tell, I don't recollect his name. I was talking with "Jim" Smith in the swamp only a couple of days ago about business, he said there was no business. I told him it was a good time to go abroad, he said, "yes, for then one would find something to do, but here there was nothing doing." I suppose you must have seen George Street, although he has left the place I wrote you he would be at, it seems he met his friend in Paris, who took him to some place where he could stop for less than one half of what he was paying, and, as he was alone, with little money, he thought best to economise all he could. This one can do when alone and not in company with ladies. I believe I wrote you that Brother, Edward's son Jacob, has left the Department, he was in at Washington, or rather it left him, and he is now here seeking for something to do, he is sick and disgusted with Washington, I find this feeling prevails when they are once turned out of Government employ, then the place looks bad. John has just been in to see me and have had quite a talk and it has proved quite an interruption, now it is so late, and I am so entirely out of the humor of writing, and not thinking of anything of any importance worth writing about, I will bring this epistle to a close. Give my regards to the Messrs. Ely, with much love to you both from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care of Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.

May 24th, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

Yours of 9th was received this morning, we are delighted to hear from you, and glad you are going to prolong your stay. We think it a wise conclusion that the Messrs. Ely have reached, to stay during our hot Summer Months, and pass the time in the Mountains of Switzerland, this will enable you to escape our hot, disagreeable weather, and enjoy yourself much better than here. I only regret that you have missed one of my letters written you just one week ago tomorrow, and sent to the Agents of the Cunard Line at Liverpool, addressed to you as passenger of the 29th. Benny directed it, and he says it will be handed to the purser of the ship which sails that day, and he not knowing until after the vessel sails whether such a passenger is on board will bring it on here to our city. I took your Mother's advice, and had it directed thus, and stopped writing you to Paris. She now regrets that she advised me to do so, for I should have kept on writing, directing to John Monroe, unless you had said stop, until you reached home. I regret exceedingly the loss of that letter as I was two days writing it, not that it contained anything of any importance for I don't really know now what was in it, except the arrival of Benny. We were delighted to see him, he is going to study Medicine, we think, as he has chosen that profession, it is best to let him do so, and he may sail before long for Heidelberg, to attend the University there, however this is undecided for the present, your Mother thinks Edinburgh, Scotland, best, I, and Ben, prefer Heidelberg. I expect to see a gentleman, a graduate from there, this evening, or tomorrow, and his opinion will decide, I have no doubt Ben will make an excellent physician, he has talents, and some business ability, he is a member of the Bar, having passed an excellent examination. Judge Cordoza, one of the Judges before whom he passed his examination, spoke highly of him, he has been to make Wallie a visit, this information is in the lost letter. I would rather give ten Dollars than have lost that letter. Your Mother thinks you have acted wisely about the purchases so long as you

are going to remain. I wish you could in some way give me the amount of what you laid out for Mary E, as she has left money with me to meet her bills, also inform me your Mother's, and mine, and if anything was bought for Julie, I know you have said so many francs, and I don't know but, with the aid of your Mother, I can separate for each, but I would rather know exactly what each amounted to by itself, perhaps when I go home this evening, and talk with your Mother, she may be able to make all straight, if so I will inform you; the trunk I believe was for your Mother, the perfumery for me. We approve of all you have done, or may do. Thinking you were coming home, I returned all the circular notes I had, if you remain, which I suppose is now settled, you will exhaust your resources, and have to make drafts on me. You must let me know what you wish done in the matter. If George Street buys the diamonds I would just as soon you would keep them, and bring them home, unless he, George Street, would prefer to bring them home. I expected when I first commissioned him to get them he would bring them on to me without charge, but his Father spoke one day as if George might have to pay duty on them, as he being in the Jewelry business he might be asked if he had diamonds, or Jewelry, about him. I thought there might be something in this, as he was a conscientious young man, especially when it was a matter of little personal interest to him, and I suggested to his Father, and I believe the son too, that they could be handed to you. This seemed to please them both. As a matter of course, if he was coming home before you, and could bring them as well as not, and not have placed me under very great obligations to him, would prefer his doing so. I told him I would give him fifty Dollars for his trouble, and this certainly ought to pay him for bringing them over. I meant this when I proposed to pay the fifty Dollars. It was not to pay fifty dollars for his merely buying them, for that was paying dear for the whistle. He spoke of having them set in Studs and wearing them home but I told him your Mother wanted them set so as to have Paris work. Then it was young George Street thought he might have to pay duty, manage this between you, one thing is certain I don't wish to pay duty, for I suppose that would cost me more

than to buy on this side, as I doubt very much if duty is often paid on diamonds, or on very few. They are so easily smuggled, and, those that deal in them here, buy them cheaper than George Street can. You say you suppose now you will have to resume your lengthy epistles, as much as we love to get them I should say you must not labor too much on them. A shorter letter will answer as well. The weather is getting warm and there is no use taxing yourself to write such lengthy epistles, we shall be perfectly satisfied with one sheet filled as to have two and three, as we have had. You have lost two letters from me by my supposing you were to sail next Saturday, one was written, the other was not, only projected. I only wish you could have got the one I did write. Mary E., and John, left us for Albany last Tuesday, tomorrow week, last evening they left Albany for St. Paul, will be there about Saturday. Brother Edward's Daughter was married last Wednesday, the day was stormy, but the company at the house large. Beach Vanderpoel's son, Beach, is somewhere in Germany, perhaps you will come across him. We were at his Brother's wedding, as I wrote you in the last letter, Beach and his son, James, (the Dr.) were at Annie's wedding, Beach spoke of your being in Paris, saw your name registered. Tuckers seems to be the place to register in Paris, We have seen Smith Ely's name several times when we have not seen yours. We spent the Evening at the Elys' in 23rd Street—One evening last week, it was Tuesday I believe, this was told you in the last letter. Mrs. William Ely said Ambrose had written to Smith not to come back before fall, I rather think they don't care to have you back, for Mrs. Ely said Louise did not like the country and they thought it was the same with you. I said I thought as Louise was now married she might look upon the Country in a very different light from what she did when single. And, as for George, I suppose he did not care to go, and return the same afternoon. My impression is Ambrose, and William, or Wm's wife, thought you might not enjoy yourself quite as well in Jersey as where you are and I fancy she is not much out of the way. I will now cease writing till tomorrow. After we have discussed your letter this evening, it was only skimmed over this morning, as it came just about as

I was leaving home, tonight, we will read it over more carefully, and then, tomorrow, I will say what I wish you to do about the belts, &c, Tuesday, May 25th, "Gray's day," as GrandMa said, at the breakfast table, your Mother said your account is plain enough so I will not trouble you about that (had you mentioned in your family letter that you had sold the circular notes to pay for the many articles you bought, I should have given that letter to Ambrose Ely to read). I am just handed your letter to me in which you speak of writing young George Street. It was strange you did not see him, he only stayed in England one or two days, I read a letter from him after his return. He left the Hotel, and went to some private boarding House, and this accounts for his not getting your letter, especially as he had no occasion to call on the Bankers. I am sorry you did not see him, but no matter, let me repeat do not write such long letters, as they do not pay, there is no use of your taxing yourself so much. In cold weather one can write with less trouble than in such warm weather. We are all well, and only too glad to find you are going to stay, it would be a pity to come home now just as the weather begins to be so pleasant on the other side, and the time that everyone is leaving on this side for just where you are. As to the articles you have bought they are just as well where they are till you come on. Don't let them worry, you best take all the comfort you can. I don't believe it is best to travel as fast as you have been doing but take more rest as you go. With kind remembrances to the Messrs. Ely, and much love to you both from your affectionate father,

J. VANDERPOEL.

Mr. Edwin A. Ely to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

Divonne, May 27th, 1869.

Dear George :

I yesterday received a letter from your better half dated Bath, and directed to Smith. As he left this place Monday, and is probably in Madrid by this time, (if he travels at his usual rate of speed) I thought I would drop you a few lines in reply. It has been raining here about one-half of the time until this week, but is now warm, and summer-like, the situation is pleas-

ant and the establishment as good as I expected in every respect, and if a person can withdraw their mind from every day affairs and vegetate for 2 or 3 months, I have no doubt in very many cases it is very beneficial, but if a person has been unwell for 8, or 10, years expecting to be entirely cured in about 30 days, why the best thing to do is to stay away from this particular portion of the earth, or they will soon have such foolish ideas washed out of them—in regard to my case I had made up my mind not to write about the treatment, until I have been here long enough to give it a fair trial. In about two weeks from now I think I can tell if it is likely to permanently benefit me—upon the other hand I think I can safely say that I am now as well as when I came here. I have no plans of any kind, but mean to elevate my feet, lean back in my chair, and take things easy. It is not a very pleasant place for well people, as there are so many sick, and crippled, persons here, probably many who will go away worse than when they came. Smith receives a letter from home about once a week, and in his anxiety to keep them from being alarmed at my being here I am afraid he may have pictured things with too rose colored an appearance. He expects to be back in about three weeks from the time he started.

Yours affectionately,

EDWIN A. ELY.

I have written this letter with a wretched pen please destroy it when read.

(This letter was enclosed in an envelope marked "Bad News")

Captain Benjamin W. Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

June 2nd, 1869.

Dear George,

It becomes my sad duty to break in, in a measure, on your happiness to inform you that John Vanderpoel breathed his last at Chicago on May 31st at noon.

John, and Mary, left here about two weeks ago in the best of spirits on their way to St. Paul, arriving at Albany they rested there 2 or 3 days, when the journey was again resumed, John's mother, and sister, completing the happy, western-bound party.

Arriving at Chicago, another stop was made, the party going to the house of a Mr. Hibbard, some relative of John's. On Thursday last the poor fellow was taken with bleeding from the lungs, but only had one attack.

From sister's letters we all had hopes that it was not very serious. On Sunday last at noon a telegraph was sent on from Mr Hibbard to Aaron Vanderpoel as follows: "John failing fast, tell Jacob Vanderpoel to come in haste." Every thing now was confusion about the house. I going one way with messages from Father, and Judge Loew, another on some business, finally at nine p. m. Father, and Mother, left on the Allentown Express, but as it turns out did not arrive in time. There is no news yet, and I send these few lines so that you might understand the reason of not hearing from home.

Our weather has been disagreeable for the past month. One day rain, the next day wind, and dust, then hot, then ending up by making overcoats interesting objects of possession, for comfort at least.

Please excuse my brevity as I am very much occupied during Father's absence. John's Remains will arrive at the house tomorrow.

And now I must say Good bye.

Your Affec. Brother,

BEN. W. VANDERPOEL.

Benjamin W. Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care Doctor Vidart, Divonne, par Gex., France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.

June 5th, 1869.

Dear George:

Your letter of the 16th May is duly received, but your Father had no time to glance over it. I wrote you a few hurried lines and forwarded it by last Wednesday's Steamer informing you of the death of John Vanderpoel. On Thursday evening the remains, accompanied by your Father, Mother, and poor bereaved Sister, Mary E., arrived at our house—the next day Friday at 3 P. M. the funeral services took place, the house was crowded with sympathising relatives and friends. Dr. Lathrop was pres-

ent (coming from Stamford, Conn.), and made some very feeling remarks, it was 5 P. M., and after, before we arrived at Greenwood, and deposited the body in our plot, along side of Brother Charlie. This ends this sad Chapter—the folks are completely worn out, and it will be some little time before they get over the excitement of the last few days. Your Father has to leave Tuesday next, with Mary E., and take the long journey to Saint Paul, in order to settle up John's affairs, therefore you cannot under these circumstances expect to hear from him. He desires me to state that he would rather have you take the Diamonds from young George Street, if you have not already done so. Wallie came on from his school to attend the Funeral, and will return in a few days. All are well as can be expected under the circumstances.

Your Affec. Brother,

BEN. W. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to George B. Vanderpoel, Hotel Beau Rivage, Ouchy, Switzerland.

28 Cherry Street, New York,

June 7th, 1869.

My dear Son and Daughter :

It is with deep grief I now attempt to write you. Death (that unwelcome visitor) has most unexpectedly entered our family. Your dear Sister, Mary E., is a Widow, and John Vanderpoel is dead, and buried. He left Albany, Sunday Night, one week ago last Sunday, and just one week from his departure, we were called by a telegram with these few words, addressed to me from Chicago, "Come at once John is failing rapidly," signed by Mr. Hibbard, (Mr. Hibbard is the Brother-in-Law of Aaron Vanderpoel) at whose house John was staying. Your Mother and myself, also Mr. Aaron Vanderpoel, and Jesse, left at 8 o'clock Sunday Evening, that being the first train out of New York. At half past Eight o'clock, I received another telegram, another at half past three. We sent dispatches while on the train to know how John was, the first answer was he was gradually sinking, the second we got at Cristline, Ohio, Monday night at half past ten, which said John was no more. I received a letter from Mary E. as soon as she reached Chicago on their journey west, stating

they had arrived safe, and all well, John doing quite well. Mrs. Vanderpoel, and Libby, who were with them, were also well. The next day another favorable letter was received, this was on Thursday. Friday, Jesse received a despatch, stating John had a slight hemorrhage, did not consider it dangerous but wanted someone to come on, and accompany them to St. Paul. Jesse immediately telegraphed he would come the following week, not supposing the attack dangerous; at night I received a letter from Sister stating they felt no alarm; the next day, Saturday, another with about the same language. Next day, Sunday, when laying down, about half past Three, Aaron brought the news that I have given you; everything was laid aside to respond to their call, but we reached Chicago too late. John heard of our departure and it was thought the joy it gave him kept him alive at least two hours longer than otherwise. John had his senses till the last moment, was conscious his time had come, made his peace with his Maker and was perfectly resigned. He hated to leave his dear friends, his last request was his love to the different Members of our family. He knew Mary E. up to within five minutes of the last. She asked him just as he was expiring "Johnny, do you know me?" "Yes, indeed I do," was his reply. Your poor Sister, dear girl, is heart broken, her affections are so ardent. So many years has she watched over him by day, and by night, her devotion to John has been the theme of comment by all who knew them. This makes the breach the greater. It was with much difficulty we got her to the Cars, having secured a private Car, thus having an opportunity of keeping her strictly private, which was very necessary. We left Chicago about Eight o'clock in the morning of the 2nd; just before the dawn of day (the 3rd) the axle broke, and we had to be turned out, it was quite cold, and take our quarters cramped up in an ordinary car until 1 o'clock the following day, when we reached Harrisburgh, where we changed cars again, arriving home ½ Past Seven o'clock in the Evening, not having had one mouthful to eat since we had our breakfast. You can imagine how much we must be worn out. The next day, Friday, the 4th, at Three o'clock the funeral services were held at our house. At Four we started for Greenwood, arrived there about Six, and reached home at

Eight. I can hardly give you any account of the immense quantity of flowers sent in by our friends. There was one of the most beautiful Crowns I ever saw, made all of Pure White flowers. There was four each of the most beautiful crosses, anchors and wreathes I ever saw. I have no doubt the flowers cost two hundred and fifty Dollars. They kept coming in from early in the morning until the funeral Cortège moved. Our house was filled with friends. We had the Sexton of Dr. Adams' Church to officiate, he furnished one hundred Camp Stools, and then there were many, very many who could not find a place to sit. Beach Vanderpoel, and Wife, were present from Newark with many I would like to mention. Monday, the 8th, I forgot to say that yours of the 24th mentioning your arrival in Bath, also a copy of *Punch*, came to hand on Saturday, always glad to hear from you. Sunday night about 8 o'clock Julie was taken sick. The Doctor, and Nurse, were immediately summoned, the Doctor was with her all night. She was a terrible sufferer. Chloroform was administered every few minutes throughout the night. When daylight came the Dr. sent for his assistant, they were obliged to use instruments. The child, which is a little girl, was born about Eleven o'clock in the day; child, and Julie, are doing well. It has been a trying night with us, the distress of poor Julie almost set your Mother crazy. Wallie returned at 12 o'clock to Chester, I have just got from "Bill" Tweed transportation over the Erie Railroad for your Mother (if she can leave), Jessie, Libby, and Mary E., to Cleveland, and back, which was as far as "Bill" could arrange it on the Erie. Mary E. took out Papers of Administration today; she, and Jessie administer. John left no Will, but his dying request was that Mary E. have $\frac{3}{4}$ of all his property & his family will carry it out. I have no idea what amount he leaves; we shall start tomorrow night for St. Paul to settle up John's matters. I have told Benny he must write you in my absence. Tuesday, 9th, I expect to get off to-night with your Mother, and those mentioned above, I suppose we shall be gone at least three weeks. Julie is comfortable, Baby also. I hope you got the diamonds. I wish you would see in your travels what a pair of two carat stones can be bought for, Pure and perfect. Look around and see what you can find. I presume Mary E.

will one of these days want a pair. I got three Drafts from Duncan Sherman last week, two for ten pounds, and one for five. With much love from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

My dear Son:

Your Father has given you all the news, but he has left room for me to write a few lines to you. For the last two weeks we have been in continual excitement. John, & Mary E., left our house for Albany on May 18th, the morning of the 24th they left there for Chicago, on the 26th, at night, he was taken with hemorrhage, not very severe, she was not alarmed at first, but he continued to fail until Monday, 31st, when he died. She feels her loss most deeply. We all feel a great deal of sympathy for her. If you have not bought any gloves for me yet, and intend buying any, let them be black stitched with black. With love to you both,

Your affectionate Mother,

C. A. V.

Benjamin W. Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

607 Fifth Avenue, New York,

Saturday, June 12, 1869.

Dear George:

Yours of May 30th came to hand yesterday and was forwarded to the folks. On Wednesday last your Father, Mother, and Sister, Mary E, left for St. Paul to settle up John's affairs. Poor Mary is almost heartbroken at the sad loss she has sustained. Julia has presented the Judge with a miniature edition of herself, which has made the Judge, who is not naturally tall, seem about three inches taller. Mother, and child, are doing well. The child is now 4 days old. By the by, I expect to sail from here about the 1st of July for Liverpool, that is if everything goes on as I hope. On my arrival there I shall write at once to you finding out your whereabouts, and if not too much out of the way to Germany, will call on you.

Now, my dear fellow, I am glad you are enjoying yourself

as you appear to be from your letters. As the mail closes and my time is limited I must hurry this up. GrandMama is very much obliged to you for sending her the illustrated publication, I was the first to pick it up, and tell her it was for her, she was very much surprised, and as she glanced over the direction, the tears came in the old lady's eyes, and she said, "I am so very glad George has not forgotten GrandMama."

We have had no word from the folks since they left, and they will not arrive in St. Paul till 8 P. M. tonight. I have no further news to write, but by the next steamer will try to send you an interesting letter to make up for the horrid scrawls of the past.

Hoping to see you soon in propria persona, I remain

Your Affec. Brother,

BEN. W. VANDERPOEL.

Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

St. Paul, Minn., June 13, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

We arrived here about Eight o'clock last evening (Saturday). Today, Sunday, is quite warm, disagreeable, and none of us venture out. Mary E. has no ink in the House, and I am obliged to use a pencil, or wait till tomorrow, but I prefer to use the latter as there is no telling if I waited until I procured ink, but the time would fail me to write. We feel quite tired after our long journey, but we have not had any delays, or accidents, to contend with. Your sister feels badly, everything calls to mind her great bereavement. Poor dear girl, her loss is great, she was so devoted to John, and he to her. My heart aches for her. I believe I wrote you I had to come out here with your Sister, your Mother, Jesse, and Libby Wendell, at present I cannot tell how long we shall be here. I am in hopes we can get away in one week, but I believe Mary E. thinks it will take at least two. I hope young George Street left the Diamonds for you to bring home, as it will only put me under more obligations to him if he brings them. Don't forget to post yourself up as to the value of diamonds, and

when to buy, as I may want to know for future purchases. We don't expect to see any of your family letters until we return, as we left no word to have them forwarded, for we did not know how long we should be gone, and we are fearful we might miss them. Benny stays home to look after matters, until we return, when he will leave for some place in Germany, to acquire the language previous to his entering on the study of Medicine. We do not think Benny looks very robust. I fear his health is not good, he however, makes no complaint. You must let me know if you wish any letters of credit, as I shall meet your calls. I hope you will not return till fall, with kind regards to the Messrs. Ely, from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

P. S. I have stopped writing to give your Mother an opportunity to write a few lines. We have just heard from the Judge by telegraph, that Julie, and the Baby, are quite smart, both doing well. Julie has a beautiful baby. She had Dr. Sabin to attend her in her sickness, and he, the Dr., says she has the best Nurse in the City.

J. V.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

St. Paul, Minn., June 16th, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

I feel I must write you a few lines; although I have nothing of importance to write you about. After tomorrow we begin the sale of John's effects, when that is over we shall know when we can leave here. I presume it will be about next Monday, but it is difficult just now to tell for a certainty. Mary E is surrounded with many warm, sympathizing friends and I am not sure but she may wish to spend the summer here. We have talked a little about it, but not come to any definite conclusion. We are quite well, except colds. I mean your Mother, Mary E, and myself, the weather is cold, unusually so, for this season of the year. We have not heard from home since we have been in St.

Paul, we hope to get a letter today. We are anxious to go back to New York, our leaving Julie as we did makes us the more anxious to be back with her. Your Mother felt as though she was doing wrong to leave her just yet, but we thought that Mary E, needed a mother to look a little after her, thus you see we have much to excite and worry us. I hope you both are enjoying yourselves and will continue to do so; you are now away and I think it is better you should stay until fall, as you could do nothing here until our warm weather is over. Mary E, just made her appearance and wanted to know who I was writing to, I told her to you both. She said I must give her love to you both, and say she would be glad to write to you, but in her deep affliction she could not. Benny promised me when I left home he would write for me, knowing how difficult I would find it, not having time and conveniences. Whether he has fulfilled his promise I know not. I hope he has, for I don't want you to feel that you are forgotten while so far separated from us. I always think it the more necessary to write when the distance of separation is so great. I would be glad to write you a long letter but I am really at a loss to know what to write about. As your Mother just passed by I called her to come to my assistance. I hope she will at any rate; I will stop to give her an opportunity I only hope she will, and say something of interest. I found I could not get your Mother to write as she is so very busy helping your Sister get the house ready to leave, which she is determined to do. I have just received your letter of the 30th, from London, we were delighted to hear from you—it was what we did not expect as we had not told Benny to mail any letters of yours, considering them too valuable to mail. I am sorry George Street did not fulfill his appointment, so goes the most of folks, punctuality is the life and success of business. Your Mother says this will not reach New York for Saturdays mail, consequently I will defer writing more until tomorrow.—June 17th, raining hard, tomorrow we have the sale of John's effects, all well, and I have very much to do, in assisting Mary E. so I have only time to write one or two lines. Yesterday we had the Photographer here who took a picture of the house with Mary E's Riding Horse, also, the two dogs, including herself, with Jesse, Libby,

your Mother, and I, all in the foreground. We have not yet seen any of the proofs. I hope they are good. We shall leave here next Monday—Mary E with us, as I have business at Buffalo, we will not reach New York much before Saturday; with much love from Mary E, your Mother, and myself, I remain

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Paris, June 16th, 1869.

George B. Vanderpoel, Esq.

Divonne par Gex-Ain-France.

Dear Sir

In reply to your favor of 14th Inst. we beg to say that the parcel you refer to was not left with us by your friend Mr. Street.

We remain, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

MUNROE AND CO.

Benjamin W. Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, Schwetzer Hof, Lucerne, Switzerland.

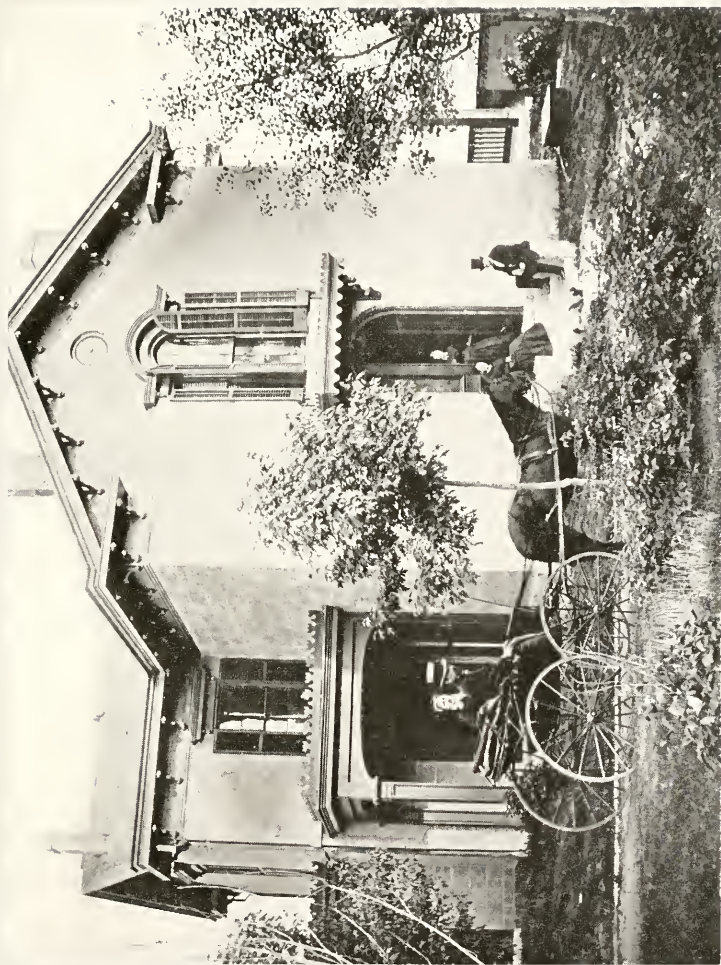
607 Fifth Avenue, New York.

June 20, 1869.

Dear George:

I have little, or no, news to give you. Julia, and her little one, are getting along finely. We have a houseful with this baby, and everybody is more or less busy with it, some with paregoric, others with other remedies, but everything is going along finely.

The folks arrived at St. Paul just one week ago today, and I expect that this day week will bring them back again, our weather is getting quite warm and sultry. White, fuzzy, hats are all the rage now—it is quite laughable to walk down Broadway, and see some of the enormous hats bobbing along with little diminutive individuals under them. GrandMama is quite well, and wants me to again thank you for the paper that you sent her. You have not said anything lately about when you were coming home, but I have made up my mind that you, or rather your party, would stay until fall, for the reason that if you came over here



THE VANDERPOEL RESIDENCE IN ST. PAUL, MINN., JUNE 16TH, 1869. MARY ELIZABETH VANDERPOEL, WIDOW OF JOHN VAN
DERPOEL, AND HER PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. JACOB VANDERPOEL, IN THE CARRIAGE, JOHN VANDERPOEL'S BROTHER,
JESSE, AND HIS SISTER, MRS. LEBBIE WENDELL

you would not stay in the City, and the expense of a Summer jaunt would be about the same here as there.

Everything is lonesome here without the folks, and I shall be truly glad when they come back. You must overlook this wretched scrawl, wishing you all manner of good luck and a safe return home, I remain,

Your affect. Brother,

BEN W. VANDERPOEL.

Waldron B. Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

Penn. Military Acad., Colonel Hyatt,
Chester, June 25th, 1868.

Dear George :

I have been intending to write you for some time, but either something has turned up to prevent me, or else I have not had the European paper. I have returned to school after having one of the pleasantest vacations that I think I ever had. We got through with our lessons, and left on the 22nd of December, and I reached home the evening of the same night. I never fully realized what it was to have a vacation before, for when I went to day school I used to do about what I wanted to, and, therefore, it did not seem so much pleasanter, for I did not have any more liberties then than any other time. Here, however, we have very few liberties indeed, in fact from the time a fellow enters the Academy he may be said to give up his liberty. I have one of the meanest boys for a room mate that there is in the Academy. I would get a better one if I could, but all the decent boys have room mates, and don't want to change. My room mate had a fellow whom the Colonel put to room with him, but the fellow got so sick of him that he went to room with two other fellows, managing some how, or other, to get his bed in the room. I intend to change next year if I can. They make us review for two weeks at the end of each term in what we have been over during the term, and the last week they examine us on the whole, so you see they keep us pretty busy at the end of the term. I think I have learned considerable since I have been, even if it is so short a time. I am trying as hard as I can to get

to be corporal next year, and hope I succeed if it is nothing more than just to please Father, for he wants me promoted very much. I hear from the folks every day, they all seem to be well. Father has two very sore fingers, I don't know whether he cut them, or whether he has a felon coming on them. I have been suffering with the ear considerably for the last three or four days. I stayed in the hospital a day or two on account of it, but as I got very little attention and half the time nothing to eat, I thought I would come out. I have got entirely over it now, and feel in very fine spirits. We got back the seventh of January, and very hard it came to me to leave home, and come back to this old place, after enjoying myself so much, but duty called me and I had to obey.

We have now been back some two weeks, and over, and have by this time got fairly to work at our lessons. I am going to try to write you every week and I wish you would write me as often as you can. I liked drill very much when I first came here, but now I think it is an awful nuisance. I got a pretty good grade, 100 in everything is the best that any one can get, but no one gets that. I got 100 in deportment, 100 in philosophy, 94 in Latin, 95 in Algebra, 84 in reading and 70 in military exercises, giving me an average of $94\frac{1}{2}$, which I don't think is a very bad grade. We are going to make a parade in Baltimore in the course of a week or two. I hope you are well and having a nice time. It will not be many months before you will be home, at least I meant if you intend coming home when you said you would. I wish you would come out and see me when you get home, and see us drill. I find it very hard to think of anything to say to you, for things that interest me don't interest you, and another thing you would not care to hear what is going on here, and that is all I cannot write to you about because it is all I know. We never hear anything about what is going on in the World, for they keep us shut up like so many states prison birds. We only go to town on Saturday and then only for a few hours. I learn my lessons because there is nothing else for me to do. I would go out and exercise in the gymnasium but there have been so many accidents out there I don't want to go for I don't want to be laid up. Only a day or two

ago there was a boy got one of his wrists broken and the other dislocated and will not be over it for a month or two. He has to lay on his back all the time and cannot move at all. I cannot think of anything else to say so I guess I had better close. With much love I remain as ever

Your affectionate brother,

W. B. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.

July 2nd, 1869.

My dear Son, and Daughter:

It is now five o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and I leave here in one half hour, consequently I must be brief. I have been so very busy because of the many things I have to do, that I could not with all the effort I have made commence writing you until this moment, and since I began I have been interrupted by a gentleman for fully ten minutes, so I shall give you but a line or two. Mary E. has gone to Newburgh, how long to stay is more than I can tell. Julie, and baby, are doing well. The baby is a beautiful child. Julie, and the baby, go out riding every afternoon with the Nurse. The Judge is still at his Mother's, sick, but much better. Wallie is home, but he was complaining all last night, although it was nothing serious. Your Mother is unwell and has Rheumatism in her right arm, when I left this morning she was really unable to use it, and the pain is considerable. I hope, however, when I get home to find it gone or better. I am well, GrandMa says there is no chance for her until some of the complaining ones get better, then she will resume her position in the rank of Invalids as formerly. Benny went up with his Sister Mary to Newburgh, and returned the next morning, Benny is doing so well we are all of us quite delighted. When he will go to Europe is more than I can tell just now. On Monday the fifth of July I will leave for Washington, to be gone a few days and return about Saturday. I hope you will not return until we have cool weather. I don't hear you say whether Louise is improving in health or not.

I should hope this European trip would do her good. I pass through Frankfort Street occasionally. I presume they are doing some little business there, I always see something going on. I have no doubt when anything is doing they have their share. I have not seen William Ely for some time. I should not wonder if he stays more on the farm than Ambrose does. I do not know what else to say even if I had the time, for I am quite at a loss for news. Our money market has been quite tight. Gold keeps up, it is about \$1.38. I wish you would not forget what I have told you in my former letters, to post yourself as to the value, and quality, of diamonds, go in and enquire in places in general the different sizes from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 carats, pure, white, with no flaws, make them give you a magnifying glass, and you will see the flaws. Remember a diamond the least off of color depreciates in value greatly; one pure white may be worth twenty-five hundred francs while another same size the least yellow is not worth five hundred, remember this. Mine diamonds are the most valuable, there is what is called the Rose diamond quite thin, no luster, no brilliancy those you need not enquire about, If you continually look at the article, and hear what the different sellers have to say, you soon become familiar with what is desirable. My time, as well as store of information, is exhausted so I bid you adieu, with much love to you both from

Your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York,

July 6, 1869.

My Dear Son & Daughter:

Yours of the 20th, and 21st, came to hand yesterday. We were glad to hear from you. The Drafts are all right, mentioning Five pounds was my mistake. Mary E. is at Newburgh, and Julie expects before long to go to Palensville. I believe Mary E. will return, and go with her, the Judge is far from well, and the Dr. has recommended Sulphur Springs for him, and I suppose he will go somewhere, and Julie with Mary E. in the



GROUP OF VANDERPOEL MONUMENTS IN THE CEMETERY AT KINDERHOOK, N. Y. VIZ.: DOCTOR JOHN VANDERPOEL, AND HIS SONS; AARON J. VANDERPOEL, JOHN VANDERPOEL, AND JESSE VANDERPOEL.

Clove. The Fourth, or rather the Fifth, of July is over, and I am glad of it, the day was noisy, but so far as the weather was concerned I think it one of the finest days I ever saw, none too warm nor none too cool. Don't you think you could find some thinner paper to write on, Postage being quite an item, if you were in England where they allow you a half ounce, it would not make so much difference. You know the postage you have to pay in Gold. It was on one of your letters received last week, I think we paid fifty or sixty cents deficiency; if your paper was a little thinner you would find a small sheet would only be $\frac{1}{4}$ of an ounce, 30 cts. I mention this as economy is wealth, but such thick paper as you are using is only a waste. I do not go away this week, as I had expected, but have set Benny to work writing up my August receipts for tenants, preparatory to his going away, and I also. I will not leave now till next week, and I may have Benny wait until I return, or I may get him off before. I have already written you about George Street, and the diamonds. I enclose you an obituary notice, taken from the "Christian Intelligencer," there have been several published in the Albany papers, as well as in New York, and Elizabeth, New Jersey, the one I send you is more full than any I have seen, there was one published in St. Paul—John was very much beloved, he was truly a noble fellow. I feel his loss very much, I had expected next winter to have spent the winter with him. John was one I thought very much of. GrandMa's health is about middling but Julie, and the Judge, being both unwell, have prevented her from giving up, no doubt it has been a sore trial to her to have to keep about. She does love her room. Your Mother's rheumatism is better. Wallie was under the weather, a few days, but is now better. I have just had my yard in Cherry Street paved with Belgian Pavement. It is quite an improvement, somewhat costly, but then it will last for many years. The repairs I am making in Cherry Street are nearly finished and I am not sorry; business is dull all over the City and money scarce. Gold about \$1.38. I don't see what keeps it up, but I suppose it is the speculators. Rents have come down very much, buildings, (I mean new ones) are not so firm as they were. There is nothing like the number of buildings going up this year that there

were last. Mechanics keep up their exorbitant high wages, but I cannot see how it is done, the eight hour system, except for Plasterers, don't take. There has been some talk among the Men concerning it and about a strike, but it is no go. I think that thing is played out. I sent your family letter to Mr. Ely to read as he loves to have your letters. I passed the store as I came down this morning, but I did not see any one. I sent Patrick with the letter. I did not ask him whom he saw. I see the Hon. John Kelly is with you still, you cannot be in better company. Give my respect to him, if you see him after you get this. I saw by the papers last Sunday that Will Todd's wife died at Syria in the Holy Land. She was the daughter of R. W. Martin,—they have been on the other side two years or more, he, Todd, is here. I have not seen him since I saw the notice. When I have heard from her she was improving, give my kind regards to the Messrs. Ely, with much love to you both from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry St., New York.

July 9th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter.

I write you this day for the steamer of the morrow. Nothing special has occurred since I wrote you last.

I mentioned in my last, written Tuesday, that Mary E was in Newburgh. Wednesday, just after we were through with our dinner I was sitting by the second story window when a carriage drove up, with a lady draped in deep mourning. Your Mother was in the back room. I went in and told her just as the bell rang, that there was some lady come to make a visit dressed in deep mourning. She said, "who can it be." I said I could not imagine. I went to the balusters, and, as she entered the door and raised her veil, I saw it was Mary E. I went down stairs in double quick time, and inquired what was the matter. She was crying at the time. She sobbed out, "I wanted to come home." I told her we were only too glad to see her. By that time your

Mother, and grandma, had reached the vestibule and had her in their arms. It seems the poor creature in brooding over her loss, became so homesick she could not stand it, and must come home for relief. She received a hearty welcome and tomorrow she goes back again. The fact is her trouble is great. No one but herself knows how great it is. She visits Johnny's grave daily and takes as beautiful a Bouquet as Hauser can make, to put on John's grave. Sometimes Grandma accompanies her and sometimes your Mother. I suppose the desire to visit Johnny's grave, and see her dog, "Bute," made her homesick. "Bute" is her little dog which she left with us to take charge of. My heart aches for your dear sister. She says but little, but she keeps up a terrible thinking. We do all in our power to make home comfortable but home seems small to her great grief. What would she give to see her Johnny if but for one day, yea, for one hour. I don't like to dwell on the subject.

The Judge is not well yet although he goes out and attends court, but adjourns without doing much, as his health will not admit of it.

Julie is as comfortable as can be expected. Baby quite smart. I shall not wonder if she, and the Judge, get off to the country next week.

Benny wants to sail next Tuesday in one of the Inman Line steamers. I have told him to go and see if he can get a state room. Then I will decide. I want him to wait two weeks from next Tuesday, then I am willing for him to leave although I would rather he would wait. Next week I shall be absent down to Baltimore, Philadelphia &c and I would rather he would wait till the 27th, but he is extremely anxious and I shall be influenced by the accommodations that may offer in Tuesday's steamer. He will certainly sail two weeks from next Tuesday if he does not go next Tuesday. He will go to London, then to Dusseldorf to Mr. Grashofs, where Julie was. He goes there to acquire the language, after that he will enter the university at Berlin I presume.

I left off writing to go to Fulton Market for some oysters and while absent it poured down. The effects of the storm are visible on this sheet. Every thing on my desk was deluged.

I had no idea of such a storm when I left, or I would have prepared myself. We have not only very sudden storms but very hard ones.

Mr. William Ely gave me a paper called the *Shoe and Leather Reporter* which has a three column account of a Bull Fight which Mr. Smith Ely witnessed in Madrid. William told me it almost made Ambrose sick to read it. I do think it was one of the most barbarous things I ever read. I cannot see how such cruelty can be tolerated by any Nation. I would not witness the sight myself, for I do think it a terrible thing to allow cruelty to poor dumb beasts in any way.

I had quite a talk with William Ely this morning. He is glad you are not coming back till fall. He says business is very dull, but they are buying as they consider it a good time to buy. Hides, I gather from what he said, were low.

William said he had been engaged in Brooklyn for some time, taking account, as I understood him, of hides.

The harvest all over our continent bids fair to be large. Prospects indicate an abundant crop of cereals, and fruits. In fact everything that the earth produces. Flour has been reduced very much in price.

All join me in much love to you and wife. Remember me to the Messrs. Ely.

From your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

July 10th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter,

I pen a few hasty lines to let you know that Benny sails next Tuesday in the Inman Line for Liverpool, and thence to Dusseldorf to Professor Grashof's. There is but one of that name in Dusseldorf who is a professor. Benny, I suppose would be glad to hear from you. He expects to write you when he gets to London, but the steamer he takes is a slow one and I thought it would be well for me to inform you of his intended departure,

and you can write Benny immediately to the care of John Monroe & Co. telling him where you are, and what your movements will be. I suppose he will be only too glad to see you again. Perhaps you could tell him you would come to Dusseldorf to see him. That would make him the more contented, and enable him to go directly there and enter on his duties and you then would see him already settled, and be able to let us know how he gets along. I would have no objections to pay whatever expense you may be to in going to see him, as it would be such a satisfaction to hear from you, when you return, just how you find him, whether Mr G took him in his family or if he got some friends to receive him, and how Benny likes it etc.

This would be so much better than to have him running around to find you, as I know he will not be contented to have you return home without seeing you once more. It will be some years before you may meet again. And as life is so uncertain, I will like very much if you will make the sacrifice to go and see him. The expense I shall not mind, for I know your Mother and myself will be more than recompensed to have you bring us the tidings how he succeeds there, "how he likes it" what friends he finds etc. I don't want you to be there on his arrival. I would rather it could be as much after as possible, and not interfere with your arrangements, so that he might have been there long enough to give you some information as to what he thinks of it, as he could not do immediately on his arrival.

Now, if you will do this, you might inform Benny when he writes you about your movements, etc., that you intend to come and see him before you come home. This will settle his mind on the subject and enable him to push ahead without any worrying. Suppose you write Benny, as soon as you get this, to Dusseldorf, Care of Professor G. and tell him what you can do and where you are etc. for I don't see what he will gain by writing you from London and you to answer to John Monroe and Co. I cannot see how he can get such a letter unless he stays over somewhere to wait for it. You might write a few lines to Benny to the care of Munroe & Co. and tell him what you will do. And I will tell him, if he goes to Paris, to call on them, and if he don't go, write them to send it to him wherever he might be.

I have given you the whole story. Now do as you can in the matter. All I can say is, do see Benny if possible.

We are all in about the same health as when I wrote you yesterday. The Judge is not well. Mary E. goes this afternoon to Newburg. Benny is with her. He, B, will return in the morning, Sunday. Our neighbor, Mr. Keep is very sick. I doubt whether he will live many days. Julie, and the Baby, are doing well.

With much love from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.

July 12th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter,

I have commenced this letter expecting to mail it for tomorrow's mail, as I want you to get it before you write to Benny, care of John Munroe & Co., as he does not go near them. His route is from Liverpool to London then to Antwerp, Cologne to Dusseldorf. He seems to want to go to Antwerp to see those namesakes of ours in tailoring business there. He has some acquaintance with them and wants to renew it.

If you have written to John Munroe & Co. better consider that letter lost, and duplicate it to Dusseldorf.

Your Mother says she is so glad I have written you to go to see Benny before you come home. It would be no use for you to do it immediately on his arrival. Our thought is for you to see him after he is once settled, and just before you are coming home, as we want the very latest news concerning just how he is getting along, how he likes it &c. The expense will be but a small matter compared with the satisfaction it will give us to hear from you exactly what you see and learn for yourself. You will not see him again for two, or three, years and perhaps longer. I want Louise to see your Brother Benny for he is a very nice fellow. One you need never be ashamed of. You may never meet again. Get Benny to have a photograph of himself taken so you can bring it home.

Perhaps you may conclude to come home via Bremen, or some German port. I don't know what the accommodations are in the German vessels. You might, if it becomes necessary, let Smith, and Edwin, precede you, and you go to see Benny. Tell Mr. Smith Ely it is the only request I make as to your movements. That you go and see your Brother just before your departure and I hope he will favor it. If I knew from what port they intend to sail for home I would know the better how to make some suggestion so you might all come home together, Smith and Edwin spending their time in some place where they might find it pleasant while you are with your Brother. I would like it if you could spend some few days with Benny, as I think you would learn much more of your Brother's entire movements, and his future ideas &c. This he can know but little about unless he has been in Dusseldorf some time, as he goes there an entire stranger, first to acquire the language, next to enter one of the universities to study, and attend lectures, hoping to become a physician in time. Benny is well calculated for Medicine, and I believe I have settled on the very best thing for him. I believe he has a talent for that profession.

It would take too long for me to tell you the many many congratulations have been heaped on him since his return home.

Mary E. is at Newburg. She comes down next Saturday and leaves on the following Monday with Julie, the Judge and Wallie, for the Clove, taking the baby, and nurse, along.

We shall soon have quite a small family. We shall miss Benny very much. He takes his departure in the morning.

I send this to the Post Office today in the hope, if there is any steamer, it will reach you sooner than the one I mail you to go on Wednesday, as I don't want you to have the trouble, and expense, writing to John Monroe & Co. when Benny will not get it. When I wrote you Saturday I thought he went to Paris, but when I came to look into it I found I was greatly mistaken.

With much love to you all from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co.,
Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

July 13th, 1869.

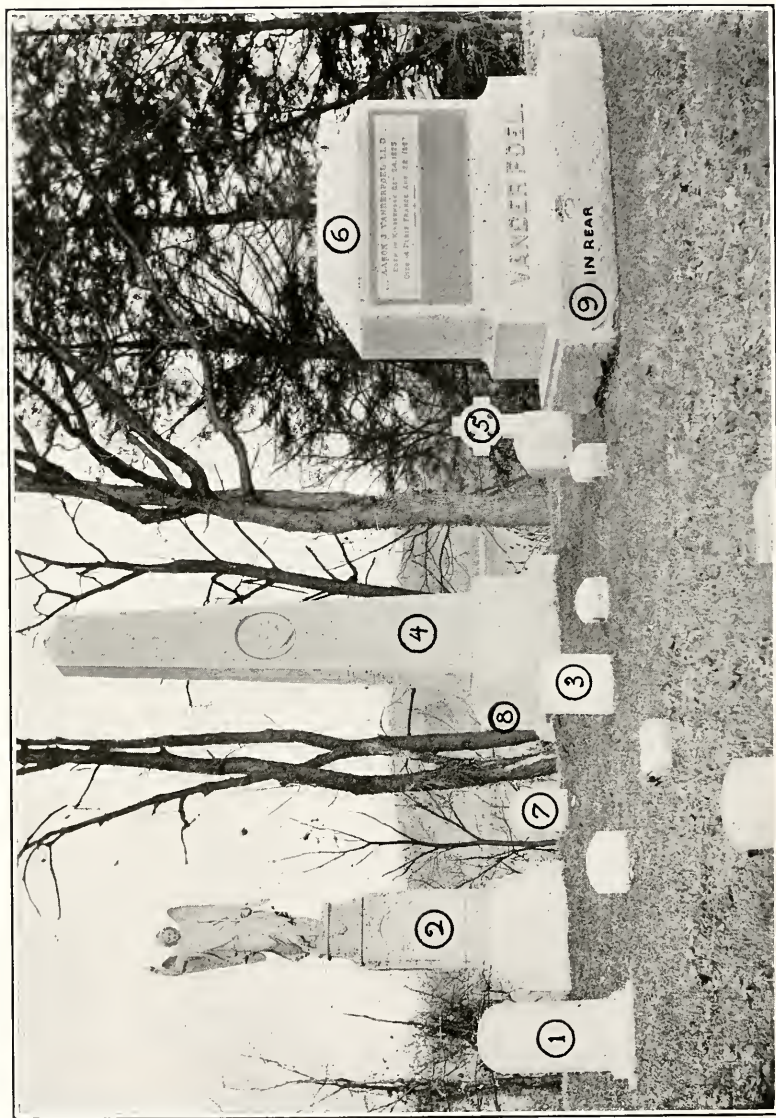
My Dear Son, and Daughter,

I wrote you by mail that leaves this morning not supposing it would go by the steamer "Aetna" of the Inman Line that Benny has sailed in. As I understood she did not carry the mail, but after it was too late to remedy the evil I became satisfied that my letter which I took the pains to write one day earlier than my usual day has gone in that vessel, which will be some three days behind this one. My object in writing that letter was to have you get it almost as soon as the one I wrote you last Saturday as I thought it might make some difference in your movements if you knew exactly what route Benny takes.

He goes from Liverpool to London, Antwerp, Cologne and Dusseldorf. I have mentioned in the two previous letters what I wish you to do and I don't know as it is necessary to repeat. I will however for the third, and last, time say, I want you just before your departure for home, if you have to allow Smith and Edwin to come home without you, to go, you, and Louise, to see Benny at Dusseldorf, and pass two or three days so you will be able to give us full particulars how he likes it, what he is doing etc. You will not see each other again for some years and I would not have you come home without seeing him. Now the Messrs. Ely may think if you go to see him at once it will answer just as well. I would like you to read to Smith what I have written as he will then see my object. Benny has gone off entirely on his own responsibility, to be abroad some years, and I want to hear from you after he has been there some time sufficient to know something of what he intends to do, how he has managed, whether he is pleased etc. etc.

Your letter of the 27th of June came to hand yesterday afternoon so that I had the pleasure of reading it last evening.

I did not know that Benny had written you about leaving on the 1st of July. The first we knew that he had made up his mind to any definite time was when he told us he wanted to leave in this vessel (the "Aetna") of the 13th, and we did not wish him to



THE VANDERPOEL PLOT IN THE CEMETERY AT KINDERHOOK, N. Y.

THE MONUMENTS IN THE PLOT FACE EAST AND WEST. THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE LARGER ONES
FACE THE WEST.

1.—West—Sarah Elizabeth, wife of Robert L. Burnett, only daughter of Doctor John and Sarah W. Vanderpoel. Born March 21, 1838. Died Aug. 11, 1876. 2.—West—John Vanderpoel, son of the late Dr. John Vanderpoel, of Kinderhook, Columbia Co., New York. Born Dec. 11, 1834. Died May 31, 1869. 3.—West—James, son of John and Sarah Vanderpoel. Departed this life April 30, 1835. Aged 7 yrs. and 10 months. 4.—Left-hand Side—James Vanderpoel. Born June 28, 1827. Died April 30, 1835. John Vanderpoel. Born Dec. 11, 1834. Died May 29, 1869. Jesse Oakley Vanderpoel. Born June 15, 1831. Died Jan. 26, 1870. Front—Doctor John Vanderpoel. Died Oct. 25, 1851. Aged 55 years. For thirty years an active and eminent physician. His bereaved wife and children cherish his memory. Right-hand Side—Sarah W. Oakley, wife of Dr. John Vanderpoel. Died ———, 4, 1883. Aged 86 yrs. and 5 mos. A loving and revered mother. Sarah E. Vanderpoel, wife of Major Robert L. Burnett. Died Aug. 11, 1876. Aged 38 yrs. and 4 mos. Samuel Oakley Vanderpoel, M.D. Born Feb. 22, 1824. Died Mar. 12, 1886. Aaron J. Vanderpoel, LL.D. Born Oct. 24, 1824. (Note—There must have been an error here, as on the large block monument this date is corrected to 1825.) Died Aug. 22, 1887. 5.—West—In Loving Memory of Edith Vanderpoel, daughter of Benjamin W. and Mary V. Franklin. Jan. 30, 1882. July 26, 1903. May she rest in thy peace and awake to joyful resurrection. 6.—West—Aaron J. Vanderpoel, LL.D. Born in Kinderhook, Oct. 24, 1825.* (See note.) Died in Paris, France, Aug. 22, 1887. 7.—East—Henry Van Schaack, son of Aaron J. and Adeline E. Vanderpoel. Born Jan. 19, 1856. Died in New York June 13, 1859. 8.—East—Thomas Beekman. Died Dec. 16, 1863. Aged 5 yrs. and six months. Adeline Ives. Died Dec. 15, 1863. Aged 1 yr. and 5 months. Children of Aaron J. and Adeline E. Vanderpoel. 9.—East—Reverse of 6—Henry Van Schaack. Born Jan. 19, 1856. Died June 13, 1859. Adeline Ives. Born July 28, 1862. Died Dec. 15, 1863. Thomas Beekman. Born June 18, 1858. Died Dec. 16, 1863. Aaron Melgert. Born Jan. 16, 1867. Died May 4, 1894. Augustus H. Vanderpoel. Born Dec. 13, 1859. Died April 27, 1911. (Children of Aaron J. and Adeline E. Vanderpoel. 10.—East—Adelaide Vanderpoel, daughter of Benj. W. and Mary V. Franklin. Born Feb. 3, 1879. Died Nov. 5, 1880. (Note—This stone does not show in the photo as it is behind the large block monument.)

go until the 27th but he seemed to have his mind so made up to go on the 13th that we all yielded. Now your letter explains the anxiety. He was so afraid he would not see you again. To prevent his chasing after you, and put his mind to rest I have assured him you will come and see him. When you write him let it be to Dusseldorf, care of Professor Grashof.

The Mr Coggill you mention must be a brother of my friend as his book is dedicated if I recollect aright to Newton Coggill. This is the first I had heard of it.

If those diamonds were entirely perfect, and good shape, as well as pure white, at 2000 francs, they were cheap. I paid more than that. You should examine them on pure white paper, with magnifying glass, to see if there was any flaws, breaks, spots, etc. They ought to be as near a true round as possible. I don't like them square, or oblong, or triangle. There are many things to look at in selecting diamonds. Many of these things you learn by looking after them as each man will tell you some flaw he has not got. By breathing on them you can detect flaws. If those you saw were perfect they would not be dear the way they are selling here. They would come to about \$1150 in Currency. Perhaps not over \$1125. They sell them with us for gold altogether. Such stones, perfect, about Five, to Five Hundred, and Fifty dollars, gold. All depends on the quality, they don't want to be a milky white. What I mean by that is a thick milky appearance which we often see. A pure steel white is not objectionable. Mine are a steel white. They are called Oriental and are preferred to the white. The least yellow, no matter how trifling condemns them in price.

Benny left our shores this day at one O'clock. Your Mother and Judge Loew, with Patrick to carry his trunk, went to see him off. I bid him goodbye in Nassau Street after we left Duncan and Sherman's, where we went to get some circular notes. I thought I should feel very unpleasant at parting with him, so I left it for your Mother to do. Benny and myself parted with each other's blessings. I am in hopes he has now taken a determination to make his mark in this life. I feel great confidence in his future. I hope I shall not be disappointed. He has seen much of the world's tribulations, I now hope his path will be

brighter and brighter. He parts with us all leaving most favorable impressions behind.

I have purchased my tickets for Baltimore for this night. Tomorrow's sun will find me in Baltimore if no accident occurs. I shall be back by Saturday, I hope in time to write you by Saturday's mail. All will depend however on the hour of its closing. If before eleven I don't see how I can write you, if it is twelve I will be able. This day it closes at eleven. Tomorrow I don't know the hour. To be in time I mail the night before.

[It was well that the parting of Mr. Vanderpoel and his son; Captain Ben. W. Vanderpoel, in Nassau Street as described above was so affectionate.

They were not destined to meet again in this life, and the memory of that brief parting was a sweet one to them in the succeeding years.—Ed.]

Patrick has just informed me that Benny does not leave till four o'clock. It is now three. I was in hopes, as he was to go at one o'clock, he was off. I asked Patrick what your Mother did in the matter. He said she, and Wallie, were there, and Benny advised them not to wait any longer. How unpleasant it is to have them defer two or three hours the time set for sailing.

Let me know if you need circular notes, and I will send them to you. "Better mention in your family letters about your using circular notes, etc., that I furnished you."

My respects to the Messrs. Ely. I am glad you are out of our hot weather.

With much love from your affectionate father.

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

N. B. Doubtful whether Ben's steamer gets out of our harbor much before this letter departs.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York,

July 19th 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter,

I did not return from Baltimore in time to write you last Sat-



MONUMENT TO DOCTOR JOHN VANDERPOEL (Father of Aaron)
IN THE CEMETERY AT KINDERHOOK, N. Y.

urday, I begin a letter for you today expecting to finish it tomorrow. It will have to be a short one as I have not the time to devote to letter writing.

Benny's vessel was noticed in yesterday's paper as touching at Halifax. I hope he will cross the Atlantic safely and find everything pleasant. Poor fellow, he must have been quite lonely on shipboard. There was not a soul on board he knew. His being (as I hope) free from seasickness may make up in a great measure the want of acquaintances. Benny left many, very many, well wishers behind. He has never left our shores under more favorable circumstances. As I have said in previous letters you must meet again before your return.

Wednesday morning. Julie, the baby, nurse, sister, Wallie and myself leave for the Clove. Perhaps your Mother may go along. I am only going as far as Catskill to see them safely started, as the Judge can't leave, then I shall return the same night. Your Mother will do the same, if she goes. We leave in the morning at eight o'clock on the Albany Boat, the "Daniel Drew."

The Judge does not recover his health yet. The Dr says he must go to the Sulphur Springs for a couple of weeks at least.

My hand trembles so I can hardly write, thinking of all the different things I must see to. I have just this moment thought of an errand Julie wanted me to attend to which I had promised but never thought of till this moment. I am doubtful if I shall think to attend to it.

Business is very quiet. Money market exceedingly tight. We have hundreds of vacant dwellings, and stores, in our city. I think the financial ball is in motion and I doubt if it stops till we have a revolution. It must come and I suppose we might as well have it now as any other time.

I doubt whether I shall be able to write you oftener than once a week as poor Ben ought to have a letter occasionally. He too will look for some news from home. I never was any hand to write. I do it from necessity. I felt as though it was all important when you first left home, but now I don't see the necessity of it. I am in hopes to find a letter from you when I go home. We have been getting one very regular for some time.

Since I wrote you last we have been having some very hot weather. This day is more bearable.

I think it would be well for you to write Benny at Dusseldorf. For he will be there before you get this, and it will make him feel as though he was not forgotten to get a letter from you, besides he will not know just where to write you.

July 20th. We have not received any letter from you up to this time but we have received one from Benny from Halifax in which he says that he has been quite seasick but is now better. We were never more surprised. I believe it is the first time he was ever sick. Mary E was saying that she envied Benny in his sea voyages as he was always well. I don't doubt the boy has not been well for some time. He did not look well. I wish he had taken some bilious medicine before he left home. I wanted him to take some Congress water, but your Mother says he only took one bottle.

Your Mother said they told him at the office of the Line that this coming Saturday they would be in Liverpool, making the voyage about eleven days. She did not sail the same day they intended but hauled out in the stream and lay till the next morning. How unpleasant these detentions are when you are on board all ready to start.

Tomorrow morning we all start for Catskill. Your Mother, and myself, may return the same day or we may conclude to go as far as Palenville, stay all night and return the next day. At present it looks very much like rain. I hope we shall not have a rainy day to travel in. It will be very unpleasant, especially with a young baby.

Every thing is very quiet in our city. Many thousands have left and still there are many left.

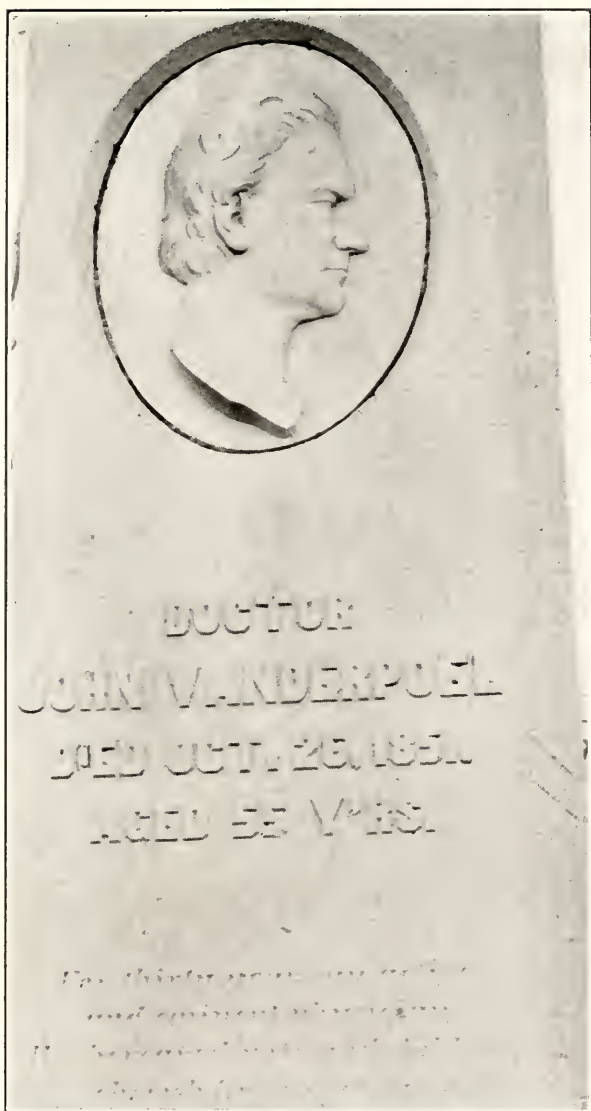
I feel as though I ought to write a few lines to Benny by this mail. I think I shall endeavor to do so.

Gold now rates about \$1.36 and \$1.37. I thought you might like to know.

Remember me to the Messrs. Ely. With much love to you both.

From your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.



ENLARGEMENT OF THE BAS-RELIEF ON THE MONU-
MENT TO DOCTOR JOHN VANDERPOEL IN THE
KINDERHOOK CEMETERY

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co.,
Paris, France.

28. Cherry Street, New York.

July 21st 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter,

I had the pleasure of reading your letter enclosing the wood card. The date, or where from, I do not recollect. I only know it says you have your passage engaged for the "Ville de Paris" of the 12th and, as the mail does not close until twelve O'clock, concluded I would defer going up to Catskill in order to get this letter off. What in the world do you want to get here in our city just at the time it is forsaken? Any, and every one, who can get out of the city does so in August. To arrive about the 21st or 22nd of August I should think would be anything but pleasant. You need not dread the September gales for we have just as many in August. I want you to see Benny, as I have written you in previous letters. I wanted your Mother to write you last night, not knowing that I should have time this morning, but she said she would not interfere in your arrangements although she thought the 22nd of August a rather singular time for you to return home. In the middle of the "Dog Day" month. (August).

I would not have you miss seeing Benny for considerable, and that, not on his immediate arrival, as the object was to see how he is getting along; what reception he met with by the Grashofs; how he likes it; how he appears; and what line of program he has marked out, if any. I thought I should like if you could spend some three or four days with him, see all you can and get somewhat acquainted with the Grashofs. There were two young ladies when Julie was there. I suppose they must be something older now. They speak English, French and German.

I wonder you don't stay and come home with Edwin. I don't think it is worth my while to write any more on the subject of coming home, seeing Benny or anything else pertaining to it. If I should write volumes I could not say any more.

I shall not show this last letter of yours to the Elys, as I fear they might think you have shown very little economy in paper or postage, as one half sheet written halfway close would contain the whole of two sheets. Economy is wealth. Franklin says "A penny saved is two earned."

Your Mother came across an envelope directed to you which Mary says was received some time ago from Hanover. I opened it this morning, and found it was wedding cards from E. E. or E. F. Smith. I forget the lady's name.

I notice by the paper this morning they are having great times in Hanover. Centennial Anniversary of Dartmouth. Secretary Chase, Gen. Sherman, and many distinguished persons, are there, and the doings and sayings are great. Never had Hanover such a time of gaiety before. The place has been filling up for days. I presume if you had been home you would have found it pleasant to be there.

Your Mother thinks those cards are from Smith; your classmate in '68, neither Julie, nor any of them, went to Palenville this morning as they expected. I have sent Wallie up in the Albany Boat this morning to meet Mr. Trumpore to tell him they could not come, will go up some day next week. The fact is the baby has quite a sore breast, and it has been vaccinated. It takes well making quite a sore arm, and I found but little trouble in prevailing on them to stay, for, if they went, I was to go with them to Catskill and I might have been obliged to go as far as Palenville. We had passage engaged, staterooms paid for, and Mr. Trumpore brought down with his new carriage which he has been getting, all of which has to be paid for.

I now close with lots of love from your affectionate father,
JACOB VANDERPOEL.

From the *New York Times*, July 22, 1869.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CENTENNIAL COMMENCEMENT—ADDRESS OF CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

Hanover, July 21, 1869.

The Centennial of Dartmouth College has been celebrated here to-day with great spirit and enthusiasm. The occasion has gathered together from all parts of this country, and even from beyond the sea, a great multitude of the alumni, and the day has been spent most delightfully in the public exercises, in the exchange of fraternal greetings and the renewal of old friendships,

freshened and invigorated by the return to the fondly remembered scenes of youthful struggles and triumphs. The weather, until late in the afternoon, proved most auspicious, a gentle rain during the night having laid the dust while a friendly veil of clouds shielded the crowd from the burning rays of the mid-summer sun.

A procession of the alumni was formed at ten o'clock, and, headed by the Germania band, marched to a large tent on the Common, capable of holding about 3,000 persons, which was soon densely packed by the graduates and friends of the college, including many ladies. The chair was occupied by Chief Justice Chase, the President of the Alumni Association, and on his left and right sat the officers of the college and the distinguished men mentioned in the despatches yesterday, with many others, among whom were William M. Evarts, Daniel Clark, Governor Stearns and ex-Governor Smythe, of New Hampshire; J. S. Redfield and E. S. Tobey, of Boston. President Smith delivered a very appropriate address of welcome, in the course of which he referred to some of the eminent men present, and among others to General Sherman, who sat at his right hand, of whom he said, "Hail, also to the chieftain, the renowned leader of his country's forces, who three years ago, in one of his masterly flank movements, took possession of our hearts, and so comes now just to inspect the captured works." His felicitous allusion to the great General called forth the most rapturous plaudits from the enthusiastic crowd.

President Brown, of Hamilton College, then read an exceedingly interesting and valuable historical address, which was finely delivered, and held the rapt attention of the vast audience from the first until the last.

It was expected that ex-President Lord would also speak, but his recent accident confines him to his chamber, greatly to the regret of the many graduates, nearly half of all the alumni of the college having received their diplomas at his hands.

The exercises of the morning were concluded by the singing of an original ode written by Dr. John Ordonaux, of the class of 1850, after which a recess was taken until two o'clock.

In the afternoon the tent was again crowded to overflowing,

and yet fell far short of accommodating the great multitude anxious to come within hearing distance of the speakers. Considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining order, but at length a measure of silence was secured and Judge Chase opened the exercises as follows:—

Brethren of the Alumni, friends and ladies, always included under the name of friends—The order of exercises for this afternoon provides for wise speeches, in which all the relations of almost all the branches of science to this centennial anniversary and to the college are to be discussed, each speaker being limited to fifteen minutes. I find that the President of the Alumni (the Chief Justice) is expected to make some introductory observations. As I happen to be that individual, I shall proceed to discharge the duty assigned me. I need not speak the words of welcome which have been so felicitously uttered by the President of this college, nor need I recite its history, which has been admirably laid before you this morning by Professor and President Brown. One hundred years ago the charter of the college was promulgated in the then province of New Hampshire. The college antedates the republic. It was promulgated under the royal authority, by our right trusty and well beloved John Wentworth, the Governor of the province. John Wentworth is represented here to-day by a descendant of the same name, now an honored citizen of Illinois. (Applause.) As his ancestors excelled in personal merit and position, so the present John towers by a whole head above the entire fellowship of the alumni. (Applause.) The interests of the college were first represented in England by the Rev. James Whittaker, attended by an Indian minister, Samson Occum. The Indian minister has gone, and so far as I am able to find, has left no descendant; but Mr. Whittaker survives in the person of my honored friend, Judge Whittaker, of New Orleans, who now sits upon this platform, and President Wheelock is here represented in the direct line by our respected friend and brother, John Wheelock Allen. These, the founders of the institution, are here in the persons of their descendants to note us the wondrous changes which time has wrought in a hundred years. No one can fail to be impressed by these changes. When the college was organized the third

George was new to the British throne. Under the great Empress Catherine Russia was prosecuting that career of aggrandisement, then recently begun, which is even now menacing British empire in the East. Under the fifteenth Louis of France that wonderful literary movement was in progress which prepared sympathetic enthusiasm for liberty for America, and at length overthrew, for a time, monarchy in France. China and Japan were wholly outside the modern community of nations. A hundred years have passed and what a new order has arisen. Great Britain has lost an empire and gained other empires in Asia and Australia, and extends her dominion around the globe. France, so great in arts and arms, has seen an empire rise and fall and another empire arise in which a wise and skilful ruler is seeking to reconcile personal supremacy with democratic ideas. Russia, our old friend, seems to withdraw at present, at least, her eager gaze from Constantinople and seeks to establish herself on the Pacific coast and in Central Asia. China sends one of our citizens, Mr. Burlingame, on an embassy throughout the world to establish peaceful, commercial and international relations with all the civilized Powers. Japan, too, awakes to the necessity of a more liberal policy, and looks toward partnership in modern civilization. Who seeing this, and on reflecting on the manifold agencies by which this in the old world, and the prodigious movement in the new, which I cannot even glance at, have been accomplished, can help exclaiming in the language of the first message which was sent over the telegraph wires in America—"What hath God wrought?" (Loud applause.) And, my friends, how great a part has this college, antedating, as I have just said, the republic, played in all the enterprises of America? It has been well said of it that every quarter of the globe knows the graduates of Dartmouth. Every State in the Union certainly is familiar with their names and their works, and the influence which they exert is the influence of the college. What a magnificent beginning was that which had been described to-day? What splendid progress, how great the present, and who can predict the future? Ninety-eight classes of young men have already gone forth from this institution; who can measure the religious, the moral, the intellectual, the political influence which

they have exerted? Great names like those of Webster and Choate rise at once to memory. But I refer more particularly to the mighty influence exerted by the vast numbers unrecognised upon the theatre of national reputation which the college has sent into all the spheres of activity and duty. When we think of the vast movement for good which has originated here and is now in unchecked progress and must extend beyond all limits of conception, I cannot help feeling that it is a great and precious privilege to be in some sort identified as a graduate of this college. It does not diminish my satisfaction that other graduates of other American colleges can say the same thing. It increases rather that satisfaction, glad and thankful that my name is on the list of those who, educated here, have endeavored to do somewhat for their country and their kind. I rejoice that under our beneficent institutions legions of Americans have the same or greater cause for gladness and thankfulness.

After some remarks to the graduating class the Chief Justice said:—And let me add, my brethren of the alumni, a practical word to you. We celebrate to-day the founding of our college. We come hither to testify our veneration and our affection for our benign *alma mater*. We can hardly think she is a hundred years old, she looks so fresh and so fair. We are sure that many, many blessed days are before her; but a mother's days are made happy and delightful by the love and faithfulness of her children. Much has been done for this institution recently; much which makes our heart glad. The names of the benefactors of the institution mentioned here to-day dwell freshly in the heart of every graduate, and will live forever. "Between them lives;" but let us remember that while much had been done much also remains to be done, and let us hope that this year will witness a new movement of earnest, enlightened, and let me say, just liberality towards the college, especially among the graduates. I use these terms because they describe our duties. I do not appeal to you for charity. I wish that every graduate may feel that the College is, indeed, and in a most true and noble sense, his mother, and to remind you of filial obligations.

In conclusion the Chief Justice said:—I am very glad to meet you here. I partake your joys in this great congregation

of the alumni, in the meeting of classmate with classmate, of pupils with instructors, of friends with friends. Let the gladness and the gratitude with which we come together be changed as we part into resolves of earnest devotion to the best interest of our benignant mother in the future, so that the second centennial shall as much exceed the fulfillment of the present as the present exceeds the feebleness and apparent insignificance of the days of small things which we commemorate.

During the reading of the poem Hanover was visited by one of the most violent storms ever known in this section, when the President stated the remainder of the anticipated addresses must be omitted, but they would be printed with the proceedings.

The benediction was pronounced by President Smith.

A reception in honor of General Sherman at the house of Senator Patterson closed the proceedings of the day.

(From *N. Y. Times*, June 23, 1869.)

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Large Graduating Class—The Alumni Dinner Speech of General Sherman.

HANOVER, N. H., July 22, 1869.

Commencement Day, proper, at the Dartmouth College was celebrated to-day, and the exercises have passed off with more than the usual *cclat*. A large meeting of the alumni was held this morning, at which a resolution was adopted with a view to obtaining \$200,000 for the college, of which \$25,000 were subscribed on the spot, and the friends of the college are sanguine that the full amount will be readily raised.

The commencement exercises took place in the large tent, which was again crowded to its utmost capacity. The exercises consisted of orations, dissertations and disputations, in which some twenty members of the graduating class took part, and one poem, the whole pleasantly interspersed with music by the Germania band. The class numbered fifty-four—just fifty more than the first class that graduated from the college.

At the close of the literary exercises honorary degrees were conferred as follows:—D.D.—Rev. Edmund O. Hovey, of Wabash College, Indiana; Rev. Daniel Hopkins Emerson, of Philadelphia; Rev. Horace Eaton, of Palmyra. LL.D.—James F. Joy, of Detroit, Mich.; Henry A. Bellows, of New Hampshire; Jonathan E. Sargent, of Massachusetts. A.M.—Rev. John W. Allen, of Northampton, Mass.; Osstan Ray, of Lancaster, N. H.; Josiah H. Benton, Jr., of Lancaster, N. H.; General John Bedell, of Bath, N. H.; John Ward Dean, of Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. William H. Muzzey, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Ryland Fletcher, of Cavendish, Vt.

The alumni then formed in procession and marched to a temporary structure erected on the common, where about 700 sat down to dinner, with invited guests and others, who increased the number to nearly a thousand. A blessing was invoked by Rev. Professor Calvin E. Stone, of Andover, Mass., and then about an hour was spent in making away with the good things at the table, to which a fast of eight hours gave a peculiar zest. At the conclusion of the repast the doxology,

“From all that dwell below the skies,”

was sung, in accordance with a time-honored custom, after which the company repaired again to the tent, where the after dinner speeches were to take place. Judge Chase occupied the chair and called first upon Governor Stearns, whom he said, he trusted the men and women of New Hampshire knew how to love and to honor for his services to New England in connection with her railroad interests. Governor Stearns was greeted with hearty applause and spoke briefly of the importance of extending the advantages of such a literary institution as the college as widely as possible, expressing the opinion that the State should extend to it whatever aid might be necessary to make it effective for the public good. The Governor concluded by proposing the lasting honor and prosperity of Dartmouth College and of all her sons.

The President then said:—Two things within the last few years have astonished the world. The first was when, the country being in danger, a million of citizens became soldiers for its safeguard; the other that when the million of soldiers, the danger

being passed, at once became citizens; the last hardly less glorious than the first. Of these citizen soldiers one of the gallant leaders is now here—one who led them to honorable victory in the field, and now contemplates with joyous satisfaction their return to the peaceful walks of life. I call upon General Sherman.

The General was enthusiastically cheered as he rose to respond. He said:—Mr. President, I was in hopes, of course, that anything I had to say would be said in yonder building, where the jingling of glasses and plates might have covered up some of the deficiencies of my words. (Laughter.) But these old gentlemen are cunning ones to have adjourned to this tent, now so beautifully filled with ladies and gentlemen who probably expect of me far more than I can give. I almost feel abashed on attempting to speak in the presence of the Chief Justice and the many men of learning here—aye, of the very boys who but a short time since were speaking in language far more appropriate than I could ever hope to utter. I am simply a plain soldier and can say what I have to say in few words, direct to the purpose, and if I had any special subject whatever worthy of this occasion I would endeavor to pursue it; but for want of a better, I will express the very great pleasure I have experienced to-day and yesterday in seeing not only the intelligence of the young men whose graduation we have come here to witness, but the spirit of kindness and reverence which every one of them, and all, in fact, have manifested towards the aged men who direct its interests and towards the cause of learning. Learning of all kinds is entitled to our veneration, whether it be at Dartmouth, or Yale, or Harvard, at West Point, or in the common schools. Learning is learning; it improves us all, and we never become too old to learn. We learn to-day and we learn to-morrow, and I suppose we shall continue to learn to the very last hour of our lives. We cannot tell; it is for God alone to say on which day we shall make the most progress. I am not, and do not profess to be learned in books, learned in arts or learned in mere words, but in deeds; I profess to having some knowledge of forming men into organizations where their physical power as well as their mental power may produce its full effect. You here have an organization, you here have a system which you may call civil,

but it is military. The authority of every one of your professors is defined, and they group you into classes; they group classes into other classes, and even after you leave the institution they have a hold on your affections, which makes you a body with a single soul, which the man who wants you may move to some common purpose. That is exactly like a military organization. We combine men by tens, hundreds, thousands and tens of thousands—all animated by one purpose and guided by one mind, so that they are a concentrated purpose, and will press forward to the accomplishment of any object. If that object be the salvation of a nation, then the cause is glorious, and enlists feelings and challenges the admiration of all mankind. (Loud applause.) Therefore, in that sense, I, too, profess to be a teacher, simply in the lesser art of organization; simply in the lesser art of combining units into tens and tens into thousands, and directing them in the interests of the government, which commands me to do that which is her pleasure, and is my pleasure, too. (Renewed applause.) It is a common feeling among civilians that soldiers are men of violence. There is nothing further from the truth. I appeal to the history of America, to the history of our own country from Washington to the present moment, to show that the military men of this country have always been subordinate men—subordinate to the law, subordinate to the authorities—never setting up their own judgment in antagonism with that of the nation, but executing its will when that will had found expression in law, with a fidelity beautiful to behold; and so long as I continue to hold power and influence I shall ever direct that power and influence to the end that the military of this country, whether a small force scattered all over the nation, or a vast army of volunteers gathered together for some special purpose, shall sustain the laws of the land and support the authority you may place over me. Therefore I feel the same interest in education that you do. It lessens my task; it lessens the task of every governor; it lessens the task of the Chief Justice. Where throughout the land in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Florida and Ohio—where schools and colleges are founded, where men are taught what law means, what order means, what civilization means, what refinement means—it is far easier and more pleasing to

govern intelligent men then govern rude, unlettered men. The one acts from a high motive and principle, aiding and supporting you in carrying out your purpose without confusion, whereas the other must be driven to it by force. Therefore I have a personal interest in education, and in every intelligent lad I meet I see that which, I hope, will pervade all America, and when it does there will be no need of armies and very little need of courts. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I thank you for the many compliments you have paid me; especially would I thank the young men, who have alluded to me in three or four passages of surpassing compliment. I would also express my thanks to the President and other officers of the college. I wish them one and all a long life. I wish the college may live to the third and fourth and tenth centuries, and I hope it will live as long as there is an America, and that I know will live to the end of time. (Prolonged applause.)

The President then called upon Mr. Job Lyman, of Vermont, graduate of the class of 1804, who, in a few words, expressed the great gratification with which he had listened to the exercises of the day. He said it would give him great pleasure to recount some of the events connected with the college which had come under his own observation and to mention the names of the alumni with which it had been his privilege to be acquainted; but, as his voice was too feeble to be heard he would forbear.

Judge Barrett, in behalf of the committee appointed this morning for the purpose of nominating a committee to take measures to raise \$200,000 for the college, reported the following names for that committee:—Ira Perley, of New Hampshire; Dr. Samuel H. Taylor, of Massachusetts; Amos Tuck, of New Hampshire; Charles Reed, of Vermont; Rev. Dr. Quint, of Massachusetts; Hon. James W. Patterson and George W. Burleigh, of New Hampshire. On motion of President Brown, of Hamilton College, New York, the names of the nominating committee were added to the committee, as follows:—James Barrett, Harvey Jewell, and Professor S. C. Bartlett, of Chicago.

Short speeches followed by Harvey Jewell, of Massachusetts; Judge Whittaker, of New Orleans; John Wentworth, of Illinois,

who spoke in a humorous strain; Hon. Mr. Sandborn, member of the Canadian Parliament; Professor C. Bartlett, of Chicago; Dr. Taylor, of Andover; Dr. Upham, of Boston, and President Smith.

The following note was received from Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of Yale College:—

Yale gave to Dartmouth a father and founder; the grandmother sends her salutation to the hundred year granddaughter.

The benediction was pronounced by President Smith, and the exercises terminated.

* * * * *

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

July 23rd 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter,

I am going to write you a few lines although I mentioned to you that I did not think it necessary as you have now become well weaned from home, and a letter does not come as acceptable as when you first left your home. Not only that, you can now look forward to the time when you will be with us again, which is quite a consolation but when you left our shores at first you could not fix on any definite time for your return.

And Benny must have some little attention. He no doubt misses his home and home attachments. His time to look forward to when he will be with us once more is so far in the distance that I doubt whether he wishes to dwell on it much.

Mr. H. Smith, brother of Walter, was buried today from Dr. Adams' church. I have not heard the cause of his death but I understood some weeks ago he came on here from Paris (leaving his wife behind) to make some alterations in some stores of his on Broadway, and he ran the tooth of a comb in his big toe which became very painful. He had pieces of it cut off from time to time. Then a consultation was held to take into consideration the amputating the foot and I believe the leg, but the result of their deliberation was his life could not be saved. The poison had gone too far into his system. It seems he stepped on a comb



JACOB VANDERPOEL

MRS. VANDERPOEL, AND GRAND-
DAUGHTER JULIA V. LOEW
1870

when in his bare, or stocking, feet. He died a terrible death I presume. I have not heard the entire particulars.

I was at Tiffany's yesterday afternoon looking at some silver for Mary E. She wishing to send a present to Mrs. Hibbard at Chicago where John died. While there I inquired, without looking at any, the price of a pair of two carat stones, perfectly pure, round, not square or oval, but round. McClure, whom I well know, told me such stones would be difficult to get but he could give me a pair of good quality and shape for about Twelve Hundred Dollars in gold. I suppose they can be bought from one thousand to thirteen hundred dollars in gold. The difference in price would be caused by the form and purity. I think you might pass some of your time in looking at them, noticing the shape, color, brilliancy etc. It would do you no harm even if you never bought. You must learn considerable when any one is showing you a half dozen pairs, all weighing about the same, and finding several hundred francs difference. If you cannot yourself see why there should be any difference, ask what makes it and they will explain. In this way you develop your judgment.

Julie's baby has quite a sore arm from vaccination, also a boil on its head which your Mother thinks comes from the vaccine matter being impure. It also has an abscess in one of its breasts, so it is fortunate she did not go to the country. The baby is however very good with all of these troubles.

The Judge is not well yet, nor do I think he is much better. He keeps about, goes to his mother's every night and to our house in the day time. I am afraid he will not be well unless he goes out of the city. Those who can, and those who cannot afford it, are away, or keep concealed, as it is not fashionable to be seen in the city during the dog days.

I send you some of the proceedings at Dartmouth as I thought you would feel interest in what had been going on there.

Wallie's report has just been sent to us. He acquitted himself nobly, and had he been the full term in school would have had the grade of honor which is conferred upon the six highest grades. Wallie was higher than some of the six appointed but not being at the Institute the entire year, prevents its being conferred. He will however hold some military office if but a

Corporal, but with the grade of honor, he would have been a Sergeant. This is doing well for him for they are very rigid.

With much love from your affectionate father.

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Geo. B. Vanderpoel to Captain Benj. W. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

Hotel Beau Rivage.

Ouchy, Switzerland.

July 24th 1869.

My Dear Ben.

I have today received father's letter of July 10th telling me that you sailed on the 13th for Liverpool.

We sail for home on the 12th August in the steamer "Ville de Paris" from Havre. If I have the time I shall certainly run up from Paris, and visit you in Dusseldorf. We shall arrive in Paris Aug. 4th.

It is not easy for me to say whether I shall have the time or not. It is a long trip to Dusseldorf, and I have many things to attend to in Paris.

Baggage for the French Steamers has to be sent on board 7 days beforehand.

Father tells me you will write me from London. I can make some arrangement for seeing you when I know what your movements will be better than I can now.

This letter is necessarily short because I have to write two, viz., one to Munroe, and one to Grashof, not knowing from the letters I have received whether you are going first to Paris or whether you are going there at all.

Hoping to see you soon, I remain

Your affectionate Brother,

GEO. B. VANDERPOEL.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28 Cherry Street, New York.

August 4th, 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter,

I received your letter directed to myself yesterday after-noon July 21. Your family letter was received yesterday morning

before I left home. We were glad to hear from you. I do not obey your instructions not to write after July 30th as I expect you to make your stay longer.

This morning we received a letter from Benny mailed at Queens-town, written while on the vessel. It seems his passage was not a very pleasant one. We all regret it exceedingly. We felt it was rather lonely for him being among entire strangers, but to be sick is much more disagreeable. This morning I went to the steamer "Drew," the Albany Boat, and saw the Judge, Julie, Baby and Nurse, off for the "Clove." Mary E. declined to go at the last moment. She preferred being at home. The fact is Greenwood is her happiest place. She misses "Johnny" so. She visits his grave twice a week, taking one of the most beautiful bouquets Hauser can make for John's grave. She is looking for a monument for him.

I am going this afternoon to attend the funeral of Mrs John Elliott. She died suddenly at their Country Home. The funeral takes place from the 4th Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. I thought I would write you a few lines today and a little each day till Saturday. I have so many interruptions that I think the best way is to write every day all I think of that is of interest.

I presume those $2\frac{1}{2}$ Carat stones must have been beautiful, the price however is tall, \$1400 in Gold, at \$1.37, Exchange about ten per cent, makes about Two Thousand Dollars in currency. You will observe there is some difference between Gold and Currency. The time is coming when our dollar will be worth as much as the gold.

August 5th—I attended the funeral services of Mrs Elliott yesterday and today I went to the funeral at Greenwood and I have but just got back. (Four o'clock) It commenced raining this morning just before the funeral started, and has been showery at intervals all day. I am quite tired, consequently do not feel like writing. They had eight ministers all with scarfs.

6th. All well. I may keep this letter open till tomorrow as the mail does not close till twelve o'clock. I do it for two reasons. One is I have so little to write about, and we are looking for a letter from Liverpool, or London, and I may wish in case there is any thing of importance in it to mention it. We are feeling very lonely without Julie and the baby. We do miss them so.

The baby is a dear wee bit, and as good as a child can be. The Judge although not well, left us much better, and I am in hopes he will recover entirely when he can have rest. He has been attending Judge Lane's Court, and his own, this last month in order to have Judge Lane sit for him. Yesterday was quite a stormy day. Today is cool and delightful quite a contrast from what we have been having but I suppose this delightful change will not last long. I would sooner be in the city than in the country when we have such delightful weather as today.

We are all preparing for the great Eclipse to take place to-morrow. We are hunting up all the pieces of broken glass, and having them smoked. I have just got some pieces of stained glass which are much easier to handle and already prepared.

I hope the day will be clear so that we can have the benefit of seeing all we can. It is said an Eclipse like this will not occur again this century. I am fearful something may occur to prevent my getting this in the mail in time in the morning, consequently I have concluded to write all I have to say, and mail this afternoon. I have not seen any of the Ely family since I last wrote you, nor have they seen any of your letters to me in weeks.

Consequently we don't come in contact much. It is now after four o'clock, overcast. I am afraid we shall not have a clear day tomorrow to witness the Eclipse, still it is hard to tell what a day will bring forth. All join me in love to you both.

From your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

N. B. I suppose by the time you get this you will have seen "Benny," or arranged about visiting.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. B. Vanderpoel, care John Munroe & Co., Paris, France.

28. Cherry St., New York.

August 12th. 1869.

My Dear Son, and Daughter,

We have received two letters from you since I wrote you last Saturday. One to us all, and one to myself; the latter is from Switzerland, July 27th.

I presume when you get this you will have seen "Benny," or be

about visiting him. I wonder Smith does not wait, and return with Edwin in October, but I suppose politics bring him home.

I received a letter from Julie this morning telling her grievances. The Judge left her to spend one week at Saratoga, and in his absence they have an increase of boarders, and less to eat, with some other deprivations, and she is full of trouble; thinks she will not go there again. I am sorry she is alone, it comes hard for her with a little one.

The tenth circular note has not yet made its appearance. I am in hopes you have more of them with you in case you find yourself needing. I am not sure about the number I got. I thought there were thirty ten pound notes, and you took fifteen, leaving fifteen pounds, but as I said before I have no distinct recollection about it.

I only hope you will be provided. If I could know in time I would remit you. I believe you have a credit in Paris with Duncan, Sherman & Co. bankers.

Up to this day we have not heard one syllable from "Ben" since he arrived at Queenstown, he wrote us then and said he would write more fully when he reached Liverpool or London. It is now nearly two weeks and your Mother feels quite uneasy. I have endeavored to console her by telling her I suppose he thought it would be more satisfactory for us to hear from him after he had arrived at Dusseldorf. That she says would be gratifying, but it would have been very consoling to have heard from him from Liverpool as he promised. When you see him you can mention to him how he has worried your Mother. We fear he has been taken sick on the way. The fact is when we do not hear when we think we ought to, we imagine all kinds of things. It is no trouble for you, and "Benny," to write; for me it is. I have begun this two days before mailing it in order to fill this small sheet.

Friday the 13th. I was in hopes I should have received a letter from "Benny" this morning but none came when I left home.

With much love from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Private

Friday afternoon August 13th. Wallie has just come down

with two Drafts from Duncan and Sherman. One from you for twenty pounds all right. And one from "Benny" for fifty pounds. \$249 and fifty cents in gold, which makes nearly \$400 in Green backs. When he left home his passage was paid to Liverpool, and he had, in gold, enough to take him to Dusseldorf and pay all expenses for one month, as we supposed, after he got there. I gave him a letter of credit for I don't recollect how much, which was merely given him to use in small sums, not over five or ten pounds at a time. He, and we, calculated his entire expenses ought not to be over about fifty dollars the month. He has clothes enough with him of all kinds (unless he has parted with them) to last. Three years ago Julie paid to the Grashofs for board, washing, and tuition, about five dollars Gold per week. "Benny" promised to be economical, and thought about eight or nine dollars a week would pay his entire expenses in Gold, at any rate not over ten dollars, making from fifty to sixty dollars in our money per month. He was to send us a statement and draw for just the amount each month. He took with him money enough, as we calculated, to give him almost One Hundred Dollars in French and English Gold after he arrived at Dusseldorf. Not one syllable have we heard from him since he left our shores except a few lines at Halifax, and Queenstown. The first intelligence is this Draft for 50 pounds. I want you at any expense to investigate this mystery. You have no idea the trouble we are in about this matter. What it means I cannot tell. Before I close this I am going down to Duncan and Sherman's and stop his credit. I really don't know what to say to you. If he has returned to his old tricks you will have to inform Mr. Grashof not to trust him one dime, and he will do me, and the young man, a favor if he will stop all his credit in the place. I am willing to pay his board for one month but no longer at a time. What I mean is Mr. G. must not trust him for more than one month's board. If that is not paid, tell him to cast him off; the fact is I don't know how to write you, or what to say. There may be some reason for the making of this Draft that I might excuse if I knew the circumstances. He may when in Antwerp, or some other port, or place, got in some difficulty, when on the "Ticonderoga" and they have now caught him, and he had to pay. You

see the dilemma I am in. It looks bad, his not writing. He cannot introduce any excuse for his silence. The draft is not silent. He knows I will not only hear from it, but have to pay and some explanation, if but a poor one, would be somewhat consoling. I am completely discouraged in the absence of any information. We had all our hopes elevated, but I am afraid they are blasted. You must not return home without probing this thing to the very core. You must weigh well what he tells you. Better investigate without his knowledge after what he may tell you to know if it is so. If he had only written us we might rather sympathize with him than find fault. It may all have accrued from some unfortunate circumstance done in ignorance, but his silence condemns him.

I stop writing to pay his draft, and stop his credit. I have just paid the drafts. I find his credit was for only fifty pounds. He "went the whole hog." Dear me, what shall be done! He may borrow of poor old Grashof, and every one that G. knows. We had taken so much pains in writing Mr. G. recommending "Benny" to him and his care. I don't mind the money so much if it took every dollar I had, but I fear he cannot be benefitted. Do see and examine the affair, and if he is not in the wrong, assist him instead of discouraging him. Poor fellow, I pity him. He was so in hopes he was going to become some one. You will have to stay and look thoroughly into it. Handle him carefully when you first meet him. As I said before, he may deserve pity and assistance, it all may have occurred through some very great mistake which may never happen again. Yours truly,

J. V.

Jacob Vanderpoel to Geo. V. Vanderpoel, care Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Paris, France. In haste, forwarded to 103. Gold St., N. Y.

607 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., August 13th 1869.

My dear Son:

After getting home, and talking over matters with your Mother, and finding Benny cashed the credit while in London, two days after he landed, we are afraid he will spend it, and then proceed to Dusseldorf, and get money from Mr. Grashof, on the strength of the introductory letter he has, and the good opinion Mr. G.

may have of us. We wish you would inform Mr. G. immediately that it is my wish he does not advance one dollar to "Benny" on any account whatever, as he has been provided with all necessary funds to meet his entire expenses, if he is frugal, and in case he needs more, and it is thought desirable, he will be supplied; at any rate I shall not consider myself responsible for any obligations he may make beyond one month's board, and if the board bill is not settled on the termination of one month let him cease boarding. I am obliged to adopt this course in order to have him comply with my request. I am writing just before retiring for the night in order to have you get this as soon as possible. You had better inform Miss Demmler not to loan "Benny," he knows her, and he will borrow of anyone he can when hard pressed. With much love from your affectionate father,

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mrs. Julia V. Loew to George B. Vanderpoel, Esq., 607 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Palenville, Greene Co.,
Tuesday, Aug. 25th, 1869.

Dear brother George, and sister Louise,

Fred saw your names in yesterday's *Herald* this mornig. Mr. Trumpore was down to Catskill yesterday and brought up the paper; otherwise we should not have had it until tomorrow. And I hasten to present my congratulations to Monsieur, et Madame Vanderpoel et Messrs. Ely upon their safe arrival in America. Seriously, my dearest Georgie and Louise, I am delighted that you are back home, and only regret that I was not home to greet you both when you came, with all the loving, sisterly kisses I can not send on paper; but as I was not, and cannot well come, I must content myself for the present with welcoming you back in writing, which I do most sincerely. I am so glad you are with us again; you have been away so long, and I have missed you so much during all the long winter.

Baby sends her love to Uncle George, and Auntie Louise, which she expresses by some peculiar smiles, and hopes to see them very soon. And as I want to leave some space for Fred to write

you a few lines I must bid you good bye, with a great deal of love, as always,

Your loving Sister,

JULIE.

P. S. The folks downstairs are making such a noise, I could scarcely tell where I was. J.

Dear Brother George,

I was real glad to hear of your, and sister Louisa's, safe arrival home, and like Julie I can only regret that I cannot express to you both my pleasure and gratification, in person, at this fortunate termination of your trip across the broad Atlantic, and through so many different countries. But I am in hopes that we shall soon see each other, and then I shall not only endeavor to do so, but we will talk over sights we have both seen, and scenes we have visited in the old world, and thus live some of the happiest hours of our past lives over again, will we not?

I had intended to ask you to come up and pay us a visit, but this place is so very full just now, and Julie is so dissatisfied with the folks we are with, that I think it would be but idle ceremony to do so unqualifiedly at present. If, however, I can get things arranged half way satisfactory, and your other engagements will admit of it, I should be very happy if you, and Sister Louise, would come. None of the boarders whom you met last year are here with the exception of the Coreys, but Julie, and I, would do all in our power to make it agreeable for you.

Be good enough to give my love to Sister Louise, and remember me very kindly to the Supervisor.

Very truly your brother,

FRED.

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